1776

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No. 3, Vol. I.] **[April 1, 1875.**

MYRA'S JOURNAL OF DRESS AND FASHION

PRICE
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FOURPENCE.

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Best Restorative for the Weak, Young, or Aged.

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For Purity and strength it stands pre-eminent.

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Is admirably adapted for Delicate Children, and Persons to whom Quinine in any other form is objectionable.

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Many of the leading Medical Men prescribe Goodall's Orange Quinine Wine as a vehicle for the administration of Cod Liver Oil.

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Invaluable for Tic, Toothache, Neuralgia, Ague, &c.

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Dear Sirs,—Having tested your excellent Quinine Wine, I am only too glad to testify to its efficacy in Neuralgia, &c., as a certain cure and preventive, which is better than cure.—Yours truly, EMILY FAITHFULL.
To Messrs. Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

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Highly recommended by the most eminent physicians, and acknowledged to be the best and cheapest tonic yet introduced. Strengthens the whole System, and stimulates the appetite. Is invaluable for Indigestion, Nervousness, Gout, Rheumatics, &c. Has proved an invaluable and agreeable Stomachic to all suffering from general debility and loss of appetite. A wineglassful once or twice a day will be found particularly grateful and efficacious in all cases where a Cordial Tonic is required; far superior to Sherry and Bitters or Bitter Beer.
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Is Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, and Confectioners, in large Bottles at *1s.*, *1s. 1½d.*, *2s.*, and *2s. 3d.* each.
Should there be any difficulty in obtaining it, we will send a case containing one dozen bottles on receipt of post-office order for *12s.* for small, and *24s.* for large.

GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.

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GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.

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YORKSHIRE RELISH.
The Best Sauce in the World.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
The Sixpenny Bottle a marvel of Cheapness.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
The Shilling Bottle as large as most others sold at Two.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
Received the Diploma of Merit at the Vienna Exhibition. The most delicious and cheapest Sauce in the World.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
For all kinds of Fish, Curries, Hot and Cold Meats, &c. For Chops, Steaks, Cutlets, Gravies, Stews, Australian Meats, and all kinds of made dishes it is incomparable.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
For Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner, and Supper. Try it, and you will use no other Sauce. The largest sale of any Sauce extant, the manufacturers being the largest Sauce Makers in the World.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
Whatever prejudice may have existed at any time on account of its cheapness has become entirely dissipated by the daily use of this really good Sauce.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
We merely solicit a trial from those who have not used it, after which we feel confident they will use no other Sauce.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
Recommended for its purity by a large number of Medical Men, Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Wentworth L. Scott, Esq., the "Food Journal," "Court Circular," &c.

TESTIMONIAL from W. H. Hall, Esq.
Batavia, 16 years Merchant, Java.
Gentlemen,—Of all the Sauces, in quality, form, and cheapness, I must acknowledge your Yorkshire Relish to be the best.—I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
W. H. HALL.
To Goodall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

TESTIMONIALS.—Thousands of other Testimonials from the British Colonies in both Hemispheres, United States, &c.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
CAUTION.—Some unprincipled makers of Sauce are filling our old bottles with their worthless imitations, and using a colourable imitation of our Label; we therefore beg to caution the public that none is genuine unless a label be over the stopper of each bottle with our Trade Mark, "Willow Pattern Plate," and name, "Goodall, Backhouse, and Co."

YORKSHIRE RELISH.
Can be had from Grocers, Oilmen, Italian Warehousemen, and Chemists, at *6d.*, *1s.*, and *2s.* each bottle.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.

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GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

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GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
Awarded Diploma of Merit at the Vienna Exhibition, 1873, for its superior quality.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
Incomparably the best ever introduced to the public.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER
Makes delicious Puddings, Pastry, &c., without the usual quantity of eggs.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER
Makes beautiful light bread without yeast.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER
Is more wholesome and nutritious than bread made with yeast.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER
Is manufactured from the purest articles, and free from alum and other impurities.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
Has the highest recommendation from the Medical Faculty.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
The cheapest, because the best, and indispensable to every household, and an inestimable boon to housewives.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
By the use of this Baking Powder Brewers' Yeast is dispensed with.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER
Defies comparison. Quality studied, not quantity.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
CAUTION.—When purchasing Goodall's Baking Powder see that the Trade Mark, "Latch Key," is on every packet.

TESTIMONIAL.
Manchester, June 27, 1874.
Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in stating that your Baking Powder is the best that ever came under my management.—Yours respectfully, R. W.

TESTIMONIAL.
Kingstown, August 17, 1874.
Gentlemen,—Yours is the best and most reliable Baking Powder among the many I have tried.
Yours, &c. M. R.

TESTIMONIAL.
Glasgow, November 12, 1874.
Dear Sirs,—Your Baking Powder is the only preparation of the kind that I have any confidence in.
Yours, &c. G. M.

TESTIMONIALS.—Hundreds of Testimonials could be added to the above, from all parts of the kingdom.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.
To be had of all Grocers, Oilmen, Italian Warehousemen, and Chemists, in packets, *1d.*; tins *6d.*, *1s.*, *1s. 6d.*, *2s.*, and *2s. 6d.* each.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.

Sold by Grocers, Druggists, Oilmen, Italian Warehousemen, Ship Chandlers, &c., in all parts of the World.

PREPARED BY

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

THE COPENHAGEN GLOVE,

In all Colours, for Ladies and Gentlemen, in Single and Double Buttons.

SINGLE BUTTONS . . . 2*s.* per pair. | DOUBLE BUTTONS . . . 2*s.* 9*d.* per pair.

A great variety of all the latest Shades for Winter wear now in Stock, and Ladies who have not yet worn the "COPENHAGEN GLOVES would do well to make a trial.

ALSO OUR CELEBRATED

WHITE COTTON STOCKINGS.

2s. per Pair. 3 Pairs for 5s. 9d.; by Post, 6s.

These Stockings have now attained a high reputation for *Appearance*, *Fit*, and *Wear*. They have *Double Heels*, *Feet*, and *Toes*, and can be sent to any part of the Kingdom. All orders must be prepaid, and they will be forwarded by return of post.

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£20 WEDDING OUTFIT.

List of Articles post free.
Can be supplied at an hour's notice.
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List post free.
"Valuable 'hints' sent post free."—*Court Circular.*
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SHIRTS, 1*s.* 9*d.* PETTICOATS, 3*s.* 11*d.*
NIGHT GOWNS, 3*s.* 11*d.* MONTHLY, 6*s.* 6*d.*
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Samples sent on receipt of P. O. Order.

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List post free.
All New Patterns, and latest Style.
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BABY LINEN SETS, £3 3*s.*, and £5 5*s.*
Patterns for Making up at home.
Materials of all supplied by the yard.
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SPECIAL NOTICE!

A CASE has just ARRIVED from MADEIRA, containing a most beautiful assortment of EMBROIDERY, and is now ON SALE at extraordinary Low Prices.

£50 WEDDING OUTFIT

List post free.
"Really good outfit." -*Court Journal.*
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FLANNEL DRESSING GOWNS

New Designs.
Illustrations and Patterns post free.
Prices, 21*s.*, 25*s.* 6*d.*, 31*s.* 6*d.*, and 42*s.*
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SWISS EMBROIDERY WORK

Selected Patterns.

The most lovely Designs, suitable for Wedding and Indian Outfits, Children's Clothing, Baby Linen, &c.
Prices, 2½*d.*, 4½*d.*, 6½*d.*, and upwards.
Patterns post free.

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OPPOSITE ST. JAMES'S CHURCH.

KNITTING SILK

Any Colour, 1*s.* 6*d.* per Ounce Skein.

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2*s.* per Ounce of Eight Skeins, all One Shade. | 2*s.* 6*d.* per Ounce of Eight Skeins, Mixed Shades.

EMBROIDERY SILKS OF ALL KINDS.

Orders despatched by return of Post to all parts of the United Kingdom.

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BLACK SILK COSTUMES,

From the most fashionable Parisian Models.

Good and Fashionable Black Silk Costumes at £6 16s. 6d. each.

JAY'S,

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

243, 245, 247, 249, 251, Regent Street, W.

"The greatest aid to Digestion known to man."

THE "EASTERN" CONDIMENT.

This delicious and wholesome Condiment should be eaten with all Meals, 1s. and 1s. 6d. per Jar.

THE "EASTERN" SAUCE OR RELISH,

Prepared in conjunction with the celebrated Condiment, is pronounced unequalled for flavour, purity, richness, and price. *6d.*, *1s.*, and *1s. 6d.* per Bottle.

THE "EASTERN" BAKING POWDER.

Warranted entirely free from any injurious ingredients. No Penny Packet in the World can touch it.

THE "EASTERN" MUSTARD. Ready Mixed. Most Economical.
THE "EASTERN" CUSTARD POWDER. A Penny Packet equal to two eggs and a half.
THE "EASTERN" CURRY POWDER. The great Baboo's original, improved.

These preparations are all most carefully compounded, are highly recommended, and much approved by all classes.

To be had of all Family Grocers.

JONES, PALMER, & CO., "Eastern" Works, Tabernacle Walk, Finsbury.

THE NEW MACHINE

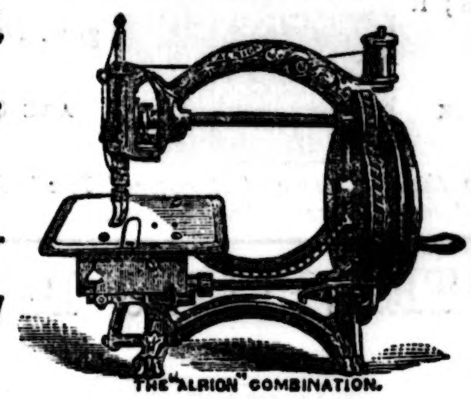
THE WONDER OF THE DAY.

THE ALBION

Combination.

What is it?

The Cheapest Machine in the World, because it is Four Sewing Machines in One, at the price of one, viz., £4 14s. 6d., with liberal Discount for Cash, as we do not sell on so-called easy terms of purchase.



THE "ALBION" COMBINATION.
PATENTED.

What is it?

A Machine making Lock Stitch.

A Machine making Chain Stitch.

A Machine making Locked-Chain, or Embroidery Stitch.

A Machine making Combination or alternate sewing, the colour and character of the Stitch changing while the Machine is running (if desired).

All Stitches are useful and requisite in a family; do not purchase any old-fashioned machine, making only One sort of sewing, when you can buy THE ALBION making Four for the same money. If the nearest Agent has not got an ALBION Combination, ask him to get one; it will cost him nothing, as the money will be returned if not approved.

C. S. M. Co. are also Manufacturers of Machines on the Wheeler-Wilson principle.

ADDRESS:

COMBINATION S. M. CO., Lansdowne Road, London Fields, E.

Agents Wanted in every Town in the Kingdom.

J. & P. COATS' SEWING COTTON.

BEST SOFT 6-CORD SEWING COTTON. SUITABLE FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES.

EXTRA GLACÉ COTTON. This Cotton being greatly improved in quality and finish, will be found unsurpassed for Machine or Hand Sewing. On Reels, 100, 200, or 500 Yards.

CROCHET OR TATTING COTTON, Unsurpassed in Quality.

To be had of all Wholesale & Retail Drapers throughout the United Kingdom.

THE NOVELTY FOR 1875.

PRO-TEM CORSET.

PROTECTED SEPT. 4, 1874.

(WILLIAMSON'S PATENT.)

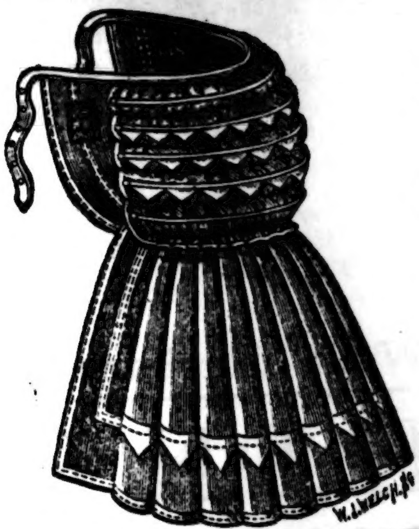
THE novelty of this useful invention consists in the satisfactory COMBINATION OF CORSET AND BUSTLE.

The Bustle is so constructed that, although ATTACHED, it MAY be USED or NOT, at the pleasure of the wearer.

The advantages claimed for THE PRO-TEM are numerous, being light and durable, firm yet flexible; saving much time and expense; and it will undoubtedly in a short time attain the universal support it deserves.

To be had of all respectable Drapers and Stay Warehouses in the United Kingdom.

SKINNER'S
PRINCESS COLLAPSING DRESS IMPROVERS.



"The great question of Jupon and Tournure.—I have seen many, but have not found a prettier or better model than that of Skinner's Princess Collapsing Tournure, which is exactly suited to the requirements of the day."—*Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.*

Dresses are worn so tightly tied back, so scanty, in truth, that there is no possibility of wearing a Crinoline or Crinolette. The Tournure is, however, worn, and great Improvements have been made in the Dress Improver.

SKINNER'S PRINCESS COLLAPSING DRESS IMPROVERS are composed of fine French Horsehair, arranged on very light Steel Springs, fastened at the points by a new method, which completely prevents the steel points from moving or working through the horsehair. This Tournure, Improver, Bustle, or by whatever name one pleases to call it, collapses the moment it is pressed, as on sitting down, and expands when its wearer rises, thus throwing out the folds of the dress when walking or standing, and yet taking up no room when sitting down, or when lying upon the sofa. The sides of this elegant Tournure are quite flat, so as to allow the Tablier-ends to press smoothly under the folds at the back of the dress. We feel sure every lady will approve of this Tournure, which lends grace and elegance to the Toilette.

SKINNER'S PRINCESS COLLAPSING TOURNURES are made in three qualities: No. 1 is especially suitable for Walking and Visiting Costumes; No. 2 is slightly larger, more déployée, and fitted for Wedding Fetes, and occasions of demi-toilette; No. 3 is longer, and finished by flounces. This Tournure is especially designed for Evening Wear and for Balls; it throws out the dress, yet allows it to fall gracefully

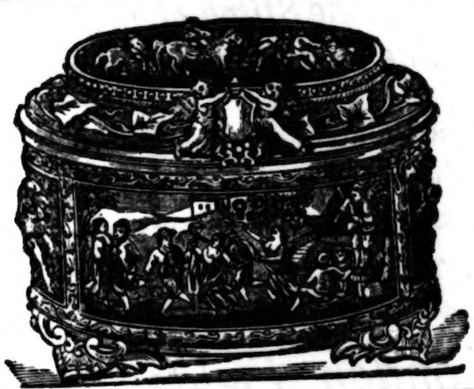
Each quality is made in White French Horsehair, trimmed Rose-colour; also White, trimmed White; and in Grey French Horsehair, trimmed Dove. To be had of all respectable Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters, through the principal Wholesale Houses. If not in stock, ladies should ask them to procure through their Wholesale House for them, either in London, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, or Belfast.

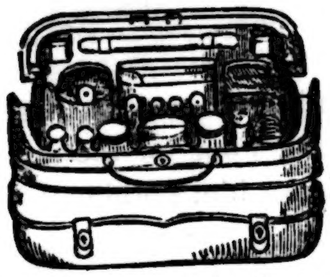
SKINNER & Co. LONDON.
THE PRINCESS COLLAPSING
R^{d}
IMPROVER.
NAME & DESIGN.
REGISTERED.
QUALITY No.

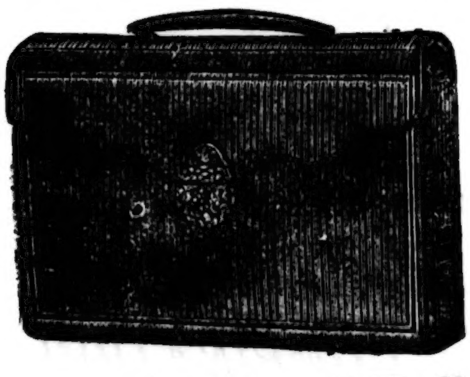
ONLY SUCH AS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK ARE GENUINE AND WARRANTED.

SKINNER & CO. *call Ladies' special attention to their Name and Registered Trade Mark, which is on every article. Any not bearing Name and Trade Mark are not genuine, but only imitations of these celebrated goods.*

WEDDING PRESENTS. TRAVELLING BAGS. WRITING CASES.



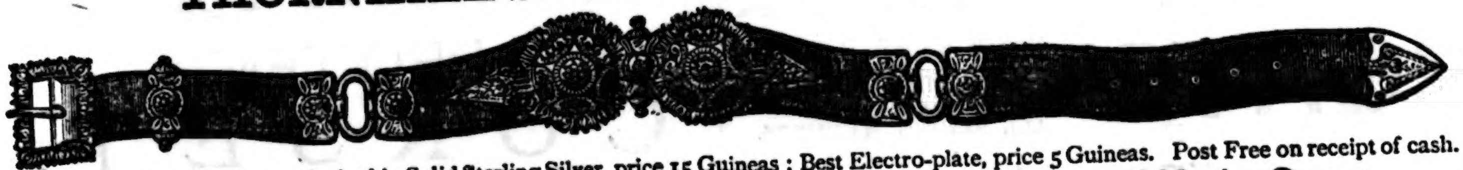




Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Post Free.

ASSER & SHERWIN, 80 & 81, Strand, London, W.C.

THORNHILL'S ALBANIAN BELT (REGISTERED).



This much-admired Belt may be had in Solid Sterling Silver, price 15 Guineas; Best Electro-plate, price 5 Guineas. Post Free on receipt of cash.

WALTER THORNHILL, Silversmith and Dressing Case Maker to H.M. the Queen,
144, New Bond Street, London. Established 1784.

Illustrated Price Lists of THORNHILL'S *Novelties and Specialities in Norwegian Belts, Chatelaines, Fittings, &c. Post Free.*

C. A. writes, in answer to an inquiry in the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," for an honest dealer in Left-off Clothing. In reply, begs to forward the address of one with whom she and her friends have dealt with many years, viz., Mrs. COCKRAM, 1, Queen Street, Barnstaple, North Devon. This person may be trusted to receive a consignment of Clothing of every description, and may be relied upon sending a Post Office Order for its full amount, immediately upon receipt of goods. Mrs. COCKRAM always pays Carriage, and distance does not prevent her transacting business with Ladies in any part of the United Kingdom. C. A. would recommend a preliminary correspondence.

NEW MUSIC.

PRETTY LITTLE MANUSCRIPT WALTZES for pretty little fingers, entitled "FAIRY FOOTSTEPS," by "Dewdrop," Composer of the Bicycle Galop. No. 1 now ready, and will be sent to any part of the kingdom on receipt of 18 stamps.

The proceeds of these Waltzes are to be devoted to a great charity. Address "Dewdrop," care of Mrs. S. BUDD, 20, Southernhay, Exeter, Devon.

BRIGHT HOURS WALTZ, by "Dewdrop," Composer of the Bicycle Galop. 4s. Half-price. KEITH, PROWSE, & CO., 48, Cheapside.

THOUSANDS of POUNDS are wasted yearly on Artificial Teeth which are utterly useless for any of the purposes for which Teeth are required, and which, from the bad quality of the materials employed, often seriously affect the health of the wearers. To Ladies desirous of replacing lost teeth and avoiding the above evils Mr. WHITELEY offers his services. He may be Consulted Daily, free of charge, from 11 to 5, and guarantees satisfaction in all cases at Fees so moderate as to be within the reach of all.

Mr. WHITELEY, Dentist, late of Paris and Nice, 60 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W.

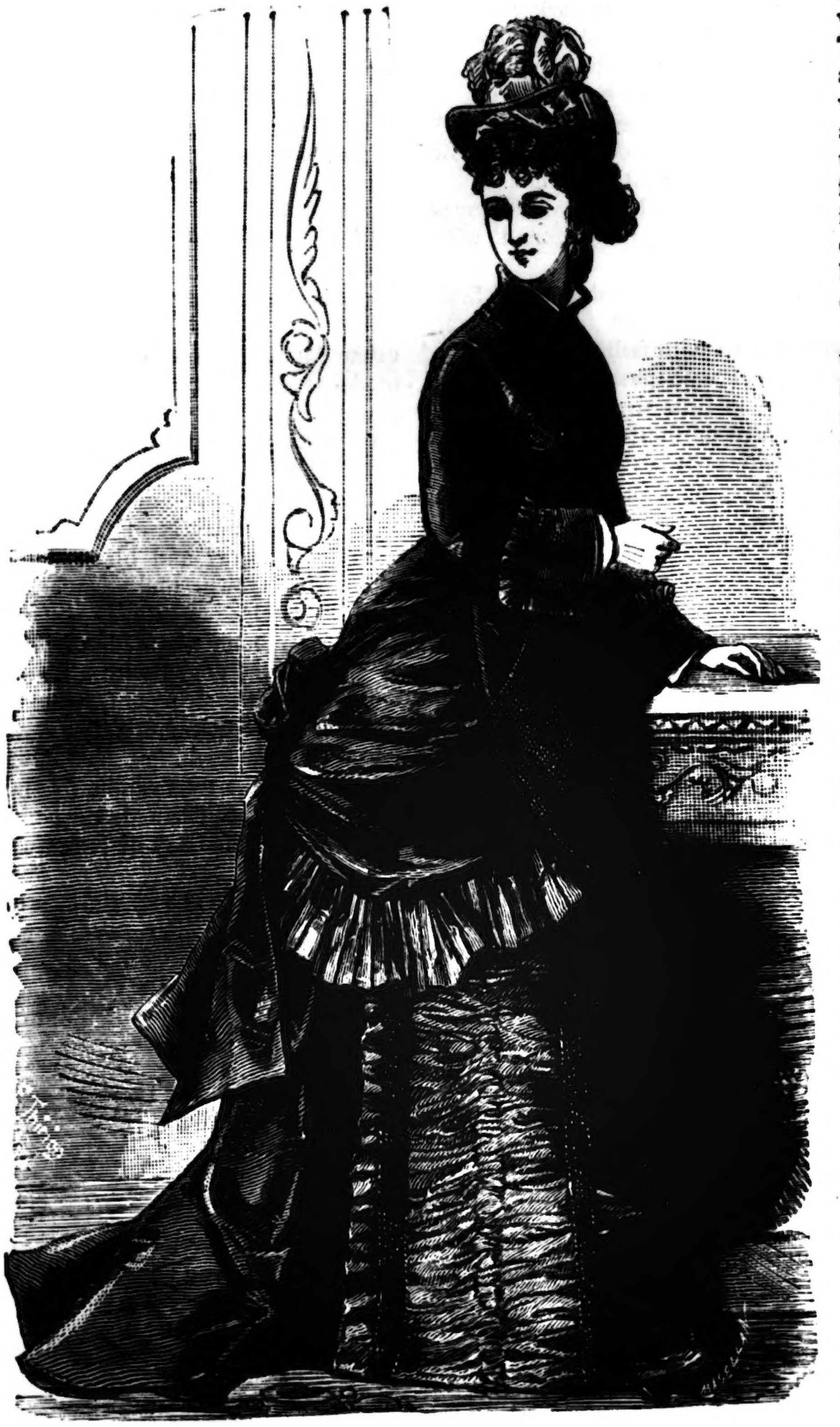
No charge whatever unless satisfaction is given.

MYRA'S JOURNAL
OF
DRESS AND FASHION.

No. 3.] APRIL, 1875. [PRICE 3*d.*
With Diagram Pattern Sheet, 4d.

DRESS AND FASHION IN PARIS.

OUR Parisian élégantes seem to be of opinion that white is becoming to them, for white toilettes are growing more and more fashionable. For some time, black was mingled with the white, but this is no longer the case: toilettes are worn now entirely white; and in the boxes of the theatres young and pretty women may be seen dressed in white from head to feet — bonnet, gloves, everything. Sicilienne mixed with faille looks very well in white.



No. 32.—La Girgenti Costume.
Flat Paper Pattern—Skirt, 1s. 6d.; Tunic, 1s.; Corsage, 1s.

Decidedly jet is to be worn much less; it has had a long reign, and is now made in such very effective trimmings at a low price, that wealthy and elegant ladies will not wear it any more. For the spring, a passementerie has been invented embroidered with straw; it is very pretty employed with black, and it is also used for bonnets.

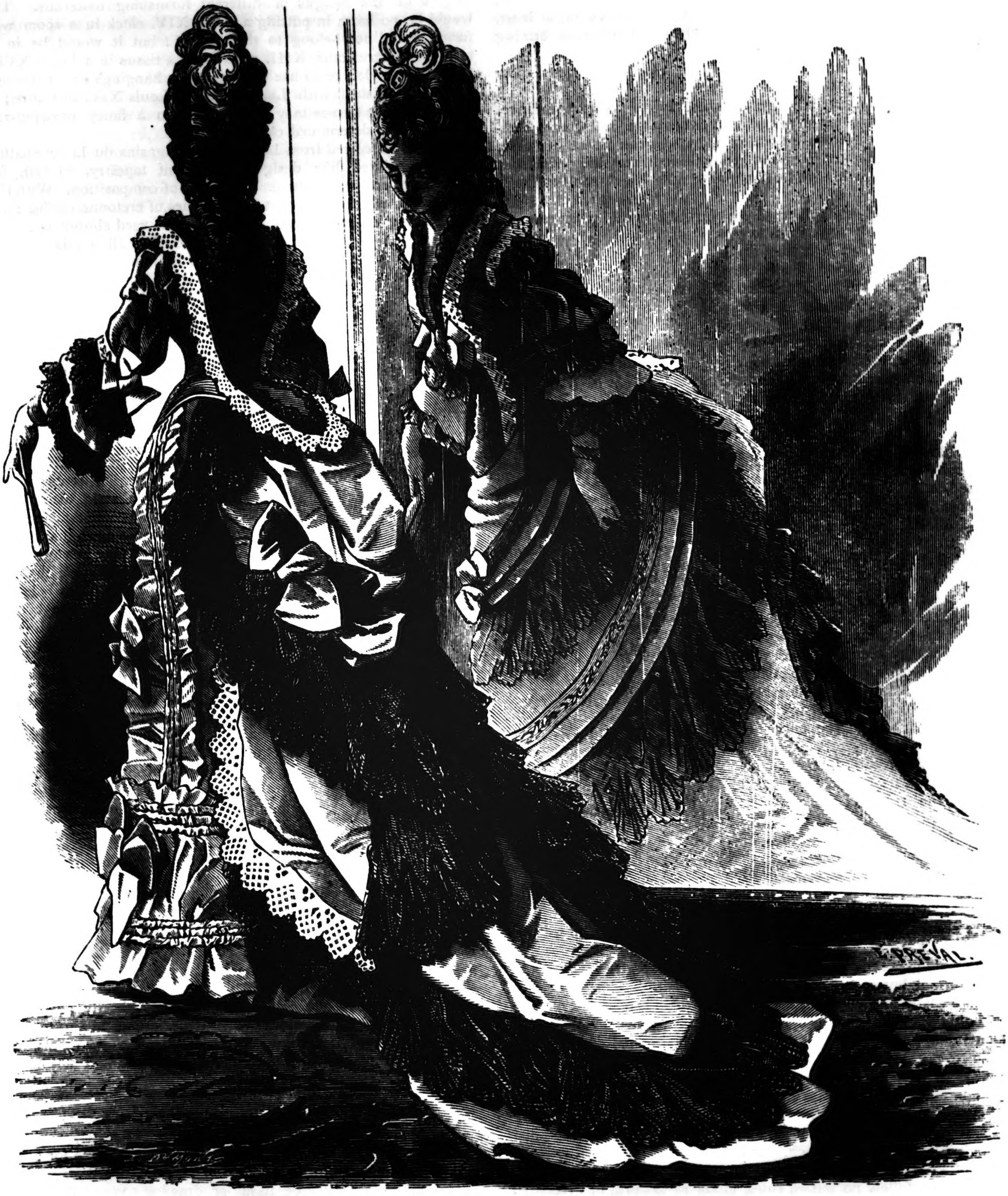
Now that jet coats of mail are less freely used, we have them in white glass beads, with a network of white or pearl-grey cord. Worn over a black dress, this coat of mail is very effective as a theatre or evening toilette. Damasked stuffs and ribbons are growing very much into favour; they are made principally in white, sky-blue, and red.

We have lately seen a toilette intended to be worn on the evening when a marriage contract was signed. It was made of white damask stuff; the skirt was quite plain, with a long train at the sides; there were robings of black velvet covered with waves of silvered tulle; a veil of silvered tulle was thrown over the front of the skirt. Black velvet bodice, laced at the back and with very long points, cut short over the hips. Above the bodice or corselet was a draping of silver tulle, fastened in the middle of the back and in front by bunches of white lilac. Short sleeves, composed of black velvet and tulle. Bunches of lilac carelessly placed in the hair.

We have also seen a dress of ruby-coloured faille, with bands of light red velvet. The flat tablier is starred and striped with bias bands of velvet put on in rounded scallops; these bands are surrounded by two quilles of stuff gathered across, and the stuff of these quilles is continued at the back to form a tunic, and raised by means of a sash of the same velvet as the trimming in front. The quilles end in a chenille and jet fringe. The bodice, with small basques, opens over a waistcoat striped like the tablier; it is surrounded by a faille pleating. The same pleating is repeated down the middle of the sleeve between a bouillonné on one side and crossway bands on the other.

Another very handsome costume was composed of réséda and myrtle-green velvet and faille. The skirt was of réséda faille, and trimmed with two deep bias flounces ending in a very close pleating, quite straight, and headed by a drawn bouillonné. The tablier was composed of bands, forming points, of myrtle-green velvet and réséda faille alternately, and ornamented with tasselled fringe of the two shades of green placed at each point formed by the two materials. The tablier was fastened at the back by velvet and faille bows, resting on a breadth of dark faille, moderately bouillonné, which started at the hips and was sewn to the tablier. Green velvet bodice, with round basques ending in a faille pleating. The sleeves were bouillonné lengthways, and had green velvet revers.

At the present time of year there is no dress material so convenient and seasonable as India cashmere; such a dress is a great acquisition to a lady's wardrobe; it is one that will wear well and is suitable to all occasions and all seasons; besides this, it is impossible to find a material that will accommodate itself better to all the caprices of fashion, to the individual taste of the wearer, and to the new ideas of each dressmaker. It is possible, with the assistance of a certain quantity of cashmere, to make up a nearly worn-out faille dress in such a manner that it will seem almost new; for the cashmere can be procured of any colour,



No. 34.—The Berthe Toilette.

Flat Paper Pattern—Skirt, 3s. 6d.; Train only, 1s. 6d.; Corsage, 1s.; Sleeve, 1s.

SPINNINGS IN TOWN.

> —— Convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
> Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;
> Quid dem? Quid non dem?
> Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 61.

> —— What would you have me do,
> When out of twenty I can please not two?
> Pope.

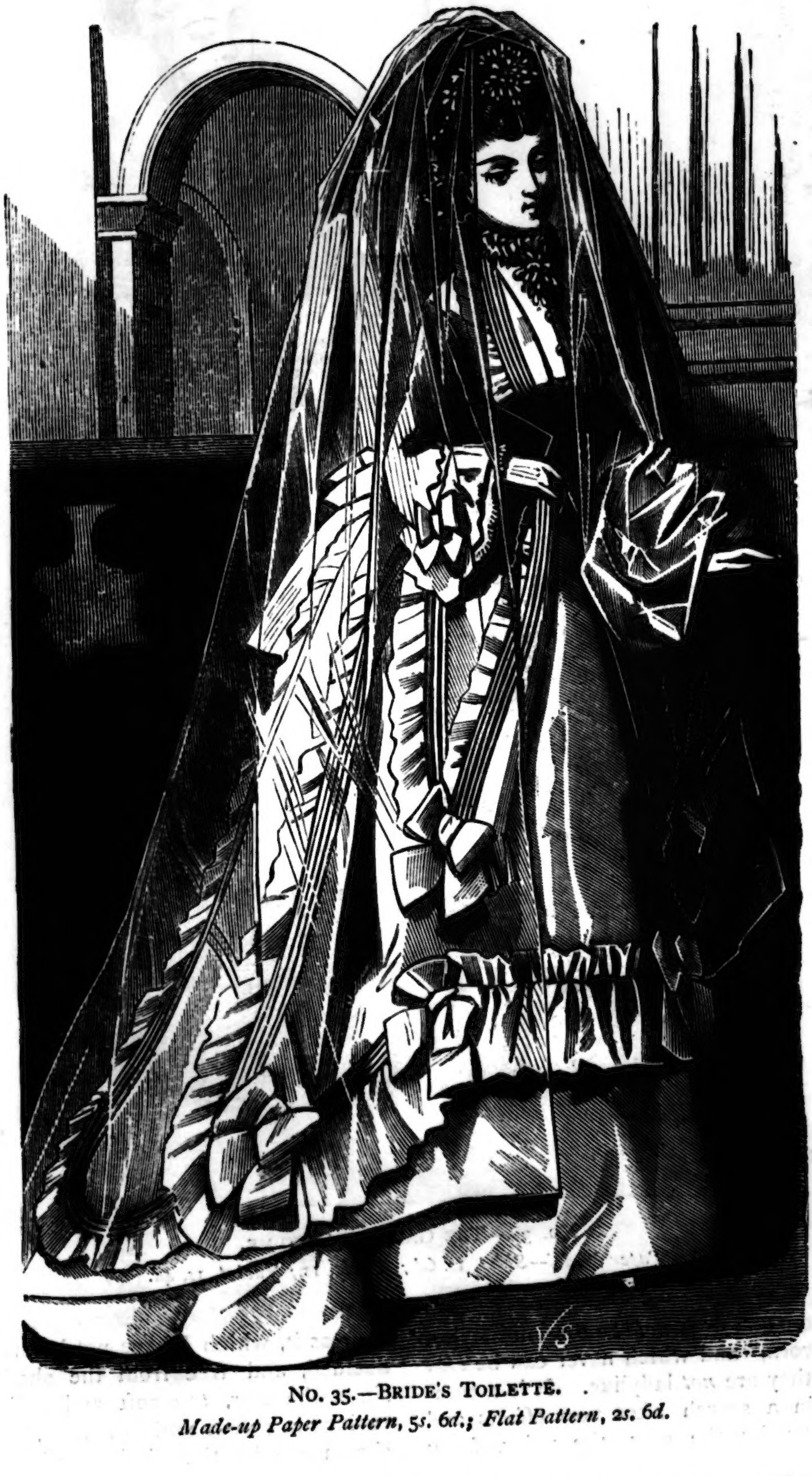
Ladies are now so learned, that the application of the motto I have chosen will be evident to all; and yet, on second thoughts—always allowable to our sex—I will add Pope's imitation, which is so quaint. It is not possible to reply to all the queries sent this month to the Silkworm, and I must cry you mercy, dear ladies, if, out of the five hundred letters per diem, we can answer but five. How good and kind you all are (nearly all, that is); such sweet letters, such gentle requests, such dainty writing, such perfumed notes, such pretty patterns sent for guidance, such crests and monograms (at once cut out for the boys), such dear, kind words! "Here is another darling," we say, and say again, as the letters pour in; but if I write one half of the pleasure your letters give us, I shall fill space without being useful to my readers.

The general modes are almost decided. The character of fashion tends more and more towards that of the time of the Directoire: dresses falling straight, bodices with revers, waistcoats, and with white muslin cravats which constantly increase in size, so that shortly we shall rival *les Incroyables*. The skirt is generally long, and with a narrow, long train. All this is far from beautiful, if one may be allowed freedom of expression in speaking of reigning fashion.

No crinoline; no, not the least; nothing but a tournure, which raises the dress at the back only; not at all on the hips.

The attentive eye will perceive no reality in the report that costumes are to die out; the truth is, that they are too useful to be allowed to become unfashionable: we cannot dispense with a walking costume or its equivalent, although we are all very glad to adopt the mode of wearing black mantles and confections.

The fiat has gone forth: Mantles are to be worn. Children and very young girls (very young means under sweet seventeen) only will wear fitting costumes for walking and visiting.

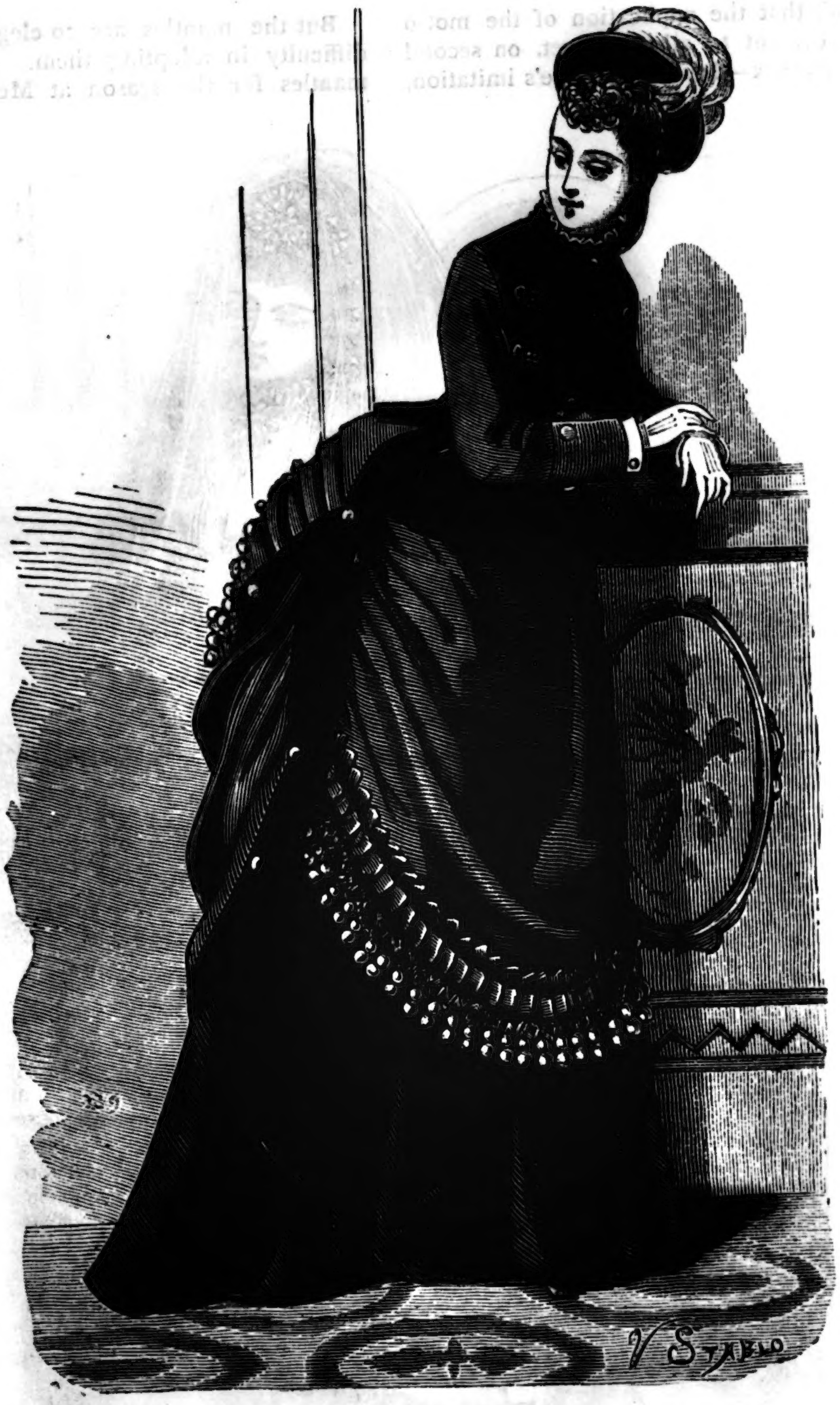


No. 35.—Bride's Toilette.
Made-up Paper Pattern, 5s. 6d.; Flat Pattern, 2s. 6d.

But the mantles are so elegant and so ladylike, that one has no difficulty in adopting them. I heard of the arrival of the new mantles for the season at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, and the Silkworm was not long in asking and obtaining permission to see these novelties. There are many new shapes, alike graceful and ladylike, but the gems of the collection are, *selon moi*, the following: Lucrèce, Bianca, Dagmar, Leonidas, Frivole, and Mèrus—a charming vêtement, suitable for a young lady or young matron. It is composed of cashmere, has square ends in front, on each of which is a new-shaped bow; the back has a slight cape, beneath which the fronts disappear. The neck is open, V-shaped, and the whole is trimmed with *marabout*, a new, crimped ruche fringe, which has all the effect of the graceful feather from whence its name is derived; while it has a durability certainly not possessed by marabout feathers. This elegant mantle in cashmere costs £8 8s. *Bianca* is a confection for an elderly lady: it is made of cashmere, and trimmed with rich jet passementerie and lace; the shape is very becoming, forming an ample drapery, and yet light and pleasant to wear. *Lucrèce* is another excellent model for an elderly lady's mantle, the back being arranged so as to lessen the width; it is trimmed with ottoman silk and jet. The *Dagmar* is richly braided, and has a double lace ruche on the outlines. The *Leonidas* is very original in style, and is trimmed with a rich openwork passementerie; has a kind of Dolman sleeve and a handsome cape. *La Frivole* is very curious; it forms a double cape-tunic, and is double-breasted, trimmed with jet and with a coquettish bow on the left shoulder. While extremely stylish and becoming, there is an amount of protection to the chest in this vêtement which ought to render the shape a favourite one for delicate young women and girls. The *Eugenie* is designed for a young matron, and to be worn over coloured silk; it is composed of Sicilienne, and has a trimming of open bands of ottoman silk and fluffy silk tufts, which is very neat and pretty; the shape is peculiarly graceful; the outlines have ruches of lace.

I quite fell in love with an embroidered Dolman. It is a beautiful shape, gently curved to the figure without defining it, and, therefore, generally becoming. The embroidery and braiding are upon net, and are thickly and closely worked. This vêtement costs £8 8s., and is essentially a lady's mantle. For young girls, many simple, pretty styles were shown; the scarf-fichu and cape-tunique, with the long scarf-ends, are the shapes most in vogue. The *Trianon* is a cape with folds of cashmere and ottoman silk crossing over in front, and terminating in a graceful tunic fastened behind.

Some of the scarf-fichu mantles have square ends, others are sharply pointed, but all are trimmed with either lace, feather, or *marabout* ruches, or with jet passementerie.



No. 36.—The Galitzin Costume.
Paper Model—Skirt, 1s. 6d.; Tunic, 1s.; Jacket, 1s. 4d.

In passing through the lace department I remarked some pretty ornaments for evening toilette: elegant trifles of Valenciennes lace, with damasked ribbons, both silk and satin, forming fichus with lace plastron; Anita fichus, Corday fichus, and many others of which I do not recall the names. The Daisy fichu is one of the most striking; it is made of fine *crepe lisse* frills, black lace, beaded tulle, and marguerites placed closely together on the whole outline; an aumonière to match is at the side, and an elegant sash-end completes the daisy fichu; the fichu crosses the bosom and terminates in the sash before-named. The fichus of muslin and silk are very neat and elegant, and transform a plain silk dress into an evening toilette very quickly, and at little cost. An elegant fichu costs 12*s.* 6*d.* only, and for a little more expense one can have a complete dress trimming.

The bonnets of this house are exceedingly *comme il faut;* here one does *not* see the loud styles, so often illustrated as "to be worn," and which never can be *bien porté* by ladies, simply because they are *not* ladylike. It is a common mistake, too often made in a search after new effects and combinations, to take the glaring for the new, the noisy, fussy style for the fashionable. We remark these modes, to be sure, but only to condemn them; we notice their wearer, 'tis true, but to pity her lack of taste or her indifference to the opinion of society.

But there is no danger of meeting with *les horreurs* here; each bonnet, however stylish, is perfectly suited for a lady's wear. Although the new models appear large on the head, they are exceedingly becoming. Straw colour with deep red roses on a chip bonnet is suitable for an early botanical fête, or for a wedding; it is essentially a dressy bonnet, as that pretty maroon hat forms a simple yet elegant coiffure for the daily promenade. The *Auvergnate,* the *Timbale,* and the *Roland,* are the favourite shapes. It is curious to note how the prevailing modes, by slight modifications, can be made to become the various physiognomies: here, and in this only, lies the real art of the modiste.

Leaving Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, I went to the well-known ladies' outfitter, Mrs. S. Jay, 259, Regent Circus. Here I found some very pretty morning toilettes for early spring wear, of holland, embroidered in red, white, blue, and many other colours, as well as in black silk (ingrain). I noticed also some very pretty white piqué dresses, with embroidery tabliers, and with the corsage trimmed with broderie. For children, I saw some of the prettiest possible pelisses with small capes; the pelisse just like a little coat, with open fronts to allow the dear little paddling feet full play. Both coat and cape are embroidered thickly; one is covered with raised fleur-de-lys; another with a more elaborate and larger pattern; a third is worked in satin-stitch; a fourth has open *entre-deux,* and so on, *ad infinitum,* for little ones of two and three years.

For the mammas there are also plenty of pretty models: one in particular, of embroidered holland or linen, can be worn with the skirt to match or over black silk; the front crosses and fastens at the side, forming a complete tunic of very stylish cut. It is not easy to speak too highly of the beautiful hand needlework sent out by Mrs. S. Jay for trousseaux and India outfits.

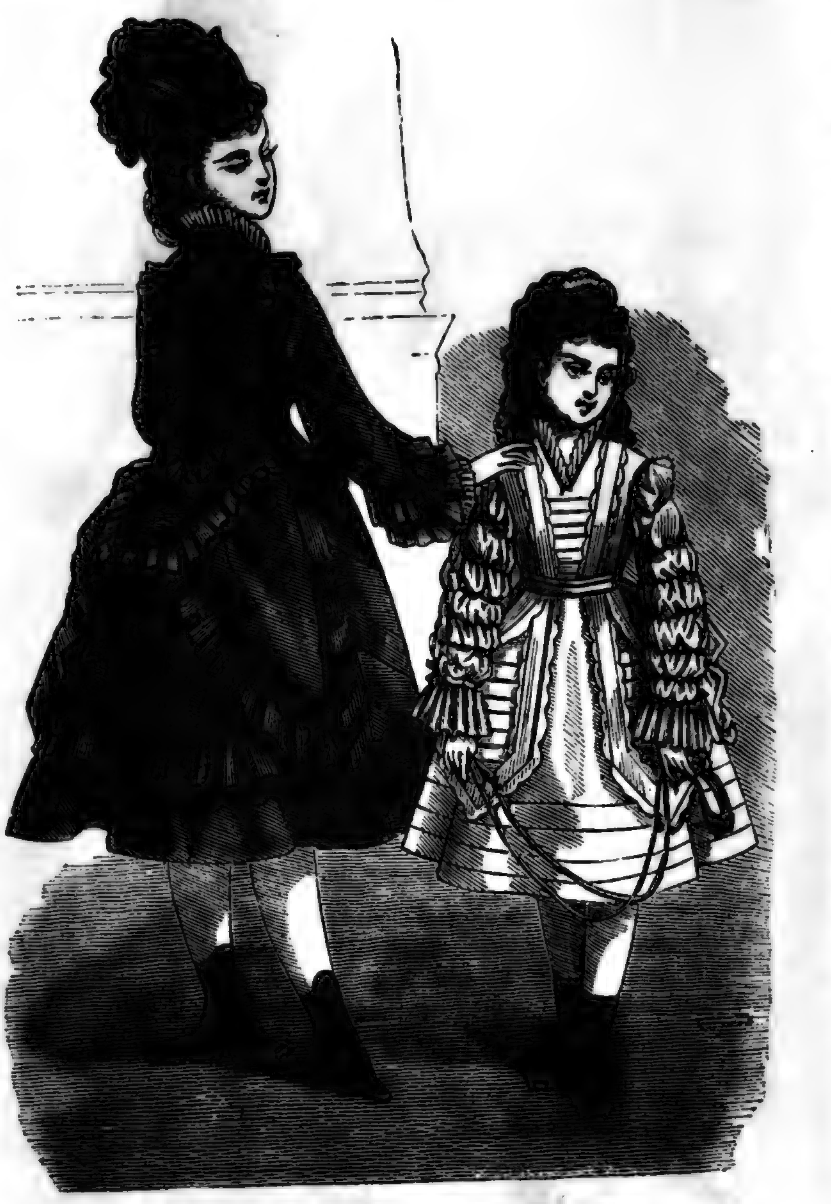
Silks are so wonderfully cheap that we really do not need the novel colours of the Lyons dyers to tempt us to buy these beautiful and cheap productions of French manufacture. The new colours, tints, and shades are distinguished by a certain soft brilliancy, if I may so express it, which I have not before remarked. The colours, though decided, and free from the shadow-tints which have been worn since the war, are soft and delicate. Wonderfully beautiful and various in colour and in shades, there is not in the whole collection shown me by the kindness of the well-known "Peter Robinson" (of the Oxford Street establishment), one shade of colour unsuited to a lady's wear; though bright, the colours are not vulgar, and may be compared to the floral tints which, however bright, are always more lustrous than splendid, more harmonious than dazzling.

The names of Mr. Robinson's lovely silks are Chamois, in shades of a soft brown tint; Azalea, the deep rose tints of that flower; Geranium, vivid shades of scarlet of unusually scarlet brightness;

Cendre, six shades of ash-grey; Vulcain, a curious and quite new red; Bresil, the colour of walnut bark, also in six shades; Souffre, sulphur-colour; Glicyne, a soft mauve; Italie, the shade of golden undyed silk; Perle, really pearl-grey; Lavender, Manille, three shades of flesh colour; Perle d'Orient, a bluer pearl-grey than perle; Paille Belge, straw-colour; Aurore, the rosy colour of early morning; Feutre, felt-grey, six shades; Chair, flesh-colour; Acier, steel-grey; Mode, a lovely grey; Isly, as exquisite a green; Ophélie, a new violet, in six shades; Beige, of the well-known soft brown tint; Blondière, a new shade between brown and blue; Amétiste, of the various shades of that fashionable gem. In blue tints we have Porcelaine, Grenit, Bleu Lumière, Ciel Lumière, Ciel Vatto, and Plouet—all lovely candle-light colours; Rose Vatto and Eglantine are the new pink tints, and are most beautiful. Among neutral tints, Sphinx, Argentine, Lin, and Ecru (a new shade), are the most striking; as are Regina and Pemache among the violets; and Niagara and Tibre among the greens. Tibre, out of compliment to Garibaldi's plans, is a superb tint.

Darker and more sombre shades, but not less beautiful, are Amiral, a black-purple; Souris, mouse-grey; Amarante and Sultan, dark reds; Loyale, Tarquin, and National, dark blues; Tyrol and Houx, dark green; Misalette, a new puce colour; Marron, Chataigne (two new shades), Ponseau, and Cerise (two new tints).

But the prices, ask my kind and economical readers—the prices of these new and lovely silks? I do not think that the prices need prevent any silk wearer from indulging in the dress of her choice, for any of the hundred and ninety shades of colour may be had at the rate of £3 the dress of *sixteen yards*, and Mr. Peter Robinson also keeps a black silk at 2*s.* 9*d.* per yard, which is exactly suited for close pleating, and *coup de vent* pleats, being a beautiful black and bright silk. For these pleats, which are ironed down by the dressmaker, it seems a pity to use very rich silks, as one cannot do much with the pleating afterwards, unless one is a MYRA, who never allows that she cannot do something with anything.



Nos. 37 & 38.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESSES.
Flat Paper Pattern, 2*s.* 6*d.* *and* 2*s.* 8*d.*

Mr. Peter Robinson has about three thousand damask linen tablecloths, of various patterns, three yards long, for dining eight persons; they cost only 7*s.* 6*d.* each, and are well suited for nurseries, schoolrooms, and breakfast-cloths in many families. They are wonderfully cheap, but being purchased under exceptional circumstances, there are no table-napkins to match them. That this will prevent many from buying them, I do not doubt; but they are so extraordinarily reasonable in price, that I feel it a duty to mention the fact; it is a chance of obtaining good plain tablecloths which does not often occur.

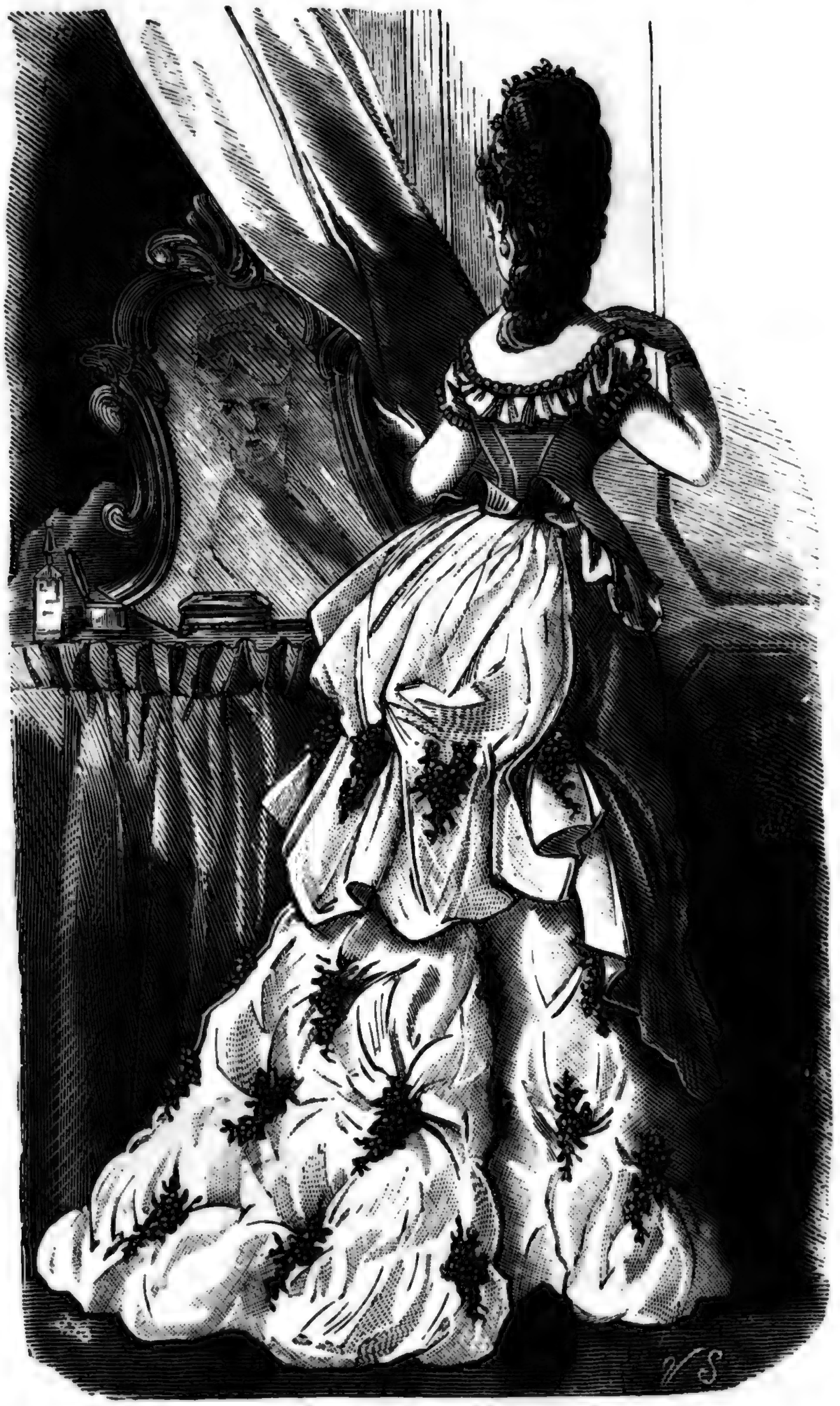
Calling in at Messrs. Gask and Gask, of Oxford Street, I was indulged with a peep at sundry toilettes, among which I saw many plain and suitable for daily life, as well as the more recherché costumes for which this house is noted. Embroidered écru, grey, brown, and dove costumes, suitable for spring morning toilette and summer wear, are sold at moderate prices (21*s.* and upwards). Those with entirely worked tabliers are more expensive, naturally, as this lovely embroidery is worked by hand, and is suitable for wearing à deux fins, with the skirt to correspond, or with an underdress of coloured or black silk. While mentioning these underdresses of silk, I may remark that those who study economy can purchase a very good-looking black silk, deep black colour, and very glossy and bright, for 2*s.* 11*d.* per yard; this made up, with plain demi-tunic skirt, with coup de vent pleats, which are illustrated on the front of the Antonine toilette on one of the fashion-plates of this number, and worn under a deeply-embroidered tablier, is a most effective as well as ladylike dress. The sleeves, which should be of silk, can be of a richer kind, but of the same shade, or embroider sleeves can be worn.

Most ladylike are the costumes shown me; the skirts of silk, the pardessus of checked beige or cheviot of any light woollen fabric, in short, matching in shade the colour of the silk jupon. These costumes are in endless variety of style, and can all be worn under the now fashionable mantle. The newest are of the mixture of silk and beige; but for young girls and children the skirt is often made in plain woollen material of the same shade as the chequered pardessus.

I shall return to the subject of the toilettes for summer fêtes and garden parties, to be seen at Messrs. Gask and Gask's, next month; but must remark, that ladies wishing for the very fashionable guipure curtains can here buy all the necessary material—the strips of guipure insertion, the edgings, and the muslin, and woven thread and entre-deux. The prices begin at 5½*d.* per yard up to as many shillings. Guipure d'art, to be effective for curtains, should be coarse. The prettiest are made with strips of clear muslin and equally wide guipure, edged with guipure lace, and draped by bands to match; these curtains are far more durable than the ordinary summer muslin curtains, which scarcely wear for two years if exposed to the sunlight.

So many ladies are asking for patterns of baby linen, that I give a list of prices of models, nicely made and of good materials:—Lawn Shirt, 1*s.* 9*d.*; Night Gown, 3*s.* 11*d.*; Monthly Gown, 6*s.* 6*d.*; Petticoat, 3*s.* 11*d.*; Muslin Robe, tucked, 8*s.* 6*d.*; Day Flannel, 5*s.* 11*d.*; Night Flannel, 3*s.* 11*d.*; Twill Swathe, 10*d.*; Dozen Napkins, 10*s.* 6*d.*; Waterproof Pilch, 2*s.*; Flannel Pilch, 2*s.*; Head Square, 4*s.* 6*d.*; Quilted Bib, 9*d.*; Nursing Apron, 5*s.* 6*d.*; Woollen Spencer, 2*s.* 6*d.*; the Complete Set, £3 3*s.* The above useful set of baby linen has been arranged and selected for patterns only, as a guide for ladies who wish to make up at home. Materials of all are supplied by the yard at the most economical prices by Mrs. Addley Bourne, 37, Piccadilly, where very beautiful broderie can be had from 1*s.* per yard to 4*s.* 6*d.* for infants' dress trimming. The pretty little costumes one sees here always tempt me to extravagance, and once I begin on nursery topics I know not when to stop, so will end this at once.

I have been asked by many ladies about the new needlework of the day, that I must touch on this point. The greatest novelty is silk embroidery, which is pretty, and very quickly executed. Muslin and leno curtains are finished by rich bands of embroidery, either worked on the muslin, following the paper pattern, or applied bands of cut-out chintz flowers worked in silks on muslin to match, and which bands are worked separately and lightly tacked, when finished, to the curtains. Some curtains are worked in bright shades all over, as, for instance, starred leno; very long stitches are taken, and the work is finished at railway speed. Muslin curtains are worked in wool and in silk. Silk is far preferable on account of the smoothness and beauty of the work, and it is, of course, used for embroidery on cashmere and on cloth of all kinds. I have inspected a quanity of silks (patterns) sent by Messrs. Adams and Co., of 5, New Street, Bishopsgate Street, E.; these patterns consist of filoselle embroidery silk, knitting silk, shaded and church embroidery silks. The filoselle is so cheap that ladies should largely employ it in their Berlin work. Messrs. Adams and Co. sell the best quality, in skeins of 15 yards, at 4*d.* per skein, or 2*s.* per ounce of eight skeins of one shade. Skeins of mixed shades are sold at 2*s.* 6*d.* per ounce. Filoselle is dyed in 140 colours, and Messrs. Adams and Co. will dye the exact shade required, so that ladies who use this beautiful silk for grounding can have their shade of furniture matched exactly.



No. 39.—BALL TOILETTE.
Flat Paper Pattern, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Knitters will be delighted to hear that they can have Imperial Knitting Silk, thick or thin, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per ounce, and Royal Knitting Silk at the same price. Silk stockings can therefore be worn by the most economical ladies, who will use the thin silk, in soft cream or pure white colours, for summer wear, and the brilliant colours and warmer shades in thick silk for winter wear.

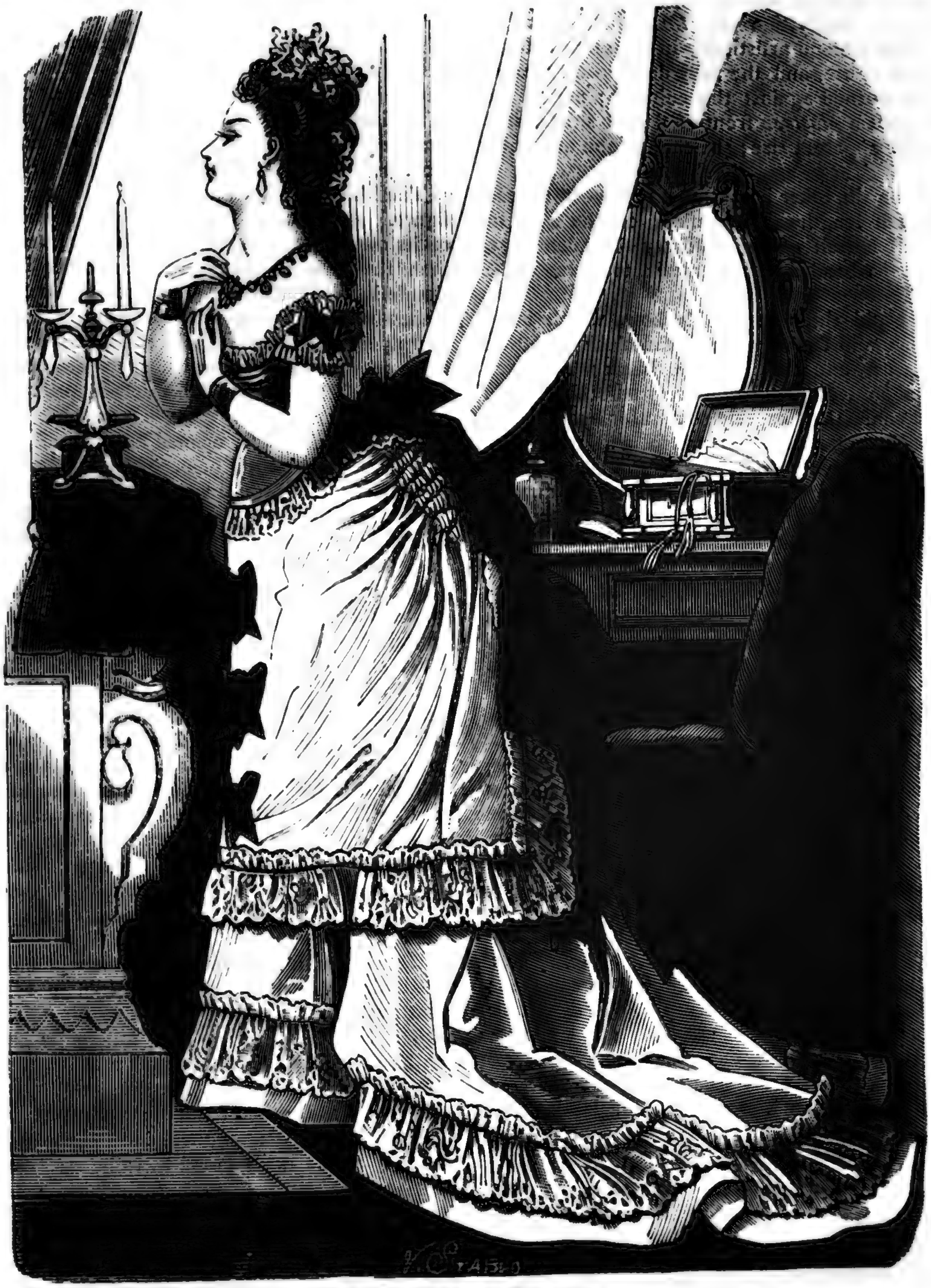
Messrs. Adams make two-ounce skeins of both these qualities, containing 840 yards. Home-knit stockings are so durable, that all who can knit should do so. Many indulgent mothers will take a pride in knitting silk stockings for the boys of the thick silk, with ribs, which are so becoming to their chubby little legs. Grey, scarlet, blue, mauve, and violet, are good colours for boys' silk stockings; and I think with thick velvet suits that the tie should match the stockings.

For church work, the silk of Messrs. Adams and Co. will be found superior to the class of silk ordinarily sold for this purpose. They worked in with perfect smoothness, presenting the rich, raised, even appearance which should characterize this work. The price of church embroidery silk is 2*s.* per ounce skein. There are about ninety shades of colour in embroidery silk.

Ladies can send stamps to Messrs. Adams and Co., at the rate of 13 to every shilling, in payment for their purchases; under twelve ounces can be sent by post for fourpence; but half an ounce must be allowed for the envelope and invoice.

the same style of boot here costs £2 2*s.* I am too patriotic to feel easy at this state of things, and wish some enterprising bootmaker would study the easy fit, graceful shape, and low prices.

Nothing is neater than the buttoned boots of black kid or cashmere, according to the season, plain, or with a neat kid or ribbon bow. Buckles, rosettes, and ornaments detract from the beauty of a pretty foot, while they add to the ugliness of an ill-made *pied.*



No. 40.—Evening Toilette.

Paper Model—Made up, 5s. 6d.; Flat, 1s.; Corsage, 1s. 6d.; Skirt, 1s.

The new boots and shoes of the season are more original than pretty; I have looked in vain for new and elegant styles, and think we must cross the water for our chaussures. The English boot, as a rule, nips the foot without fitting it. The French boot, on the contrary, outlines the foot, fitting it perfectly and easily. Why should the pretty, rosy little toes of our children be pinched; why should new boots be a trial to us all; and why should we have to pay such large sums for these instruments of torture? In Paris, I can get lovely little cashmere boots with heels for 13 francs; here I am asked 23 shillings for a clumsy imitation of my model boot. A double-soled kid boot, lined with silk, cost me 21 shillings, while

I have seen shoes of two colours, violet and white, which I only mention to beg my readers to avoid. Buttoned kid shoes are very pretty and ladylike for the summer; these are now made with a double row of buttons; but all I have seen are too expensive and too much coloured with white stitching to recommend to my readers. I used to see very neat boots at Mr. Nicoll's, of 424, Oxford Street, and mean to explore this and other houses for next month, when I shall be able, let us hope, to give my readers news of good boots at reasonable prices. I shall look in at several houses, in order to gain varied information.

THE SILKWORM.

WHAT SHOULD NOT BE WORN.

IT is far easier to most people to act, than to remain passive; to do, than to leave undone; to accept, than to reject an idea, a fancy, a mode; so is it a far easier task to advise the adoption of certain fashions than the rejection of others. In spite of this, we must warn our readers against wearing combinations of colours and shades which are too fanciful to be ladylike, and too eccentric to be pretty. Also we must not omit the suggestion that *three* shades, even of a quiet colour, do not usually blend artistically in the same toilette.

The childlike, unformed figure, and the fully developed frame of the matron, must alike be warned against the cuirasse; nor let the stout one delude herself that a *plastron* front of darker shade, or a *violon* back, will lessen her apparent size; she cannot, she must not, wear the cuirasse.

The tall, thin maiden, on the other hand, must not wear striped costumes, nor allow herself lengthway trimmings on the skirt or corsage, but should avail herself of the military brandenburgs, now so prettily made in jet-beaded passementerie, to increase the apparent width of her chest.

Stout figures should avoid the pretty faille bow, which is so becoming to slender forms, and fastens the new mantles so prettily. Nearly all women can wear, and look well in, black; but black velvet and black satin should be avoided by very stout figures, as should the over-trimmed confections eagerly sought for by many.

In choosing a mantle, do not select that which will make you look high-shouldered if your neck is not very long, nor a tightly-fitting vêtement if your figure is not very elegant; the matron should not wear a cape crossed *à la vierge*, nor the young girl conceal her slender frame in a Dolman designed for an elderly lady.

In choosing bonnets, do not be satisfied that because your pretty face looks charming in front, that therefore the bonnet suits you; look at the back and at *both sides* of the chapeau, and see if you present an artistic appearance on all sides. You have a right to look nice in the eyes of those who follow, and pass you, as to gladden those who meet you face to face with your beauty.

Aged ladies with well-preserved, even youthful, figures will not take a word of advice amiss. Costume-capes must be left to girls, and the figure, once and still so justly their pride, be discreetly concealed in the draped mantle for walking, and veiled indoors by a pretty fichu of black lace or net, as appropriate as becoming. The white ties, so fashionable, are daily becoming exaggerated; we warn our readers against an excess in this, or, indeed, in any direction.

One more word of advice, and we will be silent. Fashion selects from all centuries, and borrows the cuirasse and coat of mail of the knights; the long-waisted bodices and slashed sleeves of the Court of Valois; the tablier opening over a different fabric, or over a different-coloured skirt; Louis XIV. trains; Louis XV. corsages; Louis XVI. hats; Directoire skirts; the Corday cap; the Retour de Coblenz coiffure;—in short, the mode of yesterday or the fashion of bygone years. But it must not be concluded that all styles and periods are to be confounded. A Valois, a Louis XV., or Louis XVI. toilette may be worn successively; but not Louis XVI. sleeves with a Valois bodice; nor a Directoire hat with a Louis XV. toilette.

LATEST FROM PARIS.

A NEW tissue has been introduced within the last few days which will interest many: this fabric is of fine linen thread of écru or natural colour; it is woven in square, clear and open, like canvas, with a few coloured threads forming a second chequer throughout. It is also sold embroidered. "Passementerie" is the name given to this fabric; but it will without doubt receive other titles here, for it will not be easy to avoid errors in descriptions with this new fabric and the passementerie trimming with which we are all so well acquainted. Passementerie will be worn as tunic and polonaise, as redingote and corsage, over plain silk suits and with linen fabrics. It is elegant yet simple, and will not be accepted for dressy toilettes, in Paris at least. The tunics are scalloped, braided, or embroidered, and trimmed with fringe.

The last mode for tunics is simple and most becoming to the figure. A polonaise front, buttoned down to within twelve inches of its own edge, and made long enough to be twelve inches shorter than the hem of the dress; a scarf is tied over this, forming a simple loop at the back, with folding ends, and begins about eight inches from the waist, where it lies in natural folds; it is open in a sharp point, showing the polonaise-fronts below, buttoned down about three buttons, three above the scarf-tunic, and four below before the polonaise-fronts open. This mode is exactly suitable for refreshing a worn toilette; and many an old-fashioned polonaise can be shortened at the back, opened and trimmed with a scarf of tussah silk, grenadine, gauze, or even plain silks. The new foulards and damasked materials are very suitable for this.

Another novelty consists in a newly-designed back for a redingote. Each side-piece and the centre-piece is terminated by a leaf-shaped basque, which is corded with colour, and the points caught by a ribbon-tie from which three ends fall. This original queue is worn over coloured silk to match the lining; in front, the tunic is long and cut in two leaf-shaped basques, united by bows. We mention this as requiring so little silk, and, therefore, being more useful than elaborate toilettes. Rich fabrics and simpler modes are gaining the day, but there are modistes who endeavour to multiply trimmings and add ruche to flounce, and flounce to quilles, even after *La Mode* has decreed the end of these styles.

A most ladylike costume has just been completed for an English lady by Madame Feste, 24, Rue Neuve des Capucines, Paris. It is of black velvet; the scanty skirt has a plain flounce with two reversed bouillons and a small heading, this style being chosen in preference to a plain skirt on economical grounds (wearing longer). The redingote, very long, is rounded at the sides and has a short round basque at the back; it is tied back by a band of velvet on which a rich faille sash is placed, the whole edged with real Spanish lace with double heading divided by two rows of jet beads. The front has faille bows and a silk valois collar. Hour-glass sleeves with a band of velvet. This toilette is simple and durable, and can be varied by a coloured sash and tie, and the redingote can be worn over coloured and black silk.

Neckties are made of muslin, with lace ends, and in this is little novelty; but the size of these incroyable bows is ever increasing, and they are so exaggerated as to be really ugly.

DESCRIPTION OF DIAGRAM-SHEET.

Side No. 1.—First Model: Visiting toilette.—This toilette is made of two shades of brown faille; it is trimmed with *coup de vent* pleatings, headed by wide bias bands; the bodice is slightly open, and has short basques in front; the side-basque forms a long end, trimmed with a bow; the coat-sleeve is trimmed with a pleating and a bias band and bow. The tunic-skirt is quite flat, and square at the edge; it is composed of two pieces, which are joined at the letters A, B. The top of the skirt is put into a band, and is closed at the waist under a ribbon bow.

No. 1. Front of bodice. No. 2. Side-piece. No. 3. Back. No. 4. Collar. No. 5. Front of tunic. No. 6. Back of tunic. No. 7. Sleeve.

Second Model: Beaded confection for dressy toilette.—This confection is made of black faille; it is high, fits closely to the waist, and has long, sharply-pointed basques in front. At the back the basque is short and rounded. The coat-sleeve is the same as that in preceding model.

No. 8. Front of confection. No. 9. Side-piece. No. 10. Back.

Third Model: Casaque for indoor weat.—This elegant casaque is made of coloured cashmere; it is open in front, and trimmed with a quantity of narrow braid, placed across; each braid is surrounded with lace. The back fits closely, and has flat basques. The sleeve has a deep parement, with trimming to match.

No. 11. Front of casaque. No. 12. Side-piece. No. 13. Back. No. 14. Sleeve.

Side No. 2.—Fourth Model: Toilette for an elderly lady, composed of a tunic, with a large tablier and cuirasse, trimmed with bows in front and deep lace all round. The tablier is draped at the sides and put on to a band. The Cardinal pélerine is round, and trimmed with tassels *en échelle* and lace.

No. 15. Tunic. No. 16. Pélerine.

Fifth Model: Paletot for a little girl of six.—This demi-season paletot is made of any shade of thin cloth, bound with braid; it is half-fitting, and has long open basques in front, and a pocket at the side. The collar is turned down where marked on the pattern; coat-sleeve with a parement.

No. 17. Front of paletot. No. 18. Side-piece. No. 19. Back. No. 20. Pocket. No. 21. Collar. No. 22. Sleeve. No. 23. Parement.

Sixth Model: Indoor cap.—The crown is of embroidered tulle, gathered and put on to a small front-piece, which is kept in place with ribbon-wire, and trimmed with lace. The back part is coquillé, fastened behind, and falls over the hair. The trimming is composed of bows of ribbon, mingled with flowers at side.

No. 24. Front of the cap. No. 25. Crown. No. 26. Back part.

Seventh and eighth Models: Collar and cuff for a man's shirt. — These two models are made of fine linen, lined and stitched.

No. 27. Collar. No. 28. Cuff.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 32.—The Girgenti Costume.

Black faille train skirt, plain at the back, and put on in large hollow pleats. Tablier in front, entirely bouillonné, with jet beads fastening the bouillonnés. Upperskirt trimmed with a pleating, and raised at the back by a faille scarf. Cuirasse-bodice, short at the back, and rounded in a long basque in front. Jet plastron, covering the front of the bodice. Sleeve with revers, and trimmed with jet. Stand-up collar, with jet collar and cuffs of plain lingerie. Faille bonnet, with a coquillé of blue faille underneath, and faille bow above fastening a handsome curled feather. This dress looks very pretty in blue or grey alpaca, with velvet bands replacing the jet.

No. 33.—The Roland Spring Paletot.

This model fits closely to the waist at the back; the front is open from the point where it closes at the neck; it is trimmed with two revers of different material, trimmed at the edge with a slightly-gathered lace. The same lace forms a large ruche round the neck, with a ribbon to close it in a pretty bow. Common coat-sleeve, with a deep parement of the same stuff as the revers, and also trimmed with lace and bows of ribbon to match that at the neck.

No. 34.—The Berthe.

Evening toilette of straw-coloured faille; long-trained skirt, of the shape called *manteau de cour.* This part is surrounded by an elegant coquillé of black lace, which meets on each side towards the middle, with a pretty bow to match placed at the side. A wide gathering trims the side of the tablier; another, with a flounce, trims the edge, with bows to match placed from space to space on both. Bias bands of faille to match, trimmed with black lace, ornament the tablier, and are fastened in front of the skirt under a black lace insertion. On one side this trimming ends under the gathering which stripes the skirt; on the other it disappears in the coquillé of black lace at the back. Faille bodice, open *en châle*, with ruches inside, trimmed with black and white lace joined at the headings, over the shoulders, surrounding the back and the middle of the basque, forming a fichu in front, with a bow of ribbon to close the opening. The bouillonné sleeves end in faille and lace flounces, with a bow above. Feathers to match in the hair.

No. 35.—Bride's Toilette.

Train skirt of white faille, trimmed with faille flowers, placed, as seen on the engraving, in curves reaching down to the train. Faille bows at each corner of the curves. Flat bodice with faille revers and frill, forming a Medici ruff. Coat-sleeves trimmed with a frill; lace sleeves and collar; orange blossoms in the hair and at the neck. Veil of tulle illusion.

No. 36.—The Galitzin Costume.

Velveteen dress, quite plain. Tunic of steel-grey cashmere, raised in flat pleats, and draped by a double scarf of velvet; pleated folds head a handsome ball fringe. Spencer of velveteen with passementerie agrafes. Cashmere sleeves with buttoned revers. Aureole bonnet of black felt, with grey plume.

Nos. 37 & 38.—Children's Costumes.

Models from the *Maison Charavel*, 98, Rue Richelieu.

No. 37.—Little girl from eight to ten years old. Plum-coloured serge skirt, trimmed in front with bias bands of the same, placed like a V, and ending on each side under a bias band forming a quille. At the back an upper skirt, forming a square end with two revers. This skirt is trimmed with a flounce of the same, headed by narrow black velvet. Bodice, with square basques at the back and round in front; the basques are trimmed with a frill headed by black velvet; the same trimming forms braces. Felt hat with feathers.

No. 38.—Little girl from four to six years old. Little princess robe of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with bias bands of the same, scalloped and edged with black satin. Bouillonné sleeves of the same material; blue ribbon in the hair. Both these dresses can be made in chablis, alpaca, or holland; using plain coat-sleeves for a holland dress for No. 38.

No. 39.—Ball Toilette.

Composed of white tarlatan, draped with sprays of lilac. These flowers can be omitted, and the bouillons draped by ribbon-loops or by pearl stars, easily made by stringing large pearls on a net star with five points. The tunic is very long in front; a lilac silk bodice is trimmed with a tarlatan pleating and berthe. Catogan coiffure with lilac spray.

No. 40.—Evening Toilette.

This simple white toilette is made of white muslin or tarlatan, over an underskirt of pink silk or alpaca. The trained skirt is trimmed with rather deep lace, which can be replaced by frills. The upperskirt, of a novel shape, is square and closely drawn at the back under a handsome pink faille sash with long ends; it is also trimmed with lace. Low cuirasse-bodice of pink faille. The bodice is quite plain, laced at the back, and trimmed with lace only above and below. A bouillonné, with a pink bow, takes the place of a sleeve.

No. 41. New Parasols, Sunshades, and Lingerie.

No. 1. Parasol covered with guipure, lace flounce, silver chain on the handle, price 6*s*.

2. Silk sunshade, ebony handle, bow, and flounced trimming, lined in colour, thick chain on the handle, price 10*s*.

3. Embroidered muslin tie, with Valenciennes lace edging, price 6*s*. 6*d*.

4. Embroidered parasol, geometric design, worked in colours on silk, silk flounce, 4*s*.

5. New fichu, embroidered and fringed.

6. Embroidered sunshade, with guipure cover, edging, and long handle, 10*s*. 6*d*.

7. Parasol, braided and embroidered in black and white upon Japanese fabric, embroidered edge, price 4*s*.

No. 42. The New Chapeaux.

1. ***The Berthe***, of rice-straw, trimmed with a ribbon and rose, 19*s*. 6*d*.

2. ***Antoinette***, of black tulle, with jet braid, puff of black feathers, velvet and tea-rose, £2 5*s*.

3. ***Girofla***, rice-straw hat, with white border, ivy and tea-roses, £1 10*s*.

4. ***Regina***, white rice-straw, velvet ribbon, roses and heather, 25*s*.

No. 43.—Parure for a Dinner Dress.

This stylish parure is intended for a V-shaped dress; it is composed of muslin and Mechlin lace.

No. 44.—Model of Night-dress.

Of fine longcloth, with tucked front and embroidered frills and revers.

No. 45.—La Frivole and Athenee Costumes.

Grey alpaca semi-trained skirt, trimmed at the back with four narrow flounces, ending in a brown velvet bias; in front, brown velvet bands *en échelle*, ending in a bias of the same *en quille*. A second quille formed by a grey flounce completes the trimming, with a relevé forming a puff at the back, and imitating on each side a very small upperskirt. Bodice fitting tightly at the back, and semi-tight in front, trimmed with a brown velvet bias and alpaca frill; pleated ruff trimmed with lace; black velvet hat, with the brim much raised, trimmed with ribbon and a feather. 2. In two shades of faille; long-trained skirt of dark-coloured faille, trimmed with a deep flounce, headed by two wide bias bands; upperskirt of beige, very long in front, and fastened behind so as to form draping, with two long floating ends. This upperskirt of the lighter shade is trimmed with two dark faille bias bands and a handsome fringe with passementerie heading. Bodice with basques trimmed like the upperskirt, with a Medici collar and a pleated ruff. Velvet hat with flat brim, with a feather.

No. 46.—The Printemps and Helene Costumes.

Semi-train skirt of cashmere, trimmed with a deep flounce of the same, and three bias bands of black faille, placed close together; a large tablier in front, trimmed with a flounce, and fastened at the side by a bow of black faille. Cashmere confection, with a basque forming a point on each side, trimmed with a flounce headed by three black faille bias bands. The same trimming forms a pélerine collerette of ruched faille. Hat with raised brims, trimmed with high ribbon bows. 2. Holland skirt, trimmed with a very deep pleating, headed by a bias of dark blue linen, with bows at each point of the bias. Redingote with square ends in front, and a puff at the back. The redingote is trimmed with bias of dark blue linen, and a fichu of the same surrounds the neck, slightly opened *en cœur.* Collerette of pleated linen. Dark blue felt hat.

No. 47.—Child's Costume.

Composed of a skirt in flat pleats, with a high, flat bodice; an open vetement over this frock, with pockets at the sides, and flat sleeves. This graceful and novel little garment is trimmed with bias bands of the same, or faille of the same shade.

No. 48.—Muslin Collerette.

Edged with Valenciennes lace, and forming a coquille on the chest. Velvet round the neck, and knotted into the coquille of the cravat.

No. 49.—The Zoe Toilette.

Semi-trained skirt of cheviot, trimmed with an undulating flounce over a plain flounce of brown velvet; three bouillonnés of cheviot, placed between two brown velvet bias. Cheviot redingote, trimmed with a deep frill, resting on a brown velvet bias; bow of brown velvet at the back; trimmings of brown velvet on the front of the redingote; sleeves fitting to the wrist, and then widening under a brown velvet trimming. Black felt hat, trimmed with feather.

No. 50.—The Bernhardt Costume.

Of black grenadine, with lavender silk bias: a pretty half-mourning toilette. The front has three flounces and ruched heading, side-robings, and cascade of flowers on the demi-train. Corsage with pointed basques in front, deep double basques at the back, and cascade ruche at the neck, which is V-shaped. Auvergnate bonnet.

No. 53.—Crochet Edging.

1st row.—Alternate chain and long. *2nd row.*—2 long, close together, 7 chain, 2 long. *3rd row.*—3 double over the 2 long, 11 chain, 3 double in the centre of the 7 chain of the preceding row. *4th row.*—1 double over the first 3 of the previous row, 5 chain, 3 long in the centre of the 11 chain, 5 chain, 1 double over the 3, 5 chain, 3 long, 5 chain, 1 double. *5th row.*—1 long over the double, 3 chain, 5 long over the 3 long, 3 chain, 1 long. *6th row.*—1 double over the long, 5 chain, 7 long over the 5, 5 chain, 1 double over the long. *7th row.*—7 double over the 7 long of the previous row, 9 chain, 7 double. *8th row.*—3 long in the centre of the 9 chain, 5 chain, 5 double over the 7 of the preceding row, 5 chain. *9th row.*—5 long over the 3, 5 chain, 3 double over the 5, 5 chain, 6 long. *10th row.*—7 long; turn from left to right; 7 double; turn again from right to left to make the 5 small scallops at the top; slip 2 stitches in coming down, 5 chain, 1 double over the 3 of the preceding row.

No. 54.—Toilet Mat in Guipure d'Art.

This pretty mat is worked in a frame, and is edged with guipure lace, and placed over a square of quilted silk or satin.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES.

The Antonine.—Dinner toilette of grey faille. Long-trained skirt, in large flat pleats at the back, trimmed at the edge, but only in the middle, with a flounce forming three hollow pleats, with the heading turned back and lined with pale blue. The front is trimmed with pleatings of grey and blue faille, alternated and placed across, all up the front. A long grey faille scarf, one end of which is fastened behind under a pleat at the waist, crosses the front of the skirt, and forms elegant draperies; it then rises, almost covering the other side of the skirt (not seen in the engraving), thence the scarf is fastened at the middle of the waist, falling over the skirt in a long square end, folded back again. Cuirasse-bodice of grey faille, trimmed with a sailor collar and wide, pointed revers, surrounded by a blue faille bias. The same trimming at the edge of the basques in front and at the edge of the sleeves. The middle of the back forms a pointed basque.

La Riviere.—Visiting costume of nut-brown vigogue and faille. Trained skirt, in large flat pleats at the back, trimmed at the side with a pleating and coquille. The edge is finished with a five-inch-deep flounce. Tunic, with princess fronts, and back with round basques laced behind. Under the basque the skirt of the polonaise is fastened to the waistband, and closed at the back like the bodice; the sides of the skirt are joined together in the middle, behind, where they are fastened under a large faille ribbon bow. All the edges of the vetement are covered with a faille bias. The side of the tablier is joined under that of the skirt by a hollow pleat, and trimmed with the same bias. The sleeve ends in a crossed *cornet.* Mary Stuart hat, to match the toilette, with a soft crown, and trimmed with a long feather.

WHAT SHOULD NOT BE WORN.

It is far easier to most people to act, than to remain passive; to do, than to leave undone; to accept, than to reject an idea, a fancy, a mode; so is it a far easier task to advise the adoption of certain fashions than the rejection of others. In spite of this, we must warn our readers against wearing combinations of colours and shades which are too fanciful to be ladylike, and too eccentric to be pretty. Also we must not omit the suggestion that *three* shades, even of a quiet colour, do not usually blend artistically in the same toilette.

The childlike, unformed figure, and the fully developed frame of the matron, must alike be warned against the cuirasse; nor let the stout one delude herself that a *plastron* front of darker shade, or a *violon* back, will lessen her apparent size; she cannot, she must not, wear the cuirasse.

The tall, thin maiden, on the other hand, must not wear striped costumes, nor allow herself lengthway trimmings on the skirt or corsage, but should avail herself of the military brandenburgs, now so prettily made in jet-beaded passementerie, to increase the apparent width of her chest.

Stout figures should avoid the pretty faille bow, which is so becoming to slender forms, and fastens the new mantles so prettily. Nearly all women can wear, and look well in, black; but black velvet and black satin should be avoided by very stout figures, as should the over-trimmed confections eagerly sought for by many.

In choosing a mantle, do not select that which will make you look high-shouldered if your neck is not very long, nor a tightly-fitting vêtement if your figure is not very elegant; the matron should not wear a cape crossed *à la vierge*, nor the young girl conceal her slender frame in a Dolman designed for an elderly lady.

In choosing bonnets, do not be satisfied that because your pretty face looks charming in front, that therefore the bonnet suits you; look at the back and at *both sides* of the chapeau, and see if you present an artistic appearance on all sides. You have a right to look nice in the eyes of those who follow, and pass you, as to gladden those who meet you face to face with your beauty.

Aged ladies with well-preserved, even youthful, figures will not take a word of advice amiss. Costume-capes must be left to girls, and the figure, once and still so justly their pride, be discreetly concealed in the draped mantle for walking, and veiled indoors by a pretty fichu of black lace or net, as appropriate as becoming. The white ties, so fashionable, are daily becoming exaggerated; we warn our readers against an excess in this, or, indeed, in any direction.

One more word of advice, and we will be silent. Fashion selects from all centuries, and borrows the cuirasse and coat of mail of the knights; the long-waisted bodices and slashed sleeves of the Court of Valois; the tablier opening over a different fabric, or over a different-coloured skirt; Louis XIV. trains; Louis XV. corsages; Louis XVI. hats; Directoire skirts; the Corday cap; the Retour de Coblenz coiffure;—in short, the mode of yesterday or the fashion of bygone years. But it must not be concluded that all styles and periods are to be confounded. A Valois, a Louis XV., or Louis XVI. toilette may be worn successively; but not Louis XVI. sleeves with a Valois bodice; nor a Directoire hat with a Louis XV. toilette.

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Evening toilette of straw-coloured faille; long-trained skirt, of the shape called *manteau de cour.* This part is surrounded by an elegant coquillé of black lace, which meets on each side towards the middle, with a pretty bow to match placed at the side. A wide gathering trims the side of the tablier; another, with a flounce, trims the edge, with bows to match placed from space to space on both. Bias bands of faille to match, trimmed with black lace, ornament the tablier, and are fastened in front of the skirt under a black lace insertion. On one side this trimming ends under the gathering which stripes the skirt; on the other it disappears in the coquillé of black lace at the back. Faille bodice, open *en châle,* with ruches inside, trimmed with black and white lace joined at the headings, over the shoulders, surrounding the back and the middle of the basque, forming a fichu in front, with a bow of ribbon to close the opening. The bouillonné sleeves end in faille and lace flounces, with a bow above. Feathers to match in the hair.

No. 35.—Bride's Toilette.

Train skirt of white faille, trimmed with faille flowers, placed, as seen on the engraving, in curves reaching down to the train. Faille bows at each corner of the curves. Flat bodice with faille revers and frill, forming a Medici ruff. Coat-sleeves trimmed with a frill; lace sleeves and collar; orange blossoms in the hair and at the neck. Veil of tulle illusion.

No. 36.—The Galitzin Costume.

Velveteen dress, quite plain. Tunic of steel-grey cashmere, raised in flat pleats, and draped by a double scarf of velvet; pleated folds head a handsome ball fringe. Spencer of velveteen with passementerie agrafes. Cashmere sleeves with buttoned revers. Aureole bonnet of black felt, with grey plume.

Nos. 37 & 38.—Children's Costumes.

Models from the *Maison Charavel,* 98, Rue Richelieu.

No. 37.—Little girl from eight to ten years old. Plum-coloured serge skirt, trimmed in front with bias bands of the same, placed like a V, and ending on each side under a bias band forming a quille. At the back an upper skirt, forming a square end with two revers. This skirt is trimmed with a flounce of the same, headed by narrow black velvet. Bodice, with square basques at the back and round in front; the basques are trimmed with a frill headed by black velvet; the same trimming forms braces. Felt hat with feathers.

No. 38.—Little girl from four to six years old. Little princess robe of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with bias bands of the same, scalloped and edged with black satin. Bouillonné sleeves of the same material; blue ribbon in the hair. Both these dresses can be made in chablis, alpaca, or holland; using plain coat-sleeves for a holland dress for No. 38.

No. 39.—Ball Toilette.

Composed of white tarlatan, draped with sprays of lilac. These flowers can be omitted, and the bouillons draped by ribbon-loops or by pearl stars, easily made by stringing large pearls on a net star with five points. The tunic is very long in front; a lilac silk bodice is trimmed with a tarlatan pleating and berthe. Catogan coiffure with lilac spray.

No. 40.—Evening Toilette.

This simple white toilette is made of white muslin or tarlatan, over an underskirt of pink silk or alpaca. The trained skirt is trimmed with rather deep lace, which can be replaced by frills. The upperskirt, of a novel shape, is square and closely drawn at the back under a handsome pink faille sash with long ends; it is also trimmed with lace. Low cuirasse-bodice of pink faille. The bodice is quite plain, laced at the back, and trimmed with lace only above and below. A bouillonné, with a pink bow, takes the place of a sleeve.

No. 41. New Parasols, Sunshades, and Lingerie.

No. 1. Parasol covered with guipure, lace flounce, silver chain on the handle, price 6s.

2. Silk sunshade, ebony handle, bow, and flounced trimming, lined in colour, thick chain on the handle, price 10s.

3. Embroidered muslin tie, with Valenciennes lace edging, price 6s. 6d.

4. Embroidered parasol, geometric design, worked in colours on silk, silk flounce, 4s.

5. New fichu, embroidered and fringed.

6. Embroidered sunshade, with guipure cover, edging, and long handle, 10s. 6d.

7. Parasol, braided and embroidered in black and white upon Japanese fabric, embroidered edge, price 4s.

No. 42. The New Chapeaux.

1. *The Berthe,* of rice-straw, trimmed with a ribbon and rose, 19s. 6d.

2. *Antoinette,* of black tulle, with jet braid, puff of black feathers, velvet and tea-rose, £2 5s.

3. *Girofla,* rice-straw hat, with white border, ivy and tea-roses, £1 10s.

4. *Regina,* white rice-straw, velvet ribbon, roses and heather, 25s.

No. 43.—Parure for a Dinner Dress.

This stylish parure is intended for a V-shaped dress; it is composed of muslin and Mechlin lace.

No. 44.—Model of Night-dress.

Of fine longcloth, with tucked front and embroidered frills and revers.

No. 45.—La Frivole and Athenee Costumes.

Grey alpaca semi-trained skirt, trimmed at the back with four narrow flounces, ending in a brown velvet bias; in front, brown velvet bands *en échelle,* ending in a bias of the same *en quille.* A second quille formed by a grey flounce completes the trimming, with a relevé forming a puff at the back, and imitating on each side a very small upperskirt. Bodice fitting tightly at the back, and semi-tight in front, trimmed with a brown velvet bias and alpaca frill; pleated ruff trimmed with lace; black velvet hat, with the brim much raised, trimmed with ribbon and a feather. 2. In two shades of faille; long-trained skirt of dark-coloured faille, trimmed with a deep flounce, headed by two wide bias bands; upperskirt of beige, very long in front, and fastened behind so as to form draping, with two long floating ends. This upperskirt of the lighter shade is trimmed with two dark faille bias bands and a handsome fringe with passementerie heading. Bodice with basques trimmed like the upperskirt, with a Medici collar and a pleated ruff. Velvet hat with flat brim, with a feather.

No. 46.—The Printemps and Helene Costumes.

Semi-train skirt of cashmere, trimmed with a deep flounce of the same, and three bias bands of black faille, placed close together; a large tablier in front, trimmed with a flounce, and fastened at the side by a bow of black faille. Cashmere confection, with a basque forming a point on each side, trimmed with a flounce headed by three black faille bias bands. The same trimming forms a pélerine collerette of ruched faille. Hat with raised brims, trimmed with high ribbon bows. 2. Holland skirt, trimmed with a very deep pleating, headed by a bias of dark blue linen, with bows at each point of the bias. Redingote with square ends in front, and a puff at the back. The redingote is trimmed with bias of dark blue linen, and a fichu of the same surrounds the neck, slightly opened *en cœur.* Collerette of pleated linen. Dark blue felt hat.

No. 47.—Child's Costume.

Composed of a skirt in flat pleats, with a high, flat bodice; an open vetement over this frock, with pockets at the sides, and flat sleeves. This graceful and novel little garment is trimmed with bias bands of the same, or faille of the same shade.

No. 48.—Muslin Collerette.

Edged with Valenciennes lace, and forming a coquille on the chest. Velvet round the neck, and knotted into the coquille of the cravat.

No. 49.—The Zoe Toilette.

Semi-trained skirt of cheviot, trimmed with an undulating flounce over a plain flounce of brown velvet; three bouillonnés of cheviot, placed between two brown velvet bias. Cheviot redingote, trimmed with a deep frill, resting on a brown velvet bias; bow of brown velvet at the back; trimmings of brown velvet on the front of the redingote; sleeves fitting to the wrist, and then widening under a brown velvet trimming. Black felt hat, trimmed with feather.

No. 50.—The Bernhardt Costume.

Of black grenadine, with lavender silk bias: a pretty half-mourning toilette. The front has three flounces and ruched heading, side-robings, and cascade of flowers on the demi-train. Corsage with pointed basques in front, deep double basques at the back, and cascade ruche at the neck, which is V-shaped. Auvergnate bonnet.

No. 53.—Crochet Edging.

1st row.—Alternate chain and long. *2nd row.*—2 long, close together, 7 chain, 2 long. *3rd row.*—3 double over the 2 long, 11 chain, 3 double in the centre of the 7 chain of the preceding row. *4th row.*—1 double over the first 3 of the previous row, 5 chain, 3 long in the centre of the 11 chain, 5 chain, 1 double over the 3, 5 chain, 3 long, 5 chain, 1 double. *5th row.*—1 long over the double, 3 chain, 5 long over the 3 long, 3 chain, 1 long. *6th row.*—1 double over the long, 5 chain, 7 long over the 5, 5 chain, 1 double over the long. *7th row.*—7 double over the 7 long of the previous row, 9 chain, 7 double. *8th row.*—3 long in the centre of the 9 chain, 5 chain, 5 double over the 7 of the preceding row, 5 chain. *9th row.*—5 long over the 3, 5 chain, 3 double over the 5, 5 chain, 6 long. *10th row.*—7 long; turn from left to right; 7 double; turn again from right to left to make the 5 small scallops at the top; slip 2 stitches in coming down, 5 chain, 1 double over the 3 of the preceding row.

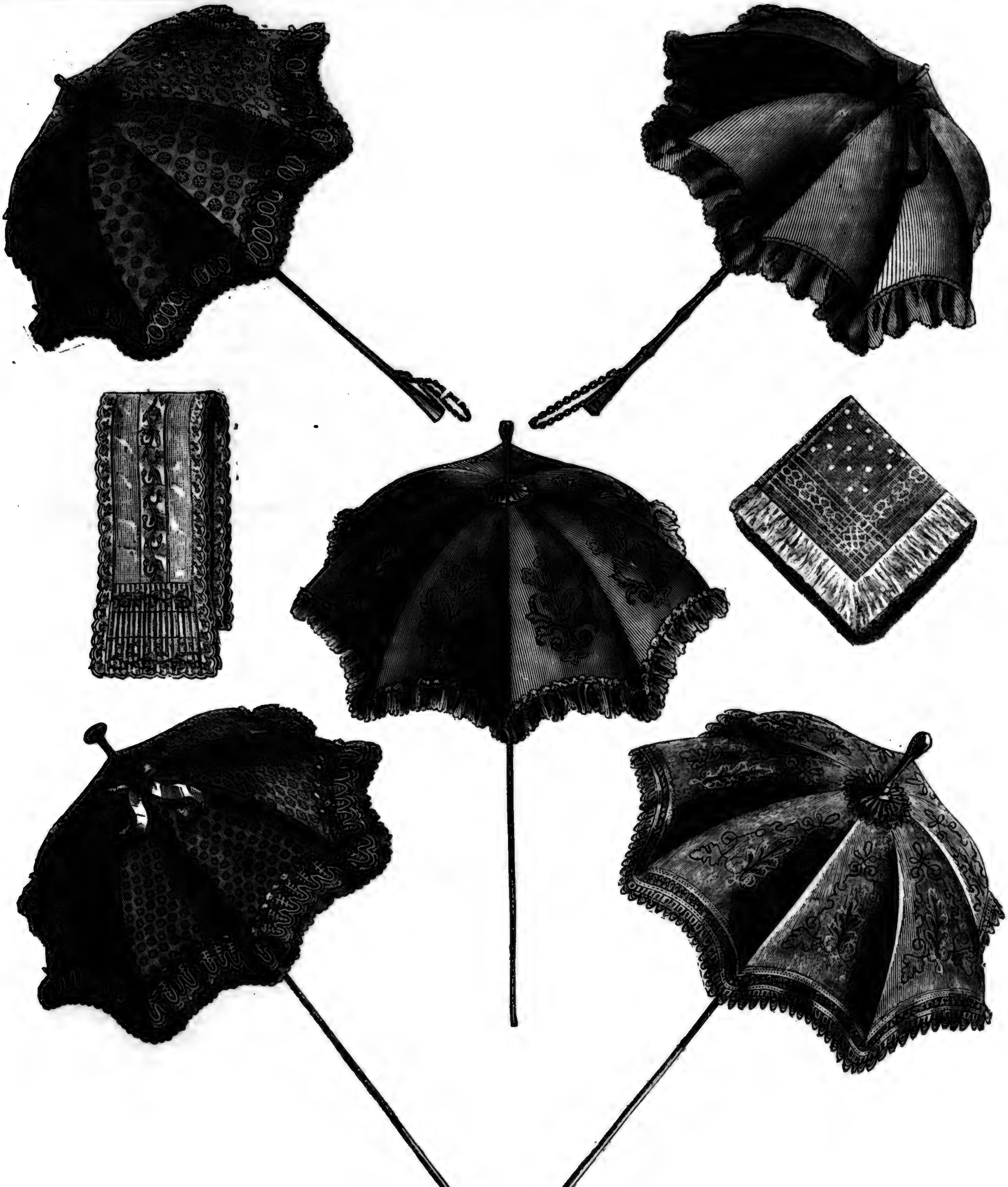
No. 54.—Toilet Mat in Guipure d'Art.

This pretty mat is worked in a frame, and is edged with guipure lace, and placed over a square of quilted silk or satin.

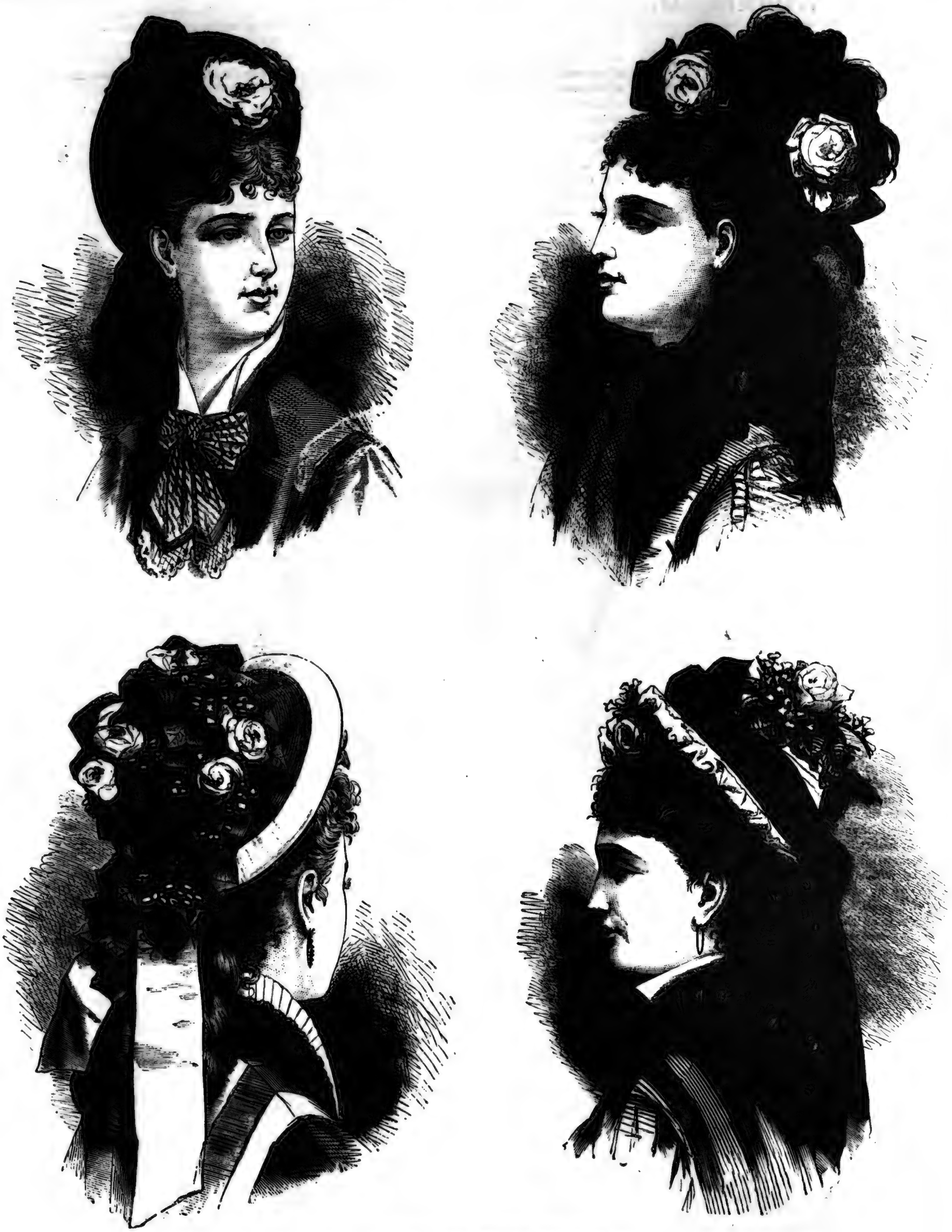
DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATES.

The Antonine.—Dinner toilette of grey faille. Long-trained skirt, in large flat pleats at the back, trimmed at the edge, but only in the middle, with a flounce forming three hollow pleats, with the heading turned back and lined with pale blue. The front is trimmed with pleatings of grey and blue faille, alternated and placed across, all up the front. A long grey faille scarf, one end of which is fastened behind under a pleat at the waist, crosses the front of the skirt, and forms elegant draperies; it then rises, almost covering the other side of the skirt (not seen in the engraving), thence the scarf is fastened at the middle of the waist, falling over the skirt in a long square end, folded back again. Cuirasse-bodice of grey faille, trimmed with a sailor collar and wide, pointed revers, surrounded by a blue faille bias. The same trimming at the edge of the basques in front and at the edge of the sleeves. The middle of the back forms a pointed basque.

La Riviere.—Visiting costume of nut-brown vigogue and faille. Trained skirt, in large flat pleats at the back, trimmed at the side with a pleating and coquille. The edge is finished with a five-inch-deep flounce. Tunic, with princess fronts, and back with round basques laced behind. Under the basque the skirt of the polonaise is fastened to the waistband, and closed at the back like the bodice; the sides of the skirt are joined together in the middle, behind, where they are fastened under a large faille ribbon bow. All the edges of the vetement are covered with a faille bias. The side of the tablier is joined under that of the skirt by a hollow pleat, and trimmed with the same bias. The sleeve ends in a crossed *cornet.* Mary Stuart hat, to match the toilette, with a soft crown, and trimmed with a long feather.



No. 41.—New Parasols, Sunshades, and Lingerie.
Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.



No. 42.—The New Bonnets and Hats.
Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

MYRA'S WORKROOM.

RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 15th of the month. (But, as much as possible, letters should be written at the beginning of the month.)*

3. *Letters regarding the Purchase, Making-up, and Alteration of Dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

4. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned, but should be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*

5. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

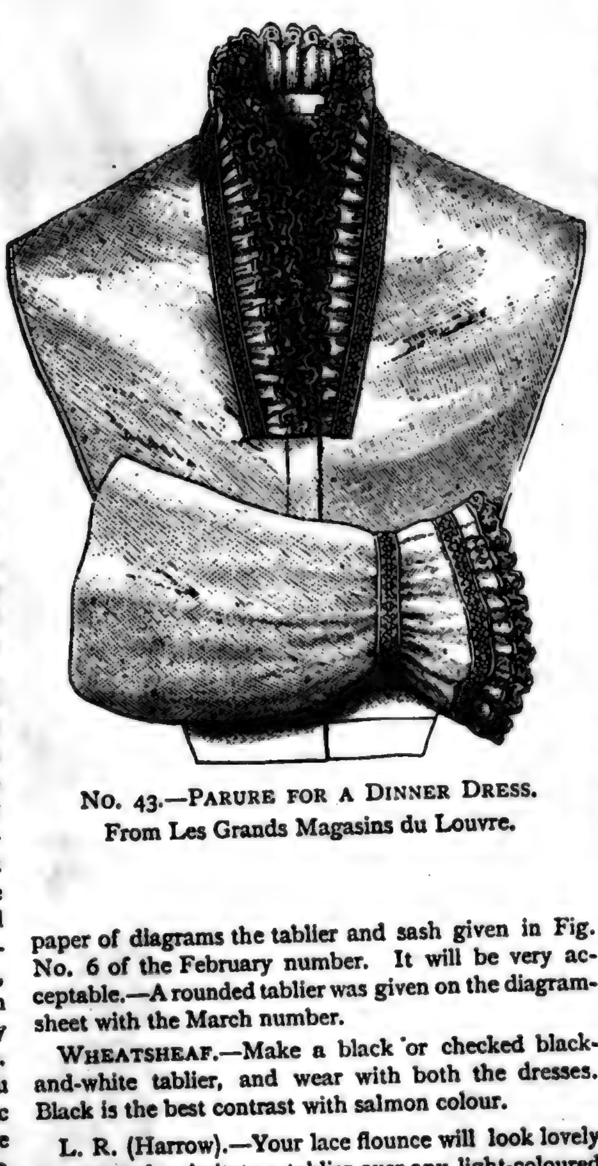
6. *In cases where immediate Advice is necessary upon a particular Toilette or Dress,* MYRA *will reply to inquiries by return of post. With letters requiring such answers bv post,* 12 *postage stamps to be inclosed.*

All Letters upon Dress and Fashion, and Editorial matters generally, to be addressed to MYRA, *care of* WELDON & CO., 15, *Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.*

MY Mother and I, though addressing you for the first time, feel as if writing to an old and valued friend; we have so long benefited by your advice on every useful subject, and you are always our authority on all household matters. We quite expected your magazine would be a great success, for where the SILKWORM and MYRA lead, we ladies are sure to follow, and were not at all surprised to find your new Journal had to be enlarged; and it is evident, if you are to have space to answer one quarter of your correspondents, it will have to go on increasing both in size and price. We think it will be a pity if the price is much increased, because perhaps those whom you wish especially to benefit will cease to take the magazine regularly; but in order to meet the expenses of enlarging it, I suggest that every correspondent asking a question should enclose a stamp for each question. I am sure no lady who really wishes for your valuable advice will be deterred from writing to you on account of sending that small sum, and its payment will serve as a wholesome check to asking unnecessary questions. We could all help you so much if we invested in a penny memorandum-book, in which to dot down any address of shops, or articles you recommend, and which we have seen your correspondents ask over and over again; they seem to us quite to forget how valuable your time is. We often wonder, for example, how many times you have patiently answered questions about "antephelic milk," which any respectable druggist (even in the country) would procure for a customer. We beg to congratulate you on the success of your Journal, and to thank you for taking so much trouble to help your less clever and less practical sisters. You seem to anticipate our every want. The fashion-plates are perfect—so very ladylike; and it will be invaluable to us to be able to procure paper patterns to cut our toilettes by, at such a moderate price. This letter is far too long for publication; but you may make what use of it you please, or any part of it.

Impossible to shorten your kind letter by a word. The price of MYRA'S JOURNAL will not be increased, but remain THREEPENCE MONTHLY, or with Diagram FOURPENCE. Your suggestion is very good and kind to us; we like so much our work of answering questions, that we do not want to charge anything; but the space *is* limited, unquestionably. Paper and printing *will* cost money, and illustrations, too; but, then, we do so like choosing these, selecting and rejecting, that we have a great deal of pleasure with our work. One or two rather cross letters at the change of size and price made MYRA sad, and SILKWORM, who is tender-hearted, wretched for a little while; but we went to our unfailing comforters in the nursery, and soon forgot all our troubles, knowing that we were doing our very best to the extent of our little knowledge. It seems almost ungrateful, after the kind support we have received and the wonderful sale of MYRA'S JOURNAL Nos. 1 and 2, not to comply at once with the wishes of our supporters; but we cannot do so till May. But in May we shall make a change, in order to meet the wishes of our readers. Two editions of MYRA'S JOURNAL will be published: one of 24 pages, at Threepence (like this number), the other of the 24 pages, with a large Fashion Plate, a Diagram Sheet, a Cut-out Paper Pattern, and some extra Needlework Designs. This second edition of MYRA'S JOURNAL will be published in a coloured wrapper at Sixpence.

MISS CHAPMAN hopes MYRA will include in her paper of diagrams the tablier and sash given in Fig. No. 6 of the February number. It will be very acceptable.—A rounded tablier was given on the diagram-sheet with the March number.



NO. 43.—PARURE FOR A DINNER DRESS.
From Les Grands Magasins du Louvre.

WHEATSHEAF.—Make a black or checked black-and-white tablier, and wear with both the dresses. Black is the best contrast with salmon colour.

L. R. (Harrow).—Your lace flounce will look lovely if arranged to imitate a tablier over any light-coloured silk. Head the flounce with ruched silk matching the dress, and finish with loops and sash-ends at the back.

MRS. L. (Putney).—Many thanks for your kind offer. Good receipts are indeed valuable. My readers will thank you, as well as MYRA. 2. Your idea is excellent, but the space seems likely to be occupied.

M. C. R.—Eighteen yards of silk ought to make you a nice dress, especially as you want it plain. Plain skirt, corsage with jacket-basques, rather pointed back and front, and curved slightly at the sides, falling at the back in square sash-ends sixteen inches wide. Trim the whole with jet-beaded passementerie; coat-sleeves with pretty curved cuffs. Your material will be ample for the dress.

SILVERPEN writes:—Will you kindly tell me whether it is in good taste to wear flowers in the hair, in the evening, with a high silk dress—one for morning?

No; flowers in the hair require a more dressy toilette, unless you put a natural flower from your green-house in for every-day wear, when the pretty habit is admissible.

BUSY BEE asks:—How am I to loop up the skirt of a long black silk dress for walking? The front is tied back, and the back long and plain, in a Bulgare pleat. 2. Where is rook's-feather trimming to be obtained, and what is the price?

Long-train dresses do not look well in the street, but you can loop up your train by sewing a band across the Bulgare pleat underneath, and putting on it three large buttons; loops of tape or ribbon on the waistband will drape this nicely. 2. Of nearly all drapers, from 2*s.* per yard.

LILY.—If you do not want the dress at once, it would be more economical to wear your silver-grey poplin skirt this spring and summer under a beaded cashmere or lace tablier, and have it dyed in the autumn with the tunic and bodice, when it will make you a most useful autumn and winter dress.

GREY MARE.—I do indeed feel for you. I should advise your having your hair cut short and using Douglas's Lime Cream and Lotion on alternate days. You can wear a light curly front till your hair grows again. I have heard wonderful accounts of Latreille's Hair Restorer (not a dye), but have no personal knowledge of it. Do not try any dyes, as white hair is very fashionable. I think Mr. Douglas could help you in the arrangement of your hair; soft, fine, little curls on a thread, put on just under your hair in front, would lessen your forehead. I will ask him about it next time I am in Bond Street.

ONSLOW writes:—I have £150 a year to dress upon, but am obliged to go out a very great deal, and amongst people who dress a great deal. I get some dresses from a very good milliner, and had intended copying them in different materials and colours to give a variety; but in these days dress is so peculiar, that by changing the material you often ruin the whole appearance and effect of a dress. I should be very glad if I could find some lady, circumstanced like myself, who would lend me her dresses occasionally to copy, that is, dresses made by Worth, Vignon, or Mrs. Stratton—I mention them as being well-known firms—and I would either send her a dress in return to copy, or pay her well for the loan of the dress. Amongst my own friends there is no one who deals with either of these houses, with whom I am intimate enough to ask such a favour; and, besides, I should prefer dealing with a stranger, who would receive an equivalent, and to whom, therefore, I should be under no obligation.

I insert your letter in the hope that some lady may assist you. I could get you patterns from Paris of artistic dress, but the patterns would cost from two to three pounds each if *inedited*.

TOTTIE.—Gores placed as you draw them are quite incorrect; your dressmaker evidently does not understand the art of skirtmaking. 2. Make the apron like No. 12, or cut it by that given on the pattern-sheet. 3. Pattern of cuirasse also given. 4. Make your blue silk rep like the striped velvet costume in the fashion-plate of last number. 5. Use your plain Japanese as a skirt, and make a tunic of the damasked pattern sent. 6. The Copenhagen gloves can be had in all colours, dark or light, at the prices mentioned.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.—I cannot undertake to answer questions upon disposition and character.

THE LATEST FASHIONS FROM PARIS.—To insure satisfaction, ladies will do well to pay a visit to the establishment which has been known for some years as one that leads the fashion in Bonnets and Hats. Great taste and elegance are always observable in the styles, which are very distingué; and there is that Parisian look about them which is so very pleasing to the eye, but which it is so difficult to see out of the land of fashion. There is no doubt that the taste of the most fastidious will be gratified by patronising Mdlle. LOUISE, 266, Regent Street, W.—[ADVT.]

THE GLOWWORM.—No letter has been forwarded to me, nor are any letters from my dear old friends sent on to me. I feel sure that some ladies have written to me, and regret more than I can express that they must think me ungrateful, or ill, instead of being in good health, able to work and write for them, and most grateful to them for all their kindness to me.—THE SILKWORM.

KIMBERLEY.—You will want a good black silk dress, a velveteen dress, two Japanese silks, two alpaca dresses, half a dozen muslins, and some piqué or print morning-gowns. Horrocks' longcloth for under-linen, 2 MM's and 3 MMM's; I should advise using No. 3 for the finest articles. Read the notice on skirts in the last number, and alter your dress at the band by the directions there given; wear it under a black lace tablier and corsage, or under a muslin tablier or a blue tarlatan, according to the occasion of wearing it.

CLARE.—Match the shade of black in either a richer silk or in matelassé silk; make a cuirasse bodice, putting on the fringe epaulets; wear the cuirasse over the old bodice-lining, from the silk of which you can cut away enough silk to neatly join and mend the sleeves; the long epaulet will hide the join. A real silk velvet cuirasse would look well, or one of Sicilienne, jet-trimmed.

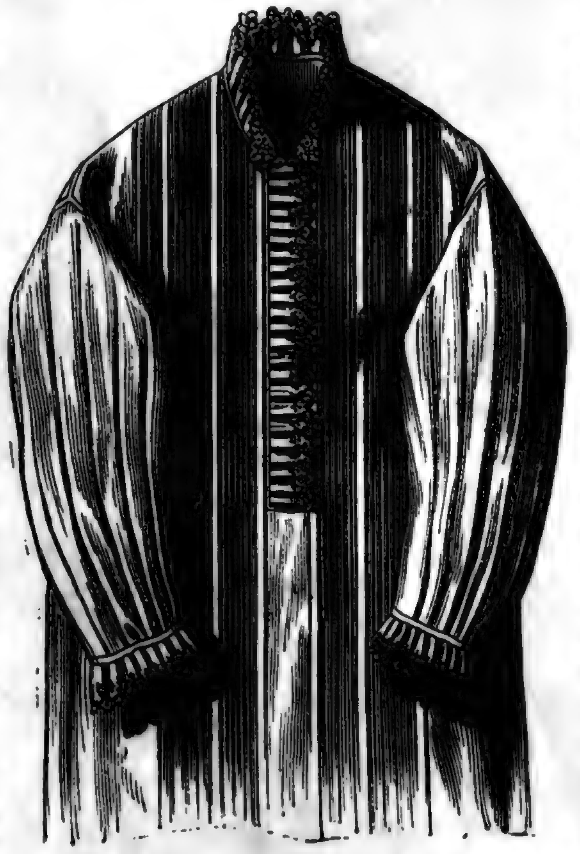
STELLA.—1. Either of the sewing-machines mentioned will be a valuable aid to you. 2. For stocking-knitting, see the "Lady's Knitting Book," Hatchards, 187, Piccadilly, London, price 1*s.* 6*d.*, post free. 3. Good Janus cord, to be got at Messrs. Jay and Co.'s, Regent Street, London, price 2*s.* per yard. Trim with black passementerie and jet beads, if you do not dislike them. 4. Morning dress, demi-fitting, with Watteau pleats.

MATTIE.—You will find a black cashmere tunic one of the most useful and economical vetements you can buy. You can braid one yourself, time permitting, at less than half the cost of buying one; but you will see lovely tunics, neatly braided, with corsage to match, beginning at three pounds, at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, and if you can afford the outlay, you will find yourself rewarded by the beautiful effect. A rough estimate of the cost of cashmere, braid, beads, and silk, 20*s.* to 25*s.*, according to the quality of the cashmere.

RUBY.—Wear confirmation dresses of either plain or embroidered muslin: the embroidered by choice. Make the dresses with a flounce at the edge, with a muslin tablier and high, lined jacket. Trim the dresses with muslin frills, plain, or edged with Valenciennes lace (patent), or if of embroidered muslin, with embroidery. Be sure and have both bodice and sleeves lined with nainsook muslin or silk, and wear a warm bodice beneath. Churches are very cold, and girls often take a severe chill on the occasion of their confirmation. The question of caps or veils is usually decided by the custom of the place and the position in society; if caps of clear muslin, Charlotte Corday shape, with white satin or faille ribbon falling over the hair. If a veil, a square of tulle illusion simply hemmed. Be sure not to grease your hair, and to avoid all bride-like appearance; wear no jewellery; carry no bouquet; you can put real snowdrops in your bosom if you please. White kid boots, over warm stockings. Wrap up well going and coming, and take a wrap into church with you, leaving it in the pew when you go to the altar. Let this wrap be white, if possible; but this is of secondary consideration. Let your dresses be complete in every detail, tried on some time before the ceremony, in order that your thoughts may be directed to the more important subject of the vows you are about to take upon yourself. Let the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit be yours on that day, and be the chief ornament of your life hereafter.

PENELOPE.—I do not think you will like the effect of a plain white skirt and sleeves, for that is all your seven yards will allow of. In your place, I should reverse the materials, make the dress and sleeves of the blue Japanese silk, and use the alpaca for tunic-bodice and sash. I think you would be able by careful cutting to have a little vetement of white alpaca, which you could braid with blue for walking and summer or evenings. To finish the edges, braid, white or blue, as the case may be, or a flounce as on No. 49, of this number. 2. Yes. Take out widths of silk, and reduce your skirt to 4¼ yards. Make a new jacket-bodice of the fabric thus saved (and sleeves), put your black lace flounces on to simulate a double skirt with a heading of the silk, cut bias, and on the bias a narrow jet fringe; finish at the back by a bow and loops on each flounce. If your bow is too full for the skirt, do not cut it, but turn it in at the back.

IDA.—Plain skirt, tunic and jacket-bodice. If you have not enough material, make the skirt and sleeves of your silk, and match the ground colour of the pattern in drap de France for the tablier and corsage. Velveteen would be too heavy, I think. Drap de France costs about 3*s.* per yard, and is very durable.



No. 44.—MODEL OF NIGHT-DRESS.
From Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

LILY M.—1. Make one dress like No. 29 (March), using the braid on the cuirasse in place of the jet; and the second, winsey. Make plain skirt and redingote like No. 1 (February), the pattern of which is given on our diagram-sheet. Trim with stitched rows. 2. Skirt with drawn front, plain back jacket-bodice, and semi-fitting jacket, braid-trimmed. For model, see No. in this number.

MYFANWYD.—1. How long should mourning be worn for a husband's sister-in-law? 2. Can MYRA recommend the Copenhagen gloves in black, as well as coloured? 3. MYFANWYD would be so glad if a diagram could be given shortly of gentlemen's linen cuffs, with the places for the button-holes and links specified. 4. Where could MYFANWYD be sure of getting a piece of raised wool-work, nicely cut? 5. Where are seal-skin travelling-bags to be obtained, and at what price 6. Are the beads enclosed the proper kind for beading a cuirasse?

1. Six months. 2. Yes; they are excellent in all shades, but black gloves never wear as well as light shades. 3. We give it in this number. 4. At Mrs. Holman's, Sloane Street, Knightsbridge. 5. Of Messrs. Asher and Sherwin, 80, Strand, from 25*s.* to 105*s.* 6. Yes; trim the tablier with bows to correspond.

M. A. P.—Be assured we shall not venture beyond our programme of dress, fashion, needlework, and household needs and novelties. Very many thanks for your kind wishes.

ONE WHO WISHES SUCCESS TO MYRA'S JOURNAL.—1. We do not give cut paper patterns at present; the low price of MYRA'S JOURNAL will not allow of our doing so. 2. Some ball and evening dresses must be given, but we shall always have plenty of walking dresses and indoor costumes. 3. A diagram of the new tablier was published with the March edition, price 4*d.*, of MYRA'S JOURNAL, and can be had by any lady sending two postage-stamps and her address. 4. We do not know the Russian language. 5. Many thanks for your kind hints.

CONSTANCE (2).—Make a plastron-front of black faille, or poplin edging with folds of the faille, with corded edges; put folds of silk on the front of the jacket to make it correspond. I think it is a little late for quilted satin.

EMILY.—Mob-caps may be worn by married ladies as a coiffure at evening parties, but are not suitable for girls. Flowers and blonde, or flowers and lace coiffures are more dressy than the caps you name. 2. I do not know of any use for old kid gloves, but will try to find out.

ROSEBUD.—Use your satin rollings to retrim your muslin dress. You will find some pretty styles for evening dresses in this number. 2. Use your striped grenadine to make half-lined bodice and tablier, which you can wear over black silk or white muslin as a dinner toilette.

PHEASANT.—As soon as my kind correspondents let me, I will answer questions on etiquette, but I must first reply to all dress queries. 2. Nine months' mourning crape can be left off after six months.

WEE WIFIE.—Use no cosmetic. Your face will regain its usual clearness when your health improves. 2. Cut your eyelashes. 3. Oatmeal soap will whiten your hands. 4. Rimmel's curling fluid is 2*s.* 6*d.* per bottle. It is perfectly harmless, and will make your hair curl.

MIRIAM.—1. Your little girls will look very nice with little Japanese jupons and alpaca redingotes. You will, I think, have enough for both, as the silk is so wide. 2. Your grenadine will make a nice dress like No. 50. Make two bodices, as you can wear it for evening dress in the summer as well as for walking; use your jet trimming for this. 3 Trim your skirt with grey fabric to match the top.

E. W. (Oldham).—With the nine yards of striped llama you can make a trimmed skirt or a tablier and jacket, but not both; your material will not allow of this. I advise a skirt worn under a black alpaca tablier and jacket. 2. 4½ yards, narrow width.

NELLIE P.—A pretty style for a white piqué is No. 46, using coloured cambric as trimming.

KATHLEEN.—Very sorry that we are unable to help you.

EMMA.—There is no reason why you should not trim your hat as you suggest; fasten the feather at the side, and let it fall over the back.

MAT can simply plait her back hair in three. Roll it under, tie with a bow, *et voilà le catogan!*

MRS. OGSTON (Liverpool).—There should be no difficulty in procuring MYRA'S JOURNAL in Liverpool. W. Gilling, Lord Street, would supply you.

REBECCA asks:—Could not MYRA give a cut-out pattern of some useful part of dress by increasing the price to 4*d.*, which would only then be moderate, and a great saving of time to her numerous admirers?

We fear this would not be acceptable to many.

EFFERVESCING ASTRINGENT VOICE LOZENGES, used with the greatest success by Mdlle. TIJENS. Do not produce dryness, do not contain any irritant. Are perfectly harmless. Invaluable to Clergymen. Of all Chemists, price 1*s.*; and of the Maker, W. T. COOPER, Chemist, 23, Oxford Street, W.—[ADVT.]

SOLID THIRST-QUENCHERS or EFFERVESCING LOZENGES relieve the most intense thirst and obviate the frequent desire for taking fluids. Invaluable for Invalids and in Hot Climates.—Price 1*s.*, of all Chemists, and of the Patentee, W. T. COOPER, Chemist, 23, Oxford Street, London.—[ADVT.]

TWO SISTERS.—We can find no use for old postage-stamps, except for stamp snakes, which sell well at bazaars, and are made of stamps threaded on wire and finished by a snake's head cut in cork.

STORNOWAY.—1. The colour caroubier is a reddish dahlia, very handsome. 2. We do not think the paper paterns can be made for less money: we shall be able to tell better in a few months; but we pay well for good patterns, and we do not like to beat down the prices of those whom we employ, and who work well and quickly. 3. Boys will certainly be remembered. "Silkworm" is always talking of boys' clothes. Ribbed stockings are the best for boys, of plain colours, or else they get nicknamed "blue stripes," &c.

SPRILY.—1. Make your black-and-green dress with plain skirt and redingote jacket. Trim with green, with ruches at the edges. 2. The striped blue and red is only suitable for a tunic and jacket, not for a dress. Trim with the material in a fluted flounce; you will have plenty of it.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Make your black with frills into drawn bands, and wear it with your merino, dyed black, and made into a tablier and jacket. Trim your black silk with white silk cordings, or with lace.

A. E. T.—The Timbale and the Auvergnate are the most fashionable shapes for hats and bonnets.

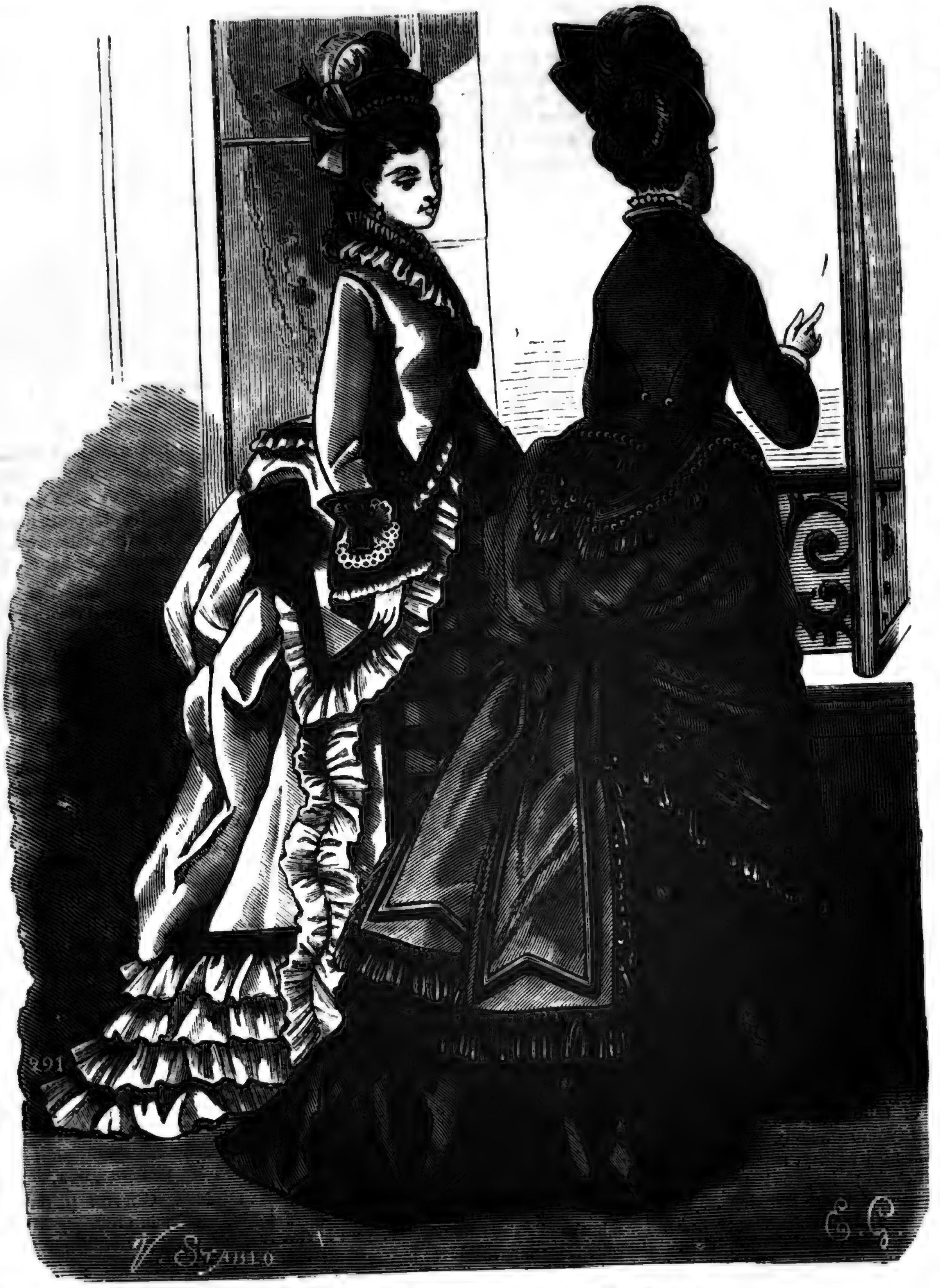
K. A.—You can cut a tunic from your braided skirt, draping at the sides, in the style of La Rivière costume (Fashion Plate); be careful to join the braided pattern correctly; jacket-bodice to match. 2. Bead your sleeveless jacket all over. 3. Your sister's silk dress, when turned, can have the flounces drawn into bands and put lengthwise on the skirt: this will add to her apparent height.

NANCY.—1. See the dinner dress on the Fashion Plate. 2. Jacket body. 3. Wear your maize Japanese silk with a black lace tablier, and trim with black; or it would look well under a brown or chocolate velveteen.

OPAL.—No. Your pattern is not folded correctly; you have not folded the shape, to begin with. 2. Your idea is excellent for your cuirasse and train. 3. The Beau Ideal Embroidery is fine enough for ladies' underclothing, and costs about 2*d.* per yard, sold in lengths of 12 yards.

BEE.—Your notion is good. Make your unbleached linen with graduated flounced skirt, tablier, &c., like No. 45.

NANNIE.—Nine yards of black Russell cord will make you a nice tunic and jacket useful for wearing over your dress. The one yard of violet French merino will make a cuirasse.



NO. 45.—LA FRIVOLE AND ATHENEE COSTUMES.
Flat Paper Pattern—Skirt, 1s. 4d.; Jacket, 1s.; Tablier, 1s.

PIGEON.—1. Your dress is too thin for a walking dress for a married lady, but you can wear it in the house; it must be very pretty. I advise you wearing it as a dinner dress, without alteration. 2. I will try to give the pattern you ask for, but cannot promise it. 3. Patterns for baby linen, complete set, 5*s.* 6*d.*

A SUBSCRIBER AND TRIC.—Many thanks for your letters; not of general interest. Tric's list could appear in Exchanges.

TOPSY (5).—A cuirasse must be cut in one piece back and front, so you cannot use your round-waisted silk velvet bodice. You could make the jacket in the Galitzin costume with it, by cutting basques out of the sleeves and joining them neatly; but it will be useless for outdoor wear.

C. T. M. (Peterborough).—Some names were omitted by reason of the want of space. 1. Widen the front of your too-tight Japanese silk by means of a plastron of silk or velvet. 2. Remake your alpaca like the Zoë costume in this number. 3. With the 1½ yard of white French merino you can make an elegant open mantle, or a dressy tablier and corsage, or a pretty redingote.

DAME DURDEN.—The checked silk of which you have 9 yards will make a nice and stylish tunic for wearing over plain black or brown silk; this combination is very fashionable. 2. Trim your fawn-coloured alpaca with blue velvet, after altering the polonaise to the present style, which you will see illustrated in this number.

MRS. W. (Middlebro').—1. Trim your salmon silk with brown velvet or ottoman silk; silk or velvet sash. 2. Striped mauve silk; trim the skirt with ruchings of the same, and wear under a sleeveless jacket. 3. You can use your black lace and white chip bonnet, but have it remade to the Auvergnate shape. 4. White merino costumes, trimmed with blue, would look very nice and wear well for your little girls.

LYDIA.—Make your alpaca up like the Zoë costume, with the dark and light shades, making the tunic of the light; the shades are very pretty, and very good alpaca.

GERTRUDE asks:—1. Where can a cuirasse and tablier ready embroidered with jet be obtained? 2. Would a cuirasse be becoming to GERTRUDE? She is tall, with broad and sloping shoulders and small waist, but too thin to be a really good figure.

1. Of all good London drapers. See our advertising columns. Price, from £2 2*s.* 2. I think it would suit you.

E. D. J. (Clifton).—1. A guest at a wedding can wear any toilette but black. As you have grey feather trimming, why not have a blue silk trimmed with the grey feathers, and a grey gauze bonnet with blue and grey plumes? No. 12 could be made with 16 yards.

FLORENCE.—No. 32 is a novel style for a rich black silk dress, and very ladylike.

ELIZA.—A black merino or drap de France, trimmed with jet bands put on lengthwise, will make you look thinner.

CHARLOTTE M.—No. Put your question in the gratis Exchange.

RUMBLETYTHUMP.—1. She has 13½ yards of the above pattern, ½ yard wide, and wants to know what use she should make of it? 2. She has also 6¾ yards of this pattern, ¾ yard wide; she thinks it might be made into a costume with black alpaca. 3. She has also a purple and grey-striped silk dress, made long, without polonaise; she would like to hear of some way in which it might be made more fashionable.

1. Your material will make a nice plain skirt to wear under a black or grey tunic and bodice; scallop the edges, and bind with black. 2. Yes; make a redingote trimmed with black alpaca ruches, and wear with an alpaca skirt trimmed with stitched bands of the brown alpaca. 3. Make a sleeveless jacket-tunic, cut in one of grey silk or cashmere; trim with purple velvet.

A FOREIGNER.—Messrs. Pullar & Sons, North British Dye Works, Perth, N.B., will dye your moiré dress well for you; their charges are moderate.

LILY.—Make your pretty silk rep with drawn bands made of the flounces, and a redingote bodice cut out of the panier. Trim with black jet fringe or lace ruches.

POLLIE.—1. Do your hair in a catogan plait. 2. Pale blue will go with your pattern, but be careful to choose the same-coloured blue, as there are green blues and yellow blues.

DONNA.—The polonaise is, and will be, worn: it is still too useful to give up; but the shape is modified, and it is called a *redingote*, and has long fronts, short back basques, and a sash.

DOT.—Make one cashmere jacket, tight-fitting, like No. 45. Trim with *jet cords* or jet braid; the other loose-fitting, like No. 33. Trim with your yak lace. 2. Pattern given. Make your dress like No. 32.

A. T. E.—We cannot return your photo. You have sent an envelope, truly; but not *addressed*, nor is any address given with your letter.

AMY.—Your shot silk, though not fashionable, can be worn for walking. Trim with black velvet, like No. 46. 2. Four yards of alpaca will cut a redingote; short basques and long fronts.

ROSE (Matlock).—For 5*s*., traced on tissue-paper.

GIPSY QUEEN.—1. I think you will like Izod's corsets: the shape is most elegant. 2. I do not know of anything that will alter your hair except a dye. 3. Remove the pink satin from your dress, and cord with a darker shade in silk, or edge with velvet. 4. Tablier and cuirasse of beaded cashmere.

BUTTON.—1. Remove the soiled alpaca from your homespun, and replace with brown silk: this will freshen the dress: the material is excellent. Velvet would look well on it. 2. Make up your dyed silk as a skirt, and wear with the tunic and jacket, for a change.

A. L. L. I. E.—You can now wear all your dresses for half-mourning, except the black and violet, and white alpaca; replace the violet by passementerie edging.

ALICE P.—You can make a redingote of your large panier. Trim with fringe, or plainly stitch the edges.

MISS B. (Sutton).—Take out the back of your homespun tunic, and cut a new bodice. Trim with rows of stitching, or with black or blue braid.

SARA B.—Your request was too late for March. See the "Spinnings" for April.

CHOIR MISTRESS asks if tabliers of different colours from the dress can, or will, be worn in spring?

Yes; but the bodice must correspond, and the sleeves match the skirt.

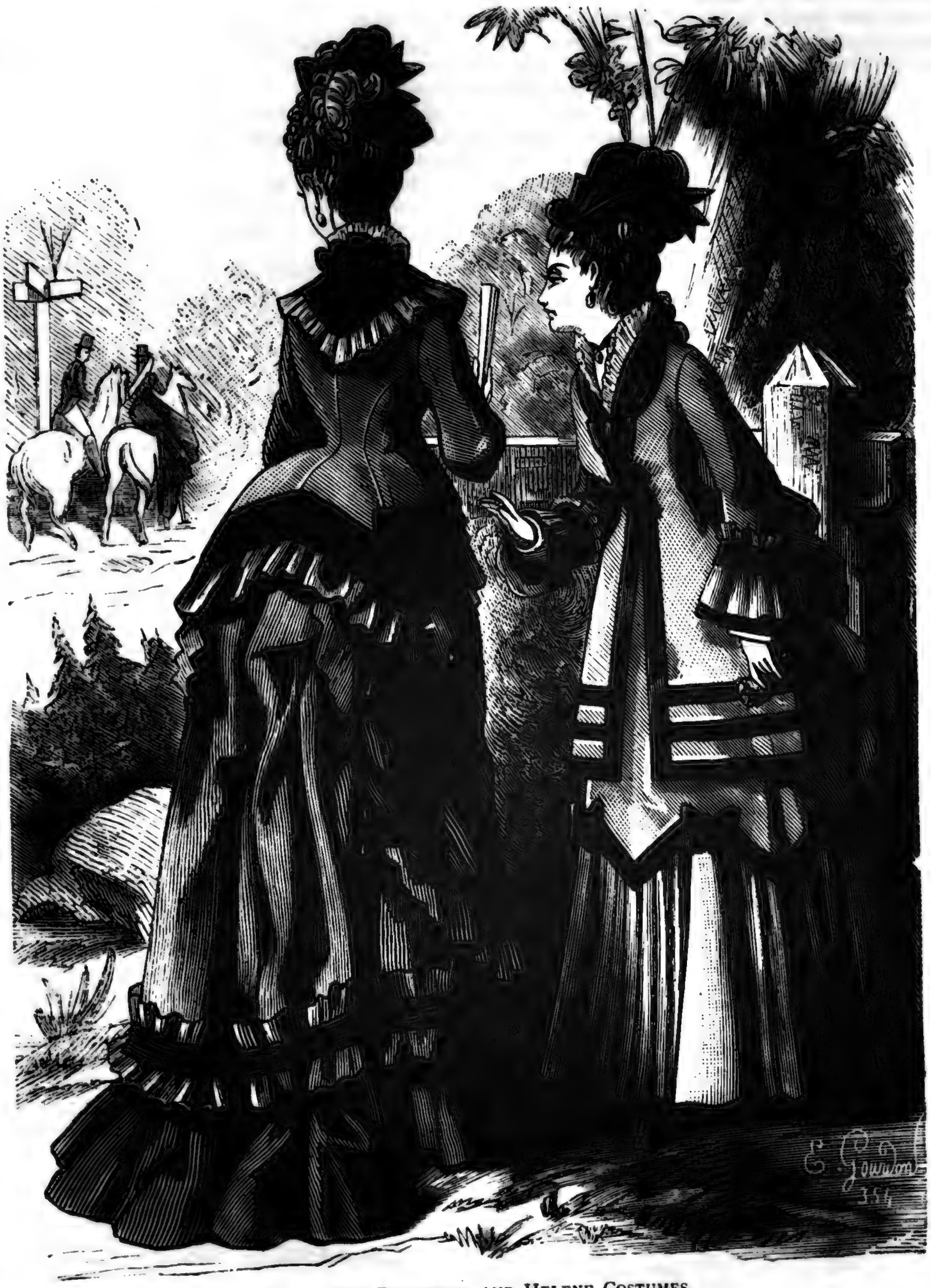
ETHEL.—1. For the borders given of Macramé lace in No. 1, cut your thread-skeins twice, once to halve, the second to quarter them: this will take a three-inch fringe. 2. Corah or tussore silk for your tunic and corsage, trimmed with tatted lace.

GWEN.—1. You can add scarf fronts to your cashmere cape, covering the whole with Russia braid to hide the difference between the two cashmeres, which of course you will try to match as closely as possible. 2. Remove the flounces of your dress, each one down lower, and take away the last one, as it is not fresh; out of the last one you can probably cut enough to form a heading to hide the marks left by the first flounce.

W. T.—1. Your blue dress will require a tunic and corsage of darker blue, drap de France, or cashmere; use the same velvet as before. 2. You can alter your loose-fitting jacket into a tight shape, and trim with jet braid and lace.

A. M. B. H.—Your 3½ yards of French merino will make tablier and bodice. For reply to beading, see answer to "Mab," page 58. Cut the tablier by pattern given in diagram (March). Make your dress like No. 32.

N. B.—I fear I cannot promise a knitted quilt at present.



NO. 46.—THE PRINTEMPS AND HELENE COSTUMES.
Flat Paper Pattern—Skirt, 1s. 4d.; Jacket, 1s.; Tablier, 1s.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR imparts a radiant bloom to the complexion and a softness and delicacy to the hands, arms; is equally serviceable to ladies in summer or winter. 4*s*. 6*d*. and 8*s*. 6*d*. per bottle. Ask any chemist or perfumer for Rowlands' articles, and take no others.—[ADVT.]

PETER.—1. Wash your dark blue flannel in lukewarm soft water and sapoline; dry quickly. 2. Alter your poplin like No. 36, getting a tablier out of the full long skirt, edging with ball fringe, and wearing under a velvet bodice.

JOSEPHINE.—Put large page-sleeves to your jacket; trim with jet braid and lace.

ISABEL.—Do not trim your shepherd's plaid dress with velveteen: it will be too heavy; use black silk for the purpose, and make up your dress like No. 49.

PANSY (Brighton).—The jet bands, as shown in No. 32, will add to your height; and I think the hat on that figure will also suit you.

SOPHY (Cavan).—Swiss embroidery is not suitable for the striped skirting pattern sent. Use it for fine holland dresses, which can be worn all day in the country.

MARY.—Make your two skirts into a stylish dress, with trimmed skirt, tablier, and jacket.

NO NAME (Bath).—Braiding-patterns are traced on merino by means of a prepared paper and pencil.

MRS. H.—Folds of turquoise (a rich-looking silk) would look best, and cost less than the trimming you suggest.

PIKE.—Your pretty grey merino can only be trimmed with a darker shade of grey, or with black.

PEGGY.—Make your dress like No. 32, and trim with bugles. 2. Blue silk skirt, with a drawn flounce and reversed heading.

M.—Put jet-beaded passementerie on all the lines marked by the crape. You will not find turquoise silk for trimming extravagant.

MIGNONETTE.—No pattern was enclosed. Make your black silk like No. 32 in this number.

VIOLET.—You can wear your striped silk and sleeves with a black or blue tunic and jacket. Make the gathered flounces into drawn bands.

ROSIE.—1. Your beautiful damask silk will suit an elderly lady exactly. Plain skirt, with black poplin tunic or polonaise. 2. Your pattern is not matelassé.

MABEL.—Trim your grey silk with white-striped grenadine; wear a tunic of the same; sleeveless bodice.

BEATRICE.—We are so sorry we cannot do as you wish in April; we will try to carry out your views later.

NUMBER ONE.—1. My costume of grey Japanese silk is very tight across the bust: what had I best do with it? 2. I have a good old black alpaca dress, with three frills four inches deep, and a very ample polonaise of the same: how could I alter it to make a skirt out of the two? 3. I have 1½ yard of good white French merino, new.

1. Put in a grey velvet plastron in front, covering the velvet round the neck over the silk. 2. Take off the frills, iron them, and cut the polonaise into strips of the same width as the frills; cover the skirt with thin bands, lengthwise, putting them on at regular distances, and narrowing the bands at the top to two inches. 3. Make a redingote like No. 1, February MYRA'S JOURNAL, but sleeveless; braid with jet or black Russian braid. If your merino is not wide width, you cannot do this.

WHEATSHEAF.—Trim your dress with puffings of blue de laine where the robings have been; wear a blue tablier and sleeveless jacket with the dress; the colour can hardly suit you, and blue will relieve the tone.

WHEATSHEAF'S GOVERNESS.—Turn your dress, and wear it under a black alpaca tunic and bodice, which will cost little, and be very useful with other dresses: a narrow jet braid and fringe would be a pretty finish.

BUSY BEE.—Trim your dress with jet braid in the front where the crape has been; finish with bows on each side; trim the jacket and bodice to match. Your idea of a simulated tablier is good, but you should head with a jet braid if you choose this mode.

MRS. B. (Hull).—Trim your violet dress with black silk; not with the light violet. 2. See illustrations. 3. Do your lovely hair in a catogan plait, and do not wear pads or frisettes; it is a shame to spoil such hair by cutting it off because you are not able to do it up.

EMMELINE asks for a pretty way to make a spring walking dress.

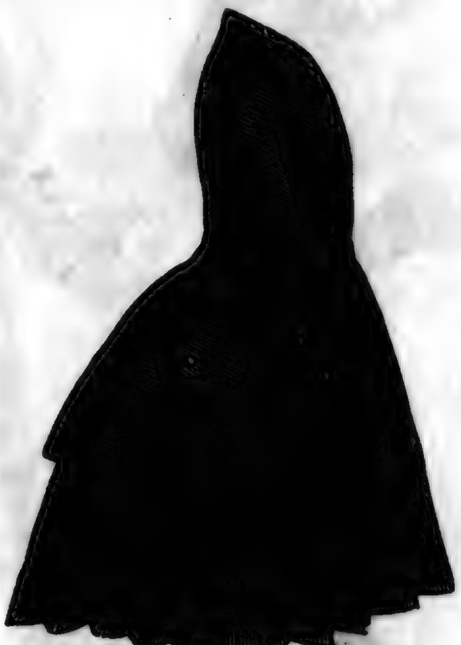
Make your dress of drap de France. Write for patterns to Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. The style given in No. 29 (March) will suit you.

VIOLET can remove superfluous hair by using the "Depilatoire," sent by post (Jozeau, 49, Haymarket).

MAY.—Make your grenadine like the Bernhardt costume, but with low lining, and open V-shape. It is a pretty style for grenadine.

S. C.—You will see a charming dress for an elderly lady on the April diagram-sheet. You can make this and a mantle too with your cashmere.

MRS. H. S. (Clapham).—Your dress is of so decided a shade that I advise you to trim with black, either with beaded lace on all the outlines or with close ruches of thick grenadine on the tablier, corsage, and in three rows round the skirt: this would take off the plain look, and be inexpensive.



No. 47.—CHILD'S COSTUME.
The Pattern of this Costume is given in the Diagram-Sheet.

MRS. M. H. P.—You will want two yards of merino for the pelisse; trim with white matelassé; skirt ½ yard long. Pattern 1*s*. 6*d*. 2. Velveteen, 4*s*. 6*d*. per yard; plain skirt for a child of two, low bodice, and short sleeves, will take a yard and a half; trim with white embroidery. 3. Elementary Needlework, by THE SILKWORM, gives clear instructions in plain work, and will be followed by one on dressmaking. Elementary Needlework is still in the press. 4. As your brown silk dress wants lengthening, and you have no more, why not buy darker silk of the same shade and put a graduated flounce, like No. 13, March? 5. We can send you any pattern required for children's things. 6. For embroidery on flannel, turn up and tuck the hem, then embroider in silk or wool, and cut out when finished.

MAB.—Use bugles for your beading, and small cut jet beads. Impossible to say how many you will require. You will get them, as well as designs for patterns, of W. M. Barnard, 119, Edgware Road, London. Have your silk dyed black and use it as an underskirt for black net tulle or tarlatan dresses. You will find this very useful.

LAURESVILLE.—For your confirmation, wear muslin —white, of course—made with drawn flounce, and a tablier edged with drawn muslin; jacket-bodice, with high lining; long sleeves; white boots; gloves, and tulle illusion veil, or a cap of tulle. (See "Ruby.")

ELLEN B.—You cannot trim your muslin purple dress with eau de Nil velvet; choose rather a purple shade of velvet, and make it up with plastron of velvet. 2. The dyers do not mind small pieces. 3. Offer your card-case and solitaire in the Exchange. (See rules.)

M. L. R.—If the diagram-sheet were printed in different colours, it would have to go six times through the press and be very much more costly. Each pattern has a different mark, and is not really difficult to trace out.

NE QUID NE MIS asks whether anything will remove the glaze from black silk. I notice that some of your correspondents desire to know what will stiffen an old black silk. I always clean my old black silks with *beer*, because it stiffens slightly and makes them feel and look equal to new. Unpick the dress, sponge with beer on the wrong side, hang upon a large clothes-horse, and iron (while still slightly damp) on the wrong side over a piece of muslin, of course very thick—handsome silks do not require stiffening. The silk should not be placed near a fire, as it may turn brown. Strong ale should not be used, unless diluted with cold spring water—table-beer is best.

Sponging with good eau de Cologne is the only effective cure, to my knowledge. It is the fault of the silk; very rich silks often wear greasily.

A.B.C.—Spring and summer dress fabrics for little girls: alpaca, print piqué, holland, beige, cashmere, drap natté (Debenham and Freebody), drap de France (Peter Robinson), black fabrics, Janus cord, 2*s*. per yard, endless wear (at Jay's); mantles to match, or of black cashmere. Trimmings of embroidery or velvet. Children soon spoil fringes and jet trimmings.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your idea is good; alter your grey silk skirt to the present shape, and wear under a tablier and corsage like the Zoë in this number; use the darker silk to trim it. 2. Make a black redingote with your large silk tunic. 3. For a little girl of four, holland and white dresses are pretty worn under a little coloured silk redingote, taken off in the nursery and replaced by a pinafore.

LADY W. CAREW.—Many thanks for your most kind letter and good opinion. For spring wear, black silk without crape (No. 32 is a pretty style), plain and striped black grenadine, for summer; and white and grey in bonnet; grey ties and gloves in July. Cashmere for daily wear, with the new marabout fringe-ruche trimming on mantle, and tablier or redingote.

MRS. C. sends a specimen of Limerick lace, worked by poor women, and which is to be heard of through Mrs. MARGT. SULLIVAN, Post Office, Clarina. The Limerick lace sent is very pretty and useful for trimmings.

O.P.Q.—You will want 18 yards of thick grenadine: make it like the Bernhardt costume. 2. Will not your quilted silk petticoat be too warm now? you can wear a silk or cashmere with it of any pretty soft colour. For silk you would want 6 yards, and 3 in double-width cashmere.

LOIS wants advice how to make a black gros-grain silk dress; she has 16 yards, 24 inches wide?

Like No. 32, putting crape in place of the jet. Crape must be worn twelve months for a parent.

C. M. PIDGEON, Otterton, near Exeter, supplies all kinds of real Honiton Lace Trimmings, Collerettes, Sleeves, Handkerchiefs, &c., at very low prices. All kinds of Lace Cleaned, Transferred, and Altered to the newest Shapes. Wedding Orders promptly executed.—[ADVT.]

THE DINNER TABLE.—The Fern, Ivy, Vine Leaf, Passion-Flower, Rose, Shamrock, and a variety of other beautiful designs in Table Damasks. A large Pattern Book, containing samples of all qualities to select from, sent for three stamps. Household Linens of all descriptions direct from the Manufacturers at Wholesale Prices. Price list post free. Address by letter only, IMPERIAL LINEN COMPANY, 68, Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL preserves, strengthens, and beautifies the human hair, making it grow thickly on all bald patches, and is especially adapted for the hair of children. 3*s*. 6*d*., 7*s*., 10*s*. 6*d*., family bottles equal to four small; and 21*s*. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

ERNANI.—Blue Louise merino: make like No. 12. If this model does not please you, look at No. 32.

A POOR PARSON'S WIFE must kindly say what patterns she requires. A tablier and cuirasse were given in March, besides several other patterns, so I think you can manage without having to buy any from MYRA. 2. You can trim your brown silk with fringe and bias band to simulate a tunic.

SNOWDROP.—No; you must not attempt to have real sable fur dyed. Send it to a good furrier, who will trim up and re-fresh the edges. 2. Not at all ugly.

NELLIE.—Two dozen of under-clothing, six dozen of small articles, such as handkerchiefs, &c.; the quantity of house-linen entirely depends on the future position of the young couple. In a future number, I will give a priced list of a moderate trousseau. Mark all house and body linen with the future name.

GIPSY.—1. You will do well to select Irish poplin for your tunic, and use the brown velvet for the skirt and sleeves: a mastic brown would be extremely fashionable. I do not think you will like the mixture of sage-green and rich brown. 2. Velvet trimming upon mastic turquoise; spray of white pinks under the brim.

SNOWDROP.—White crepe de Chine varies in price from 7*s.* to 25*s.* per yard. It will not look well trimmed with Valenciennes lace, as the white lace will kill the creamy white of the crepe. Trim with white bugle lace, if you want a stylish effect. 2. Plain good silk under-skirt; be sure and match the colour of the crepe and silk. I do not think it is at all a nice mixture for you. You would look younger in white tulle over white silk. Honiton edging will be the best lace to use; but 30*s.* will not go far in real lace. Why not have a simpler toilette? Lace of Mrs. Treadwin, 5, Cathedral Yard, Exeter. Silk and crepe de Chine of any first-class draper. See our advertisement pages.

BESSIE FRANE.—1. I do not know of any hair-curling liquid but Rimmel's. 2. You should use antephelic milk with water daily: it is the gradual effect on the skin which makes this cosmetic so valuable. 3. Frizzing the hair is apt to thin it. Try waving it over tortoiseshell pins and brushing it back in smooth waves.

MARY H.—Will MYRA kindly give directions for renewing black lace (worsted) in the next number? I have some which I have worn several months; it is still good, though brown.

Soak your lace in a solution of stone ammonia and lukewarm water; be sure that the water is neither hot nor cold when you put the lace in, or being woollen, it will shrink; use a cool iron.

MISS MILTON and **MISS W.**—All Exchange advertisements of ten words will be gratis where a name and address are given, but each advertisement without address being given will cost 1*s.* each time of insertion. The address has to be entered each time, referred to each time, and letters written each time; all this takes time, and one must pay a clerk to do this, hence the price charged.

BELLA.—Make your striped blue muslin like the right-hand figure, p. 57, of this number, with plain blue muslin jacket and apron, and striped blue skirt, or *vice versa*; white embroidery to replace the fringe.

VICTORIA.—Alter your dress to the style of No. 50.

S. E.—The only coloured polonaise which you can wear with your handsome silk is blue of the shade of the stripe; but you can wear a black lace or cashmere polonaise, or tablier and jacket, plain or jet beaded, with it.

BELLA wishes to know what sort of material faille is, and whether it is expensive.

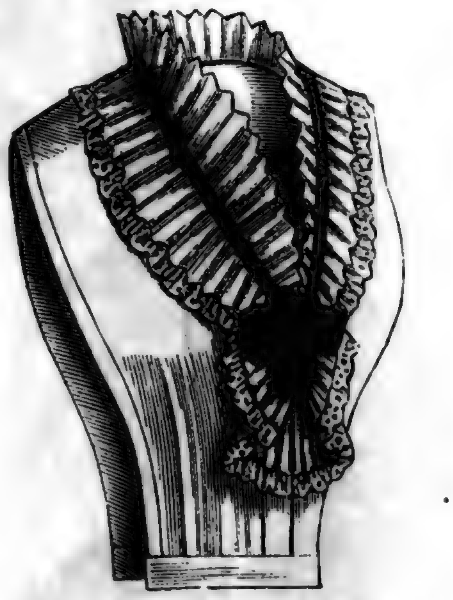
Faille, or faye, is the name of rich silk, and usually costs from 6*s.* to 18*s.* per yard, but is at the present moment much cheaper (4*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*).

HIGHLAND LASSIE has worked yards of holland rimming, with brown washing material at the back, which shows through. She wants particularly to know of what colour and what material the skirt ought to be; how the skirt would be best made for a walking costume; and how full the skirt ought to be?

If I understand your question rightly, you have embroidered on a kind of holland; if you have worked with écru thread or silk, you can trim any coloured or black dress with your work; if with coloured silk or coloured thread, the shade of the underdress must match; or your dress can be of the same kind of holland. 2. A flounce on a plain skirt, tablier, jacket-bodice. 3. 3¾ yards for your height.

N. A. C.—Make your flounces into drawn bands, and trim the skirt and bodice to match. Violet is very slight half-mourning, merely complimentary. 2. Trim your jacket with ball fringe and violet velvet. You can then wear it with your violet dress.

MARION.—Your two dresses, grey and pink silk, will make a pretty evening dress. Make a scanty petticoat of the grey silk, and cover it with alternate close-pleated flounces of pink and grey silk. Tunic of pink silk, and corsage with long basques of pink silk with fluted grey silk trimmings; short sleeves, and tulle under-sleeves. 2. Homespuns are still stitched. You can bind yours with black or brown velvet if you wish a change, but it will not be necessary.



No. 48—MUSLIN COLLERETTE.

L. T. (Hammersmith).—1. Trim your poplin with satin of a darker shade. 2. The shot silk with black velvet skirts are worn plain, not puffed, at the back. See illustrations of fashions.

AMY.—Make your little girl two dresses, one of velveteen, with white-feather trimming (not swansdown), the other of the cashmere, with velvet trimmings.

G. R.—Wash your face with rain-water in which you have put one teaspoonful of antephelic milk.

C. M. G.—1. Crepe cloth can be trimmed with crape scintillating fringe and jet braid. 2. Black cashmere can be used for a tablier, with crepe cloth and crape trimmings. 3. Neither rook's nor cock's feathers can be worn with crape. The price of these feather trimmings varies from 2*s.* per yard upwards, according to quality. 4. We will inquire for you.

JOAN OF ARC wishes to know where she can get the traced pattern of the beaded cuirasse, and the price.

We will send this pattern, traced on tissue-paper, post free, 5*s.* No address was sent, or you would have had a reply by post.

BLANCHE.—Make your polonaise single-breasted, covering the marks where the buttons have been with wide jet-beaded passementerie; trim the rest of the garment to match, and finish with jet fringe.

AROD.—1. Your jacket can be double-breasted, but must be quite plain for the first year of widowhood. 2. Albert crape can be revived like ordinary crape, by steaming.

AQUARIUM.—Make your new black silk dress with two bodices, one for walking toilette and one for evening, V-shaped, with Marie Antoinette sleeves, which are coat-shaped to, and flounced from, the elbow, rather short, and with inner tulle ruffles. A pretty evening toilette, which will suit your white grenadine, you will find on page 49 of this number.

MIGNONETTE.—You omitted the pattern, so I am a little puzzled how to advise you. The following suggestions may suit, and at any rate will look ladylike, and for which you need buy no other material:—Make up the ruching, and add to its quantity by using the three flounces and kilted flounce material; arrange the ruches 24 inches apart at the back, lengthwise; this will give you height, which you need. Let the height of the ruching be graduated, and low in front; put a velvet bow on the top of each row, with loops, not ends.

A. L. O. E.—1. I do not think your silk will look well under black net, but you can wear satin-striped grenadine with it. Make a tunic-blouse of grenadine, without lining; it will be useful to wear over this and other dresses; use your new silk for loop and sash ends. 2. You can wear your blue silk under the same vetement. Make two flounces of the one double flounce, and wear the dress as a skirt only. 3. Child's winter dress: Trim with puffs of clear muslin, through which you pass rose or blue ribbon. Let the trimming simulate a tablier, and finish with bows.

MARGERY.—I am rather puzzled about one thing. I always read that blue is essentially a blonde's colour. Now, my children are decided brunettes, with hair the colour of the piece enclosed; yet I am persuaded that they look better in blue than in anything else.

Blue, although, as you say, a blonde's colour, is extremely becoming to brunettes with clear skins. Nearly all little girls look well in blue.

HELENE.—Light blue matelassé could be used as a front to your blue dress. Make thus: plain poplin train; Bulgare pleat; poplin bows in front on the matelassé; a fluted poplin frill, forming a robing on each side of the bows and edging the matelassé; sleeveless corsage of matelassé; drawn poplin sleeves with fluted cuffs. But do not mix matelassé and lace with steel beads: the two fabrics are not suitable together.

TOPSY (4).—Take your three flounces and cut them into six; hem plainly, and put on in groups of two with the velvet band between, so as to cover the back of the skirt. Imitate a tablier by wide velvet bands on the front, finishing them with jet fringe, or buy silk of a darker shade for a tablier edged with velvet.

ENID.—Plain skirt, square-fronted redingote, 14 yards. 2. Lace and satin can be worn after twelve months' mourning.

S. D. asks:—1. How are those subscribers who wish for the extra patterns to make their payments? 2. Is there any shop in the West End where Sapoline can be obtained?

1. By stamps to the publishers. 2. Sapoline can be obtained retail at Messrs. Chaplin and Co., 132, High Holborn.

MAY.—Caps are worn larger now; the best morning caps are made of fine muslin, a net-shape, to hold all the hair; the front is of embroidered muslin or lace frills, set up rather high on a shaped piece of stiff net. The front has a velvet or ribbon bow, the ends of which are narrowed to pass through a muslin bouillon and fall on the shoulders. See fashion article.

M. W. P.—Most grateful thanks.

MURIEL.—Mr. Fay's Veloutine, price 5*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* per box, carriage free.

ALGITHE.—Use Utrecht velvet for your bracket, and get a band of velvet to support the lace, but not show below it; fasten with upholsterer's nails, and pin the lace on with lace-pins. Lace worked for brackets has usually a finished heading.

The Best Sewing Machines for all domestic purposes, on easy terms of purchase without increase of price. Catalogues and samples of work post free. W. F. THOMAS & Co., 1 and 2, Cheapside, and Oxford Circus, London.—[ADVT.]

C. SHORE.—Take your skirt, shorten it, and use the part gained to simulate a rounded tablier or tunic, like that of the bridal costume, page 45 in this number. Put bows of black velvet on the front of the skirt, and a velvet sash behind; wear a sleeveless velvet jacket, plain or broidered, over the square-cut corsage, and put velvet cuffs on the sleeves. Should you prefer turquoise to velvet, use good black turquoise.

ANN M.—Black silk dress for a stout lady of 45: Plain skirt; open and pointed tunic; jacket-bodice, also pointed.

MAUDE.—Make up your green serge walking-dress with plain skirt and tunic like No. 36; but as you will have enough material for the jacket, do not buy velvet for it, but finish the jacket with ball fringe like that of the tunic. 2. Yes; you can make a pretty walking costume out of your two dresses of violet satin cloth. Trim with the same, for you will have plenty of material. 3. You should get excellent stockings at 3*s*. 6*d*. per pair. Messrs. Jannings and Son, of 16, Fenchurch Street, have very good stockings at 2*s*. 6*d*.

M. E. W.—All the patterns asked for cannot be given at once. A costume for an elderly lady is on the diagram-sheet for this month. 2. Janus-cord dresses cost 2*s*. per yard. Poplins and silks are suitable for elderly ladies.

ELLA.—Your pretty silk would look well trimmed with either brown or blue velvet, and when mamma has worn it some time, the dress will clean and make up prettily for the "darling." Shorten and trim like La Frivole, with velvet, cutting three deep side-basques out of the skirt, and omitting the long tunic; finish the basques under the jacket-basque. Wear a straw bonnet with black lace, and brown or blue velvet trimming, and flowers to match.

L. A. P.—(Rickmansworth).—1. An alpaca top for your alpaca skirt would make the complete mourning dress you wish for. 2. You can alter your talma to a cape-tunic, and trim with feathers. 3. Black chip bonnet, with bright blue trimming, and white crushed roses. 4. Eider-down skirts always bulge. I know of nothing to prevent this.

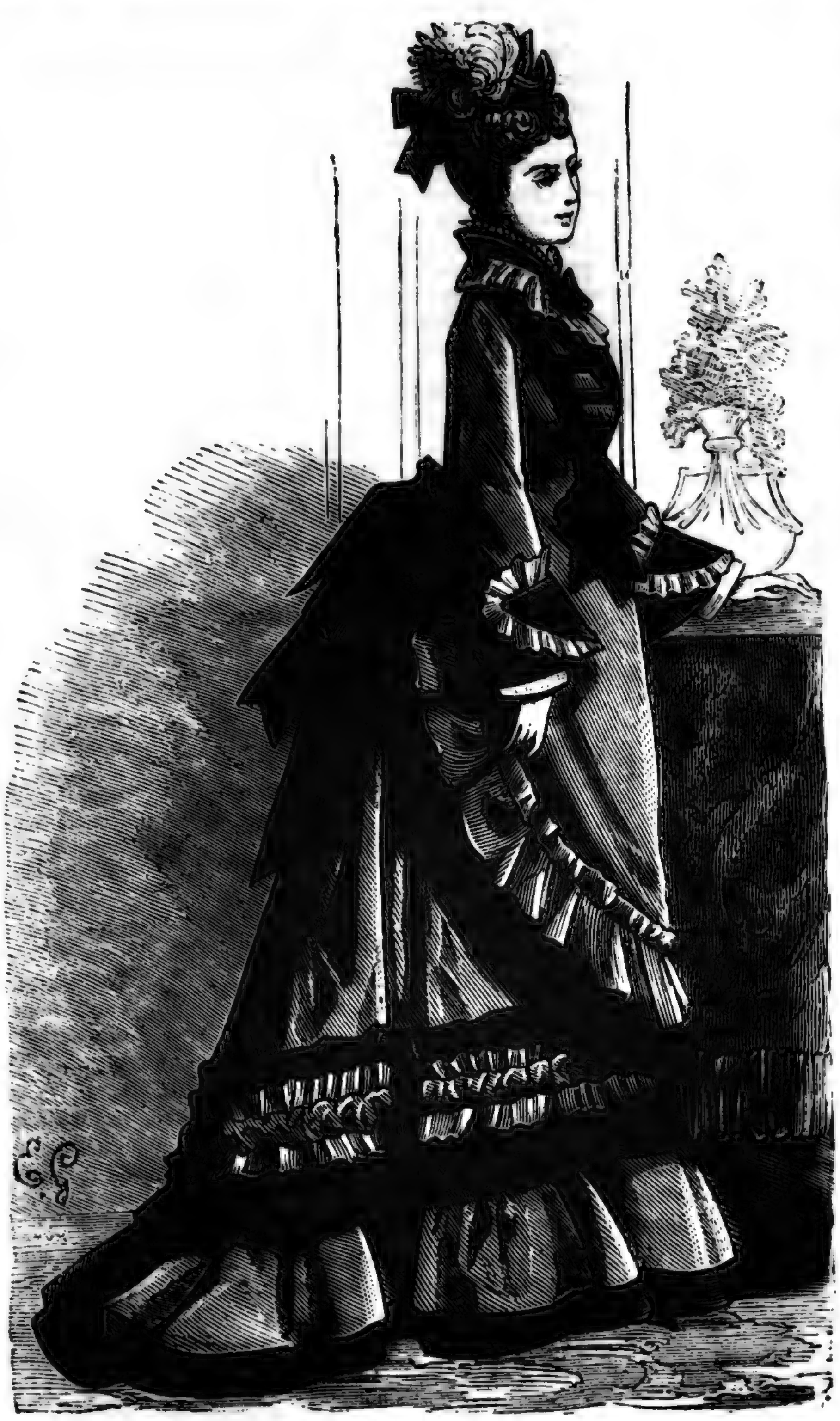
ETTIE J.—To renovate your plain black silk with worn-out bodice, take your five yards of silk and make a deep-drawn flounce after you have cut out and made coat-sleeves, mingled with the red rep, as shown in the Zoë sleeve. Use the rep for the tablier, but cut it in one with the corsage, and trim with black silk revers and bow.

ALICIA.—1. Certainly, white is *de rigueur* at your first ball. 2. I cannot help you to make your hair lighter, for I think that girls should not play tricks with their pretty hair; so, little ALICIA, be content with your natural colour; you may be sure no other will suit you as well.

MRS. H.—Les Grands Magasins du Louvre send all orders *over* 25 francs (20*s*.) carriage free. A hat or bonnet can be sent. An illustrated album of modes will be sent gratis if you write direct for it. Send a post-office order for the money. For further information, see an article on this subject in the March number.

BETTY.—Trim your winsey with velvet to match. Frillings will look too heavy.

J. R. (Margate).—Make your brocaded Japanese silk with plain skirt, and with two bodices, as you require it for a walking as well as a dinner toilette. No. 1 bodice, V-shaped, and without sleeves: you will wear black or white tulle sleeves with this. Trim the basques, neck, and armholes with beaded jet lace or net ruches, and the tablier to match. No. 2 bodice must be cut like a redingote (see March diagram-sheet), and trimmed with black passementerie; coat-sleeves.



NO. 49.—THE ZOE TOILETTE.
Flat Paper Pattern—Skirt, 1*s*. 6*d*.; *Tablier*, 1*s*. 6*d*.

MINNIE.—A home and walking dress to be made of the long, plain, low bodice-dress. *Note.*—Your pattern is Japanese silk. Can you spare a width or two, and make an apron-front and sleeves to wear under a Japanese silk corsage of a darker shade? I saw a lovely piece of this silk at Mr. Peter Robinson's, recently, at 3*s*. 11*d*., and with 1½ yard you could make a nice bodice. Your dress would look lovely with a velveteen apron and bodice, making sleeves of Japanese silk out of the skirt. If these suggestions are too costly, write again.

ELEANOR.—Your brocaded silk is very fashionable at this moment. Reduce the skirt to five widths, three gored, throwing all the fulness to the back, and put five graduated velvet tabs on the front and sides of the skirt. Make a tunic of the brocade, open in front, pointed, shaped at the sides, and bound with velvet. Jacket to match of velvet and fringe; silk revers. Match the velvet to the flowers of the brocade. With careful cutting, I think you will manage this well.

IVY.—Make up your mauve silk dress with a square tablier simulated by your Limerick lace, and make a wide sash with your silk panier. Wear this for fetes, or as a dinner dress all this season; in August have it dyed a more useful colour.

CARMOLINE.—1. The scalloped cuirasse is simply bound if not beaded, and fastens by two passementerie ornaments, or by a bow. 2. The tablier pleats go up. 3. Rook's feather, of any draper, from 2*s*. per yard.

JEANIE writes:—I cut out a violet French merino coat and cape, plain baby fashion, last summer, for my girl two years old. I want to make it look fashionable and pretty. Will you kindly give me instructions? I have also two black French merino coats, one boy's and one girl's. We are out of mourning, and I want to make them into something useful for the children.

1. Make a jacket like No. 47 of the violet merino, and make a pleated skirt like it of the black. 2. Trim the other black coat with the remains of the violet; or perhaps you can get two dresses alike out of the three.

PENELOPE.—Dresses for middle-aged ladies will form a special feature of MYRA'S JOURNAL. See remarks to other correspondents.

ALICE. — Wear your poplin dress under a velveteen or cashmere tablier; reduce your dress to four yards round. 2. The patterns you ask for are both given in the present diagram-sheet.

SUKEY JEMIMA.—Like No. 38, with black, with sashes and jacket of silk like your pattern, as you will have plenty.

TONA.—You fairly puzzle us: "A dinner dress, inexpensive, and not very perishable." Try this, as pink suits you:—Plain pink grenadine, trimmed with striped pink grenadine flounce; striped tablier and corsage, with plain grenadine sleeves.

A. V. (Leamington).—A little reflection will show you the utter impossibility of giving 64 pages of the size of MYRA'S JOURNAL for a penny. Paper-makers, printers, artists, and even editresses expect some return for their labour. Every number sold at that price would be a loss to the proprietors.

BESSIE.—Pouffs are not worn now. Lavender will take slate, and similar colours, and black. Make your dress like that on page 60.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO whitens, preserves, and beautifies the teeth, strengthens the gums, and renders the breath pure and fragrant, preventing and arresting their decay. When once used it is preferred to all others, as seventy years' trial have proved. 2*s*. 9*d*. per box.—[ADVT.]

Marie.—Gloves, from two to ten buttons, of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square; price from 3*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*. 6*d*.

A. T. E.—1. A tunic and corsage for wearing over black dresses, very suitable for your silk. 2. Use the green batiste as an under-skirt under muslin. 3. Wear a dark green felt hat, with velvet bow and shaded feather with the costume, relieved by white heather sprays.

Mrs. G. asks how to make up and trim 17 yards of material, like the enclosed pattern. Would black yak do on it? 2. Where can I procure feather trimmings, and at what price? 3. Also how to remake very light mauve silk dress?

Like the Athenée costume, with yak lace in place of fringe. 2. Of any London draper, from 2*s*. per yard. 3. Like the Printemps, No. 46; trim with silk of darker shade, or with black, and put a plastron in front to widen it.

Ruby.—Apple-green is really too bright for a walking dress. Trim like the Zoë, but with black grenadine.

B. M. wants to know what material and colour (B. M. always wears plain materials and Quakerly shades: never print, or muslin, or transparent materials, unless over silk, in an evening) Myra would advise her to purchase for an every-day dress, to be worn in and out of doors, that will last and look well all the spring and summer, in a smoky town and filthy, dirty neighbourhood? 2. Where to be bought? 3. How many yards? 4. How much a yard? 5. How should it be made? 6. Can Myra tell B. M. the price of the Princess Collapsing Tournure, No. 1? 7. Which is the very best and cheapest draper's shop in London, as far as Myra knows? 8. Which is the best time of year to buy a really good plain sealskin jacket? 9. Would Myra advise a brown silk dress made short or long, for church and Sunday wear?

1. A slate-coloured Irish poplin. 2. Inglis and Tinckler, Regent Street. 3. Sixteen yards. 4. 6*s*. 6*d*. 5. Like the Zoë, or No 32. 6. Varies at different shops from 7*s*. 6*d*. to 10*s*. 6*d*. Impossible to reply. 8. In the summer. 9. Short: that is, *ras-terre*.

K. G. would be very much obliged to Myra, or any of the readers of her Journal, for a pattern for a knitted petticoat, something in its pattern resembling a vandyke, and not very difficult; what wool would be the best to knit one?

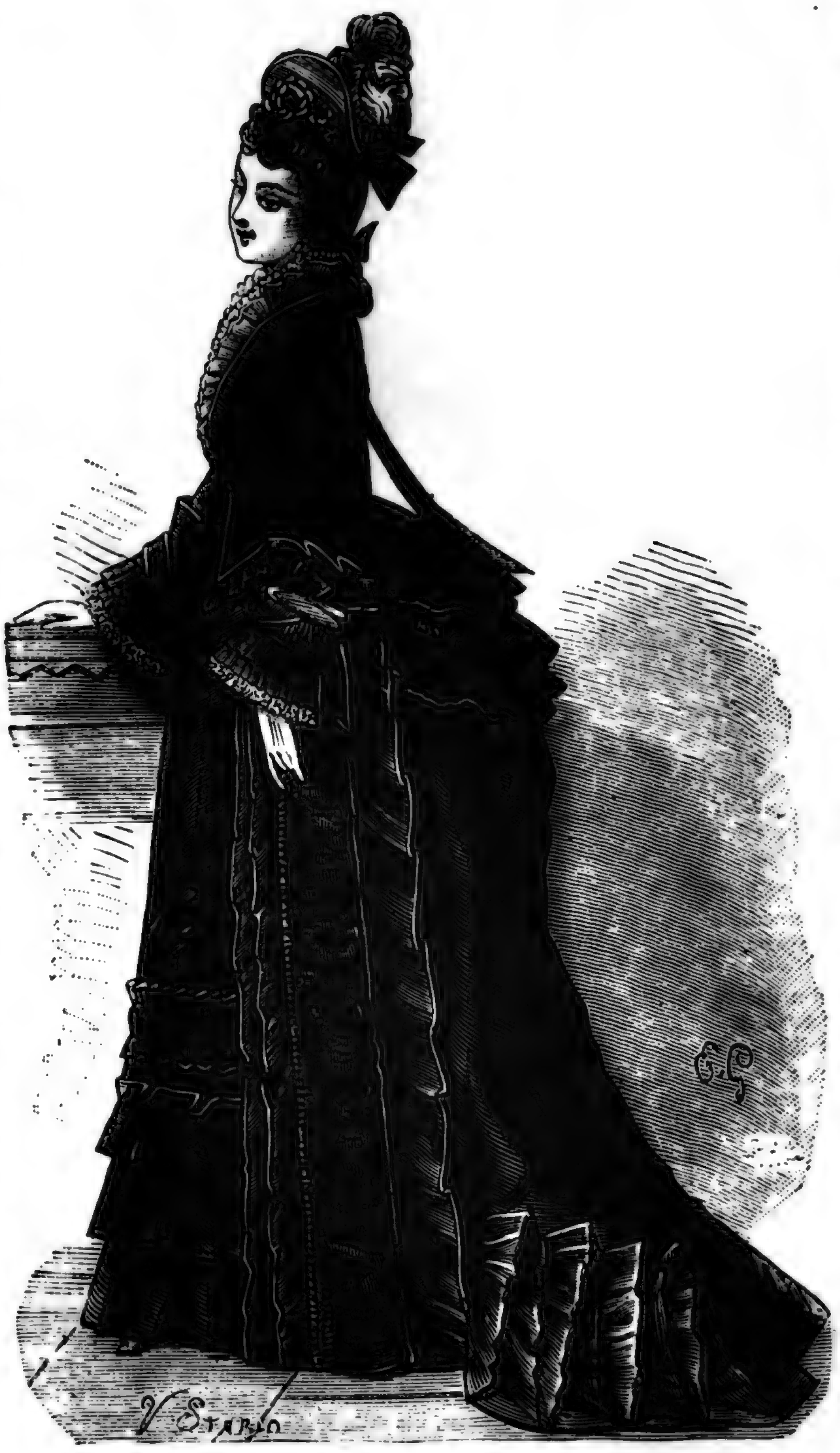
V. R.—You can make your tablier with a fold in the centre, as if open and closed by buttons, or bows, which are still prettier. I do not think that a white piqué is suitable for a lady of forty; but black only could form the tablier to one braided black.

Exile.—Myra supplies all kinds of paper patterns, at moderate prices. Address Myra, care of publisher, Messrs. Weldon and Co., 15, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 2. Skirts are not worn bouffant, as the tablier-ends and sashes give sufficient fulness. If you must have a puff, make the back widths very long, and arrange them in a Bulgare pleat, and drape this with the sash of your apron.

Florence.—Trim your cloth jacket with jet-beaded braid or passementerie. If tired of jet, rook's-feathers.

Louise.—Deep mourning for a parent: nine months with crape, six months black. For a brother: three months crape. Eighteen months' mourning is not too long when *both* these relatives are taken from us.

Lizzie.—A Dolman is too old-looking for a girl of eighteen; have a simple jacket or cape-fichu. Trim with beaded lace. 2. Widows' skirts are gored and trimmed with crape four inches from waist at the back, and put on in one plain piece to the edge of the dress.



No. 50.—The Bernhardt Costume.
Flat Paper Pattern—Skirt, 1s. 6d.; Jacket, 1s.; Sleeve, 1s.

Mater.—Jacket pattern, 1*s*. 6*d*.; mantle, 1*s*. 8*d*.; both flat patterns to cut-out by.

Violet.—Shorten your skirt to walking length, lengthen the apron-tunic by adding part of the 12-inch flounce to it, and make sash and loops of the back of the tunic. You will also have enough silk to make new sleeves. Gore the rest of the flounce and the silk saved by shortening the dress, to make a drawn flounce on the skirt. Black arcophane bonnet with tea-roses and black faille bows.

Mrs. Richardson.—Myra is deeply grateful for your kind letter and offer, of which she will presently gladly avail herself.

Blanchette.—Nearly all cashmeres wash perfectly, and I should be inclined to try washing a small piece I now always send my cleaning and dyeing to Perth. N.B. Messrs. Pullar and Sons have an agency in London. I have found them much cheaper and much better than many other cleaners.

Nancy.—Cover your white silk dress, which must be pretty clean after only three times wearing, with sky-blue tulle, No. 40, but use white lilac flowers in place of mauve.

Ada T.—You will want six yards of 27-inch material; your lace and fringe quite suitable. We can send you paper patterns of all our illustrations, made up, with flat pattern to cut by, 5*s*. 6*d*.; flat only, 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*.

A. E. C. (Plymouth).—No pattern enclosed. Your idea is good.

Laura.—Trim your bronze-green straw hat with bronze velvet and a natural-coloured ostrich feather. You cannot wear this with the pattern dress forwarded. 2. Good alpaca will clean well. Do not alter your dress. 3. Alpaca at 2*s*. is the "cheapest dress for afternoon wear. Made nicely, it will look very ladylike; you can get this in any colour.

Governess.—Since you do not require to wear your dress till August, I advise a cashmere dress with tablier, which could be worn with other dresses. 2. "Drap de France" is sold in black as well as in colours; it resembles a thin cashmere. 3. It would go well with black silk. Good black alpaca is wonderfully durable and inexpensive. 4. Make the dress like No. 32, but have a tablier as well to wear with other dresses.

Juanita.—Mix either black silk or black grenadine with your light green silk, to tone it down; the Zoë is a pretty style for you. 2. Trim your bronze silk with mastic brown silk or velvet.

Olive Y.—You can wear a curled catogan, if you please, below a twist of hair high on your head.

Minnie.—A lighter shade silk will improve your violet dress. Make a tunic of it, and trim with fringe of the darker shade.

Myosotis.—1. Make your bonnet of ottoman silk; trim with white heather and black lace. 2. No; your hair is not red, but a lovely shade of auburn. 3. Any colour but pink, rose, and yellow will suit you, unless you are very pale, when you should avoid violet and green. 4. An inexpensive material for spring wear is alpaca of all colours at 2*s*. per yard. With a stylish mode these dresses look very elegant.

Fanny Linwood.—1. Make a tunic of your own fabric, with jacket-bodice and outdoor mantle; trim with the three yards of No. 3 pattern, using this as bias bands to outline the whole. 2. Twelve yards of striped fabric will make a nice skirt and under-sleeves. 4. Plain grey alpaca. 5. For paper patterns, see prices under each model.

Elizabeth.—You would have enough to make a charming tablier-tunic, but the sleeves must be of black silk. Trim with ruches of the striped silk.

Adelaide.—Yes; and wear a rounded tablier of darker grey cashmere or drap de France, 3*s.* per yard, and sleeveless bodice. 2. You can wear rose-colour over your very pretty dress, tulle or tarlatan. I should always recommend black for middle age, a lace tunic like No. 31; but as you do not like black, I suggest rose-colour, or tulle of the same shade as the dress. You will want about six yards of tulle, four of net, or three of tarlatan.

Dotty.—Yes; it is worn more than ever. We will get your material traced if you wish. Send your address with the order.

Ethel.—Take off all the front trimming except the row of kilting at the edge, and remove two of the three last flounces. Simulate and trim with bias bands, and use the flounces for this purpose. Finish with bows.

Mrs. G. B.—Myra's Journal will be published monthly only; the greatest number of our readers find that sufficient.

Belt.—1. Braid your circular cape with fine Russia braid and jet beads. It will then be a fashionable vêtement. Bead the lace also. 2. Join your seams and pleat your back widths; put the skirt or tablier on smoothly in front, pinning a pleat where necessary; put your waistband on over the dress exactly as it will go when sewn, and chalk the line of meeting; turn in the fabric on the chalked line, pleats and all, and sew in; these flat fronts must be pinned on the figure. Mind you keep all the fulness at the back, and read the remarks on skirts in the March number. 3. For the hair I will put a recipe in my next.

Topsy (2).—Drape your dress for walking by means of buttons and loops placed inside the skirt; you must fasten them before putting your dress on. A velvet waistband with velvet bands like Fig. 36 in this number would drape your dress in a puff. 2. Your silk is very pretty; it would make a lovely draped tunic and corsage, but I do not think well of it as a walking-dress material. Have you not any dress which would serve as a skirt, trimmed with drawn bands of the remaining material after you have cut the tunic and corsage? If you have not, I advise your keeping it for evening wear.

Beaver.—1. What do you think would be the best costume to travel in? 2. Could you tell me the address of a dressmaker in Paris; not a very extravagantly dear one?

1. A grey alpaca complete costume, with a darker shade of homespun tunic-blouse for cold weather and the mountains. You can well wear tunics and jackets of different materials over black silk: a velvet, a grenadine, or a tussore silk would all be useful to you. 2. Mdme. Feste, 24 Rue Neuve des Capucines, is an excellent and by no means extravagant modiste.

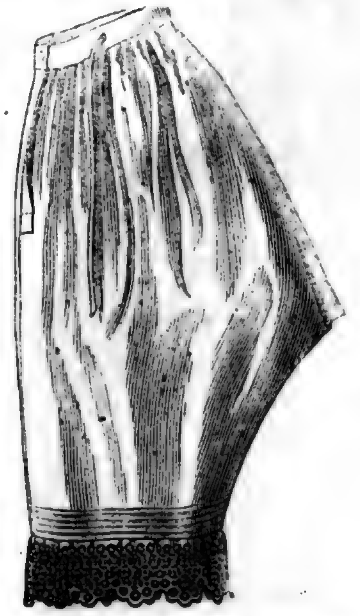
Rosalie.—1. You can obtain a beaded lace tablier rom Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, or from Mr. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. 2. The price varies with the quality of the work; either of these houses will send you prices and illustrations. 3. You can wear nearly all colours with grey Japanese silks; a pretty mauve, for instance, could be used as trimming. 4. Messrs. Barnard, 119, Edgware Road, will supply you with scraps for screens at 1*s.* per sheet.

Opal.—Your old black silk dress will prove no easy matter to alter, being so much worn as you describe. Take out the worn pieces, and join from the tunic wherever the dress requires it. Make it a walking ength, trim with a grenadine drawn flounce all round (choosing striped grenadine). Make an open tunic like the right-hand figure, No. 46. Stripe your silk acket with Hercules braid and jet beads, and edge with silk ruches. Silk bodice underneath, with grenadine revers, trimmings, and sleeves.

Margery.—1. Sapoline is a soap made by C. T. Tyler, Woking, Surrey. It is sold in tins for family use, 12 lb. for 5*s.* It is invaluable in the household, in the laundry, and in the nursery. 2. You can wear your dress as it is, with the exception of the sleeves, which should be coat-shape; put the pleating on as a cuff. 3. In church dresses, either drap natté (Debenham and Freebody) or drap de France (Peter Robinson). For summer wear, holland, or piqué, or pretty print dresses. Alpacas are very pretty for children, and can be of bright colours.

Rose S.—I am sorry not to be able to do as you wish. Scarcely any pattern of short coats is required, as the dear babe usually wears the same garments with tucks run in to shorten flannels, while the dresses and petticoat-bodices are picked off the long skirts and short skirts, measured from baby's waist to feet, with work or tucks according to the mother's taste; the pelisse is similar to the long one, the cape shorter. You can have a flat paper pattern of one for 2*s.* I advise you to have white cambric skirts for best, and white nainsook for every day; no work or trimming but tucks. Baby will be no healthier or better for finery. Keep the little darling warm, and if the weather is cold in the spring, do not shortcoat it till it is warmer. A blue merino pelisse, trimmed with swansdown and made by you, is suitable.

Lizzie R.—Both panier and polonaise are less fashionable than jacket-bodice and apron; but your dress will look very well with plain skirt and drawn front, if you like that style. Trim with your beaded yak lace, either on each side of the drawn front and round the jacket, or round the apron and jacket in a double or single row, as the material allows; trim to imitate a cuirasse on the corsage.



No. 51.—Pattern of Drawers.
Model from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre.

Augusta.—1. Shorten your satin dress, and reduce it to four yards round at the edge. Out of the widths saved cut a plain tight bodice with short basques, as the gores will not allow of deep ones. Trim the front of your dress with a bouillon of drawn silk, edged with ball fringe to imitate a tablier, and finish with a wide silk sash at the back. Edge the jacket with ball fringe. If you have, or make yourself a lace tablier to wear with this and other dresses, use satin or silk, not velvet, to go between the rows of insertion. 2. Cut your large silk jacket in the shape of the Duchesse Redingote, or the jacket, page 40 (March); put the beads on in a smaller design all round, and edge with lace (yak) or a band of rook's feathers.

Mabel Agnes.—Many thanks for your sweet little letter. Yes; send your pattern in May, *early*.

Jenny.—For the old lady's cap of white lace and black mantilla veil, make the white lace up into a fluted wreath in a black net foundation; fasten the veil on this, gathering up one corner for the purpose; bring the ends of the veil in front, and fasten them at the neck with a spray of flowers, matching those in the cap, or a tuft of ribbon, if ribbon is mingled with the lace alone. These mantilla caps are much worn in Paris by matrons. 2. For a hat from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, you have only to apply by letter (three stamps for the third of an ounce: our penny weighs it exactly), enclosing the sum you wish to spend, and naming the style, and you will receive it carriage free to London.

Minnie.—Your idea is good. Get a mastic brown to wear with your dark brown; do not trim with frills, which are heavy, but with a dark brown, with passementerie and chenille fringe.

One of Myra's Subscribers.—Clean your white satin shoes with a little dry blue, rub it on a flannel, and apply quite dry to the shoe. 2. Fine dry whiting rubbed on flannel, and applied the same way.

Annie asks for the best thing to polish Pinet's French boots, which have gone a little brown.

Equal parts of good black ink and milk; mix, and apply with a flannel.

The Lady (Oxford).—Your letter has not reached us; please repeat question, and we will reply by post; send addressed envelope. 2. Myra's Journal is *twenty-four pages* in place of *sixteen*, and costs only one penny more; the diagram-sheet of *six* patterns costs one penny, and the taking it is *optional*. We much regret you are vexed at the change, but it is unavoidable; the space even now is insufficient for the letters received.

Lily.—Soap does not agree with all complexions use rain water only for the face, and sapoline for the hands and body.

Pollie.—We can send you a traced pattern or braiding and beading a tablier; too late for March.

Elizabeth Annie.—Do not attempt to make a sealskin jacket; send your sealskins to a good furrier. You will use more skin than a professed cutter, and waste good material. All furs require careful joining and stitching; the hair must all lie the right way. I think no amateur will succeed in this. 2. Pattern of jacket can be sent by Myra, price 1*s.* 6*d.*

Aurora.—1. The cheapest way of making a velvet jacket is perfectly plain: demi-fitting, *i.e.*, tight back and short fronts. As you are young, you could wear a tight-fitting mantle, with page-sleeves; but this is not so fashionable as the redingote with short back and long front. 2. Your Algerine striped fabric will make a charming tunic and corsage; wear over black or over white.

Fifteen Pounds a Year.—Black silk is now very cheap. You can get a very rich silk for 6*s.* per yard, and a good silk at 4*s.* 6*d.* Have a plain skirt and jacket-bodice: this will take about eleven yards, as you are tall. You can either get 2½ yards more and have an apron, which I advise, or buy some cashmere (black) to wear with the dress, in which case try to cut two pair of sleeves out of your silk, and wear the fashionable corsage and apron in turn with the black silk and other dresses. Trim the apron with a jet yak lace, if of silk. 2. Yes; your white alpaca would look well trimmed with velvet, and as you have the velvet, use it.

Petite.—You can only lengthen your dress by getting some more silk of a darker shade; add two flounces at the back, making a square Louis XIII. train; use pleating of the light silk as a drawn heading to the flounces; make a tablier of the new silk, and cut new sleeves out of the old tunic; sleeveless cuirasse of the new silk; use your yak lace for the cuirasse and tablier.

Lady Betty asks if the high ruffles, the same as dress, are still worn.

No; they are quite out of fashion: a Medici collar of velvet is added to some dresses, but is not general.

A. L. M. (Teignmouth).—We can send you a paper pattern of any mantle you require. Trim with crape bands on the cross and plain fringe; line the crape with muslin before putting it on, unless you use double crape.

We are obliged to omit more than one thousand letters; the mere insertion of the names of the writers would occupy a large space.

These questions will be answered in an extra Gratis Supplement in the May Number.

MYRA.

RULES FOR THE FREE EXCHANGE.

1. *A Free Exchange, gratis, and open to all who have Articles to dispose of or barter for others, is open in* Myra's Journal.

2. *The Addresses of Exchangers must be printed, in order to secure the benefit of the Free Exchange.*

3. *In cases where Exchangers do not wish their Addresses printed, their Names will be entered in the Office Exchange Book, in the usual way; and in that case a payment is to be made of One Shilling in postage stamps.*

4. *The length of the gratis Advertisement (when the Address of the Exchanger is printed) is not limited to any precise space, but Correspondents should state their wishes briefly.*

5. *The length of the paid Advertisement (when the Address of the Exchanger is not printed) is limited to twelve lines of about eight words.*

EXCHANGE.

Wanted, good or copyright photograph scraps. State what will be taken in exchange. Post-cards objected to.—E. L. E., Post Office, Shoreditch, Taunton.

I want to exchange four songs for anything; all in good condition.—Address Miss **Trimming**, Waterloo Lodge, Newbury, Berks.

Music.—Wanted, songs in exchange:—"Metrical Annals of the Kings and Queens of England," by George Linley. Will send it, post free, on receipt of 48 stamps; original price 9*s.*—Miss **Inge**, Athelington Rectory, Wickham Market, Suffolk.

Want crape hatband and scarf; must not be much creased. Offer in exchange large square of wool-work, new, suitable for ottoman; or "Elaine," illustrated by Doré.—**Oak**.

I wish to exchange or sell some boys' Scotch silk velvet caps; also some feathers.—H. **Kemp**, 219, Kentish Town Road.

A lady has photograph scraps, all good and clean in three sizes.—Miss E. **Lambe**, 22, Wellsley Road, Princes Park, Liverpool. No post-cards.

Wanted, songs. Lists exchanged.—**Euphrosyne**, Post Office, Blandford, Dorset.

Infant's robe, embroidered, £2 10*s.* Offers.—Miss **Watson**, Fakenham, Norfolk.

Cuirasses and tabliers embroidered in jet, or white jet, only £4 10*s.*; steel bugles, evening, £5.—M. W., 12, Chiswick Street, Carlisle.

Difficult pieces of music to exchange.—**Emma**, Post Office, Swanton Morley, East Dereham, Norfolk.

Wanted, new ermine fur jacket, good size, loose shape, coat-sleeves. — Mrs. **Rudson**, Wadingham, Kirton Lindsey, Lincolnshire.

Songs to exchange.—Address **Kate**, Fox Hill Grove, Combe Down, Bath.

New black velveteen apron, trimming of modern point lace; worth 12*s.*, will take 10*s.* for it.—Address **Lottie**, Laurel Lodge, Carlow, Ireland.

Songs.—Address S.D., Post Office, Pendleton, Manchester.

Point-lace pocket-handkerchief for exchange; fine work; many stitches. Offers requested.—**Alpha**, 71, Warwick Road, Maida Hill, W.

To exchange, a modern point-lace berthe with sleeves to match, a set of spa-wood ear-rings, brooch, and studs. Want chatelaine with pendants.—**Mrs. J. G. Odell**, Harnall Villa, Lower Ford Street, Coventry.

Several pairs of unmade wool and braided cloth slippers, made-up ticking handkerchief cases, for any useful exchange. I want beadwork for brackets, and border of small table beadwork.—**Queen**, Kimbolton, Hunts.

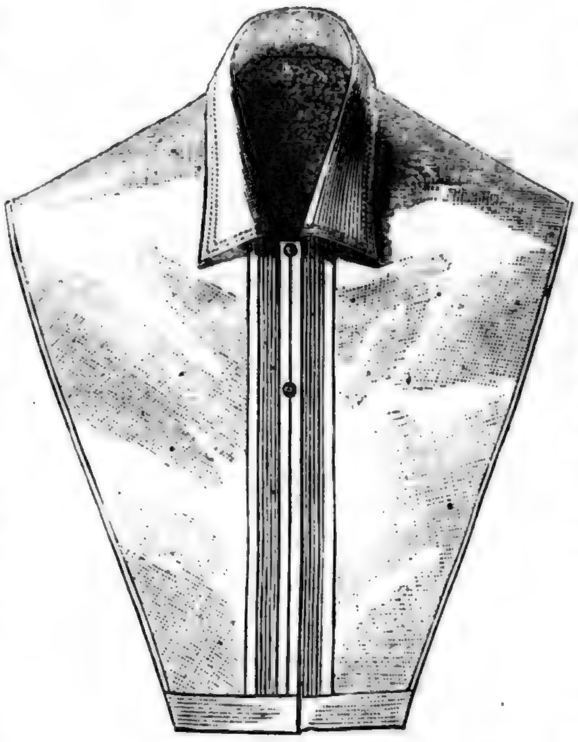
Nine vocal trios, eight vocal trios (list sent). Will exchange them (in numbers or altogether) for small fancy articles suitable for bazaar, or offers.—A. E. J., Post Office, Hurworth-on-Tees, Darlington.

To dispose of, a real China crape shawl, richly embroidered all round, and corners, deep fringe, very fine texture, and of a delicate shade of straw colour. Will take £3 3*s.*—Address by letter only to G. H., care of Mrs. **Francis**, 63, Davies Street, Berkeley Square.

Real ermine collarette and cuffs. I will exchange for a really good photographic album, or sell for 12*s.*—S. E., 24, Adelaide Road, Shepherd's Bush, London.

Music in exchange: two short pieces by Schumann, "Vert-Vert" (Offenbach), "Wedding Bells" (Trekell), Bouquet of Russian Melodies, "God Bless the Prince of Wales" (Brinley Richards), "Mandolinata" (J. Rummel), for Louis XIIIth Ballet, Rosamond Ballet, Souvenirs d'Ecosse, and others. No dance music.—Mrs. **Bowles**, Tenbury, Worcestershire.

Fine Irish linen. Wanted address for **Bee**.



No. 52.—Linen Collar.
Model from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre.

Bronze boots (lady's), 5; take 6*s.*, and send free. Also lady's Stuart tartan, broad ribbon sash, free for 4*s.* 6*d.*—**Mary**, Post Office, Winston, Darlington, Durham.

Sale or exchange, grebe muff, nearly new; handsome pair of oxydised ear-rings; Paris locket.—Mrs. **Longden**, 25, Bedford Gardens, Kensington, W.

Treadle sewing-machine, a piano, oval walnut-table, curious old oil-painting; sell or exchange. Want an harmonium.—C. H., 73, Hemingford Road, Barnsbury, London, N.

A handsome Paris-made winter mantle, finely ribbed, black cloth, trimmed satin, lace fringe, &c. Full particulars given. Cost £5 5*s.* Would take £2 15*s.*—**Peter**, Post Office, Pembroke Dock.

I have a petticoat in crochet, made of scarlet and white wool, quite new; would fit a child of three years; price 5*s.* 6*d.* Also the songs "Alone" (Storck), 1*s.*; "Destiny," 1*s.*; "Sleep, dearest, sleep," 1*s.*—Address **Durande**, Post Office, Biggleswade, Beds.

Fourteen numbers of Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare, cost 7*d.* each; want 6*s.* for them. Also a Venetian bead bag, very pretty, 6*s.*—Miss **Outridge**, 1, Elm Villas, Catford Bridge, S.E.

"Guelph" chain-stitch sewing-machine, in perfect working order; cost, with case, £3 15*s.* Wanted, offers to the full amount, or if cash, 50*s.*—A. B. C., Post Office, King's Langley, Herts.

Wanted, glees and songs for village concerts. Offers requested.—Miss A. **Rumpf**, Bluntisham Rectory, St. Ives, Hunts.

I have Cornish lace to dispose of; also materials working. Samples post free.—**Kate**, Tolgns, Redruth.

Beaded tablier, £1; a splendid pattern, arranged on best net, double, with full quantity of jet beads, either large or small needles, and embroidery cotton. It will occupy from fifteen to twenty days. Also forty-three miniature photo scraps (views and Scripture subjects). What offers? Unmounted photos of Landseer's pictures preferred.—Address A. E. J., Post Office, Hurworth, Darlington.

I want to purchase a collection of foreign stamps; also stamp album; nothing in exchange. State price required.—Address W. **Smith**, London House, High Street, Grays, Essex.

I have a set of appliances, nearly new, for the cure of stammering. The patentee gained a prize at the Exhibition of 1862; no further use for them. Cost four guineas. Would take less than half, or open to offers.—Address M. B. H., care of Messrs. **Beacher**, Library, North Street, Brighton.

Point lace worked beautifully and very quickly. Point-lace braid worked on the pillow, any middle, quality, or number of yards. Send stamp for specimen of lace or braid. What offered in exchange? No post-cards. Cuirasse-bodices and tabliers beaded, &c. The song, "Weary," by Gabrielle, and others to exchange.—**Versailles**, Post Office, Southampton.

To dispose of, one dozen real Brussels lace dessert doyleys.—Address E. L., Post Office, Shaftesbury.

A handsomely braided reversible blue pilot-cloth Spanish cape, from Morgan's, £2 10*s.*; a black cashmere mantelet, striped with jet-trimmed real yak and lined silk, £2 10*s.* Both scarcely worn.—T. O., St. Elmo, Torquay.

Miss F. Ellman has two numbers of Boosey's 1*s.* books, which she wishes to exchange for two other numbers. Her numbers are 146 (dance music by Offenbach, Coote, &c.) and 158 (twelve new ballads by Claribel); she would take any two of the following numbers of "Boosey's Musical Cabinet" in exchange—42, 68, 82, or 145.—Address Miss F. **Ellman**, Battle, Hawkhurst.

I wish to dispose of a large French gold locket, with black star, and brilliant in centre, with place for two photographs; price 5*s.*, cost 15*s.*; also two rows of pale blue beads, and pretty bracelet, 2*s.* 6*d.* Prefer cash, but am open to offers.—**Comtesse de P——**, Post Office, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

I have a perfectly new bridal wreath and spray for front of dress, which cost me 25*s.* 6*d.* at Michell's, a few months back; I will accept 15*s.* for the same, or exchange to the value in good kid gloves, size 6¼, double buttons; pearl-grey, écru, or dove-colour preferred. Wreath worn but once.—Address **Viva**, Post Office, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. No cards.

Choice Flower Seeds and Bedding Plants.—J. **Scott**, Merriott, Somerset, offers twelve sorts of flower seeds in 1*s.* packets, post free, or a 2-doz., 3-doz., or 4-doz. packet, sent at 1*s.* per doz. sorts. Bedding plants, all the choicest kinds, 3*s.* 6*d.* per doz. in small pots.

The "Orchardist," by J. **Scott**, 5*s.* 6*d.*, post free, contains descriptions, with full cultural notes, of 1500 sorts of fruits.

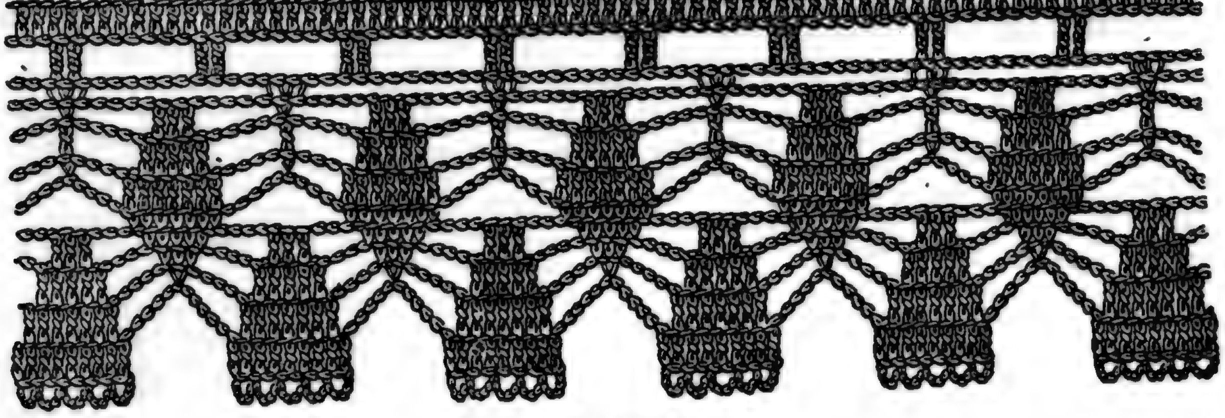
Wanted.—1. "Art, the Handmaid of Nature." 2. Figure trimming. Good prices given.

Hulda, wife of Artist, tints Cartes beautifully, 6*d.*—51, Denmark Street, Camberwell.

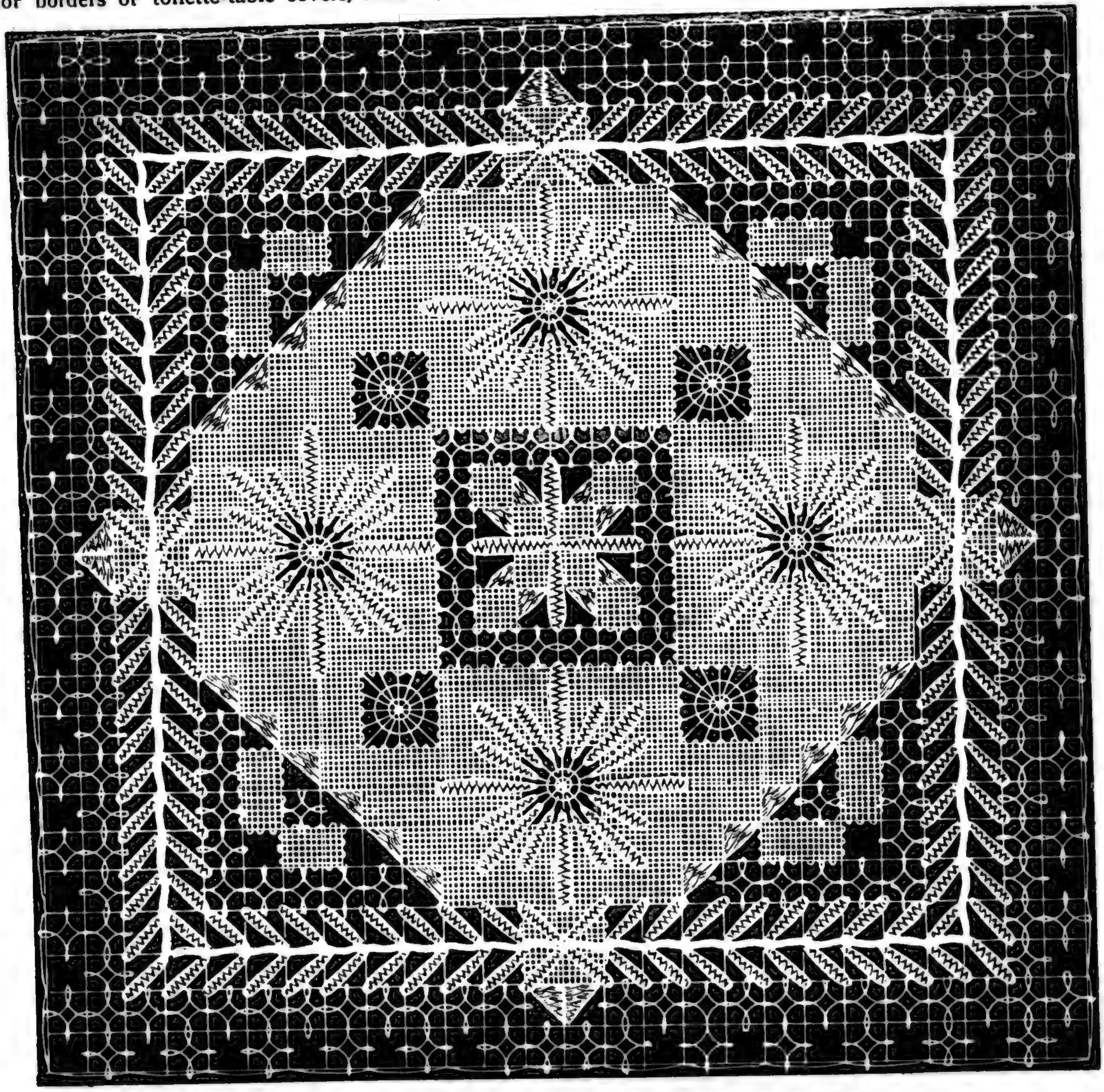
A. B. C.—I have two beautiful warm shawls, perfectly new, £2 2*s.* and £1 10*s.* Two real tortoise-shell combs, £1 15*s.* and £1 1*s.* Gold and turquoise ring, £1 1*s.* Gilt pin for hair, 4*s.* 6*d.* Lovely cerise satin sash and bows for dress, £1 5*s.* Jet bracelets, 9*s.* Long-haired white muff, 15*s.* Five velveteen tucks, new, 12*s.* Offers requested.

NEEDLEWORK.

The patterns here given are described on page 51; but we must say a word or two respecting the application of these designs. No. 53 is a new and useful crochet edging, suitable for underclothes if worked with Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s crochet cotton, No. 16, or for borders of toilette-table covers, curtains, &c., if worked in No. 8, or with the beautiful Mecklenburg thread for which this firm is so justly celebrated.



No. 53.—Crochet Edging.
Worked with Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's-head Cotton, No. 16.

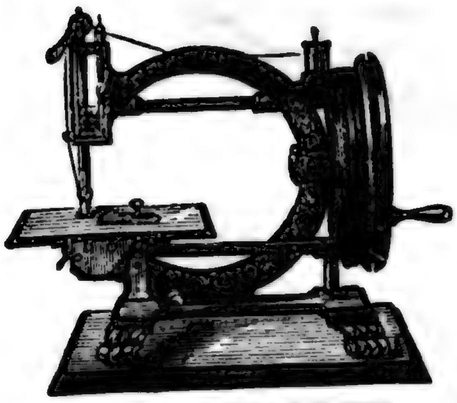


No. 54.—Design for a Toilet Cushion or Mat in Guipure d'Art.
Worked with Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Mecklenburg Thread, No. 10.

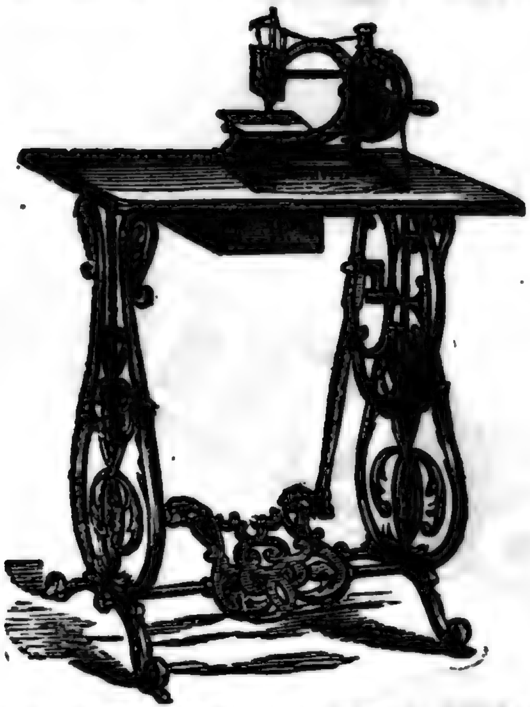
The guipure design can be worked in continuous repetition of the square, and thus form the pretty entre-deux for muslin curtains mentioned by The Silkworm in "Spinnings in Town" for this month. Few trimmings are prettier for a bedroom than guipure. Toilette cushions, mats for toilette bottles and pomade jars, edgings for bed and window curtains, toilette valances, mantle-piece borders,—all can be worked in this lovely and durable lace, which is worked on netted Mecklenburg thread, in the same smooth and beautiful thread manufactured by Messrs. Walter Evans and Co., of Derby.

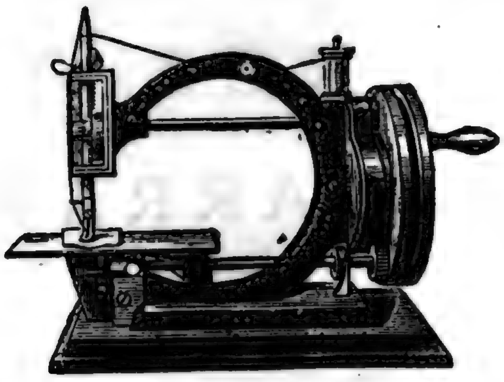
SEWING MACHINES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



THE MONARCH,
£4 4s. 0d.
Lock-stitch Machine.





THE REGENT,
£3 3s. 0d.
Single-thread Machine.

Table for the Monarch or Regent, £1 10s. 0d.

It is absurdly claimed for almost every Machine, of whatever description, that it is superior to all others, for all kinds of work. SMITH & CO., having no interest in selling any particular Machine, are enabled to recommend impartially the one best suited for the work required to be done, and offer this GUARANTEE to their Customers: Any Machine sold by them may be **EXCHANGED, within One Month, for any other kind, without Charge for Use.**

SMITH & CO., 30, EDGWARE ROAD, HYDE PARK,
(CORNER OF SEYMOUR STREET), AND
4, CHARLES STREET, SOHO SQUARE, W.

"WANZER" SEWING MACHINES,

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

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Also the Only Grand Silver Medal & Diploma from the Society of Arts & Manufactures of Lower Austria.

"WANZER" F. NEW FAMILY MACHINE,

With Patent Reversible Feed Motion, and all the Latest Improvements.
Specially adapted for Families, Dressmaking, and Light Manufacturing Purposes. £7:7:0.

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Suitable for Tailors, Outfitters, &c. £8:8:0.

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Continues to rank first in its class, 500,000 having been sold. £4:4:0.

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THREE ROYAL
WARRANTS.

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A.D. TRADE MARK 1742

The Manufacturers publicly guarantee that all Canisters covered with their well-known Red and Yellow Labels contain nothing but the pure Flour of Mustard, of a quality calculated to maintain the reputation acquired by their Firm during the past 130 years.

May be obtained of most Grocers.

KEEN, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, & CO., London.

THE ORIGINAL.

THE BEST.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO
PREPARED
CORN,
MADE OF
AMERICAN INDIAN CORN,
Pure and Unadulterated.

REPORT OF DR. A. H. HASSALL.

"London, 14th Sept., 1874.

"I have subjected to Microscopical Examination and Chemical Analysis a sample of KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PREPARED CORN, which has been known to me for many years.

"I find that it consists entirely of the grain of INDIAN CORN, is very PURE, and may be regarded chemically and dietetically as an ARROW ROOT, and taken in conjunction with Milk or Beef Tea, constitutes a valuable article of diet for Infants and young Children.

"ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D."
Author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.

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CORN FLOUR

Ask for Johnston's Corn Flour, and take no other; it is the Best.

IS THE BEST.

MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

See Name on Label.

INDIGESTION!!!

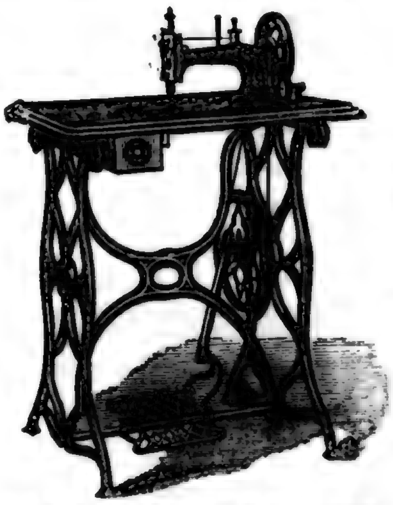
As **WINE**, from 3s.
LOZENGES, from 2s. 6d.
GLOBULES, from 2s.
And as **POWDER** in 1-oz. **BOTTLES**, at 5s. each.

Sold by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,

MORSON & SON, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.

SINGER'S

Sewing Machines



NEW FAMILY MACHINE,
Plain Table, £6 10s.

Are acknowledged to be the Best for the Family, the Dressmaker, the Tailor, the Manufacturer, and every class of Plain and Ornamental Sewing.

They have obtained upwards of 150 Prizes at various Exhibitions in Europe and America, including the International Exhibitions of **London, Dublin, Paris, Lyons, Vienna, Moscow, and Bremen.**

NEW FAMILY MACHINE,
Ornamental Case, from £10 10s.

The Singer "New Family" Machines, although specially designed for Family use, are in all ways suited to the requirements of Dress and Mantle Makers, Manufacturers of Underclothing, Jupons, Corsets, &c. The range of work to which they are adapted is greater than that of any other Machine in the market.

HAND OR TREADLE MACHINES, Price from £6 10s. 5 per cent. Discount for Cash.
Or on the One Year's System of Hire, at 2s. 6d. per Week, with Option of Purchase.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of Singer's Sewing Machines,
39, FOSTER LANE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.,
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76 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

NEW WEST-END BRANCH—132, OXFORD STREET, W.

G. W. JONES, 101, OXFORD STREET.

BONNETS.—G. W. JONES'S NEW SHOW ROOMS are NOW OPEN and replenished with various Paris Novelties in Bonnets, Hats, Coiffures, Wreaths, &c. &c., such as cannot fail to give universal satisfaction. Bonnets from 18*s.* 6*d.*

CHOICE FLOWERS AND FEATHERS for Bonnets and Evening wear, consisting of Novelties, mounted in the most tasty manner, all at the most Moderate Prices.

THE NEW MEXICAN BEETLE JEWELLERY, in Pins (butterfly pattern), 3*s.* 9*d.* and 5*s.* 9*d.* each; Pendants, 6*s.* 9*d.* and 8*s.* 6*d.*; Ear-rings, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 10*s.* 6*d.* the pair; Necklets, Aigrettes, &c. &c., a great novelty, and most exquisite for Evening wear. A choice assortment just received from Paris.

NEW CORAL ORNAMENTS, both in pink and scarlet, now so much worn for the hair; in Sprays, 2*s.* 9*d.* and 3*s.* 9*d.*; Pins, 1*s.* and 2*s.* each; Coronets, 4*s.* 6*d.* each; also Dress Trimmings: the latter mounted with water-lilies makes a most recherché dress trimming. A fresh assortment just received from Paris.

PARIS NOVELTIES, in Fans, Chatelaines, Belts, Pins, Spanish Combs (tortoiseshell and imitation), Whitby and Paris Jet (the latter many novelties); also a beautiful variety of Colliers, or neck ornaments, now so much worn in Paris.

WHITBY AND PARIS JET JEWELLERY. A large assortment of the choicest designs. Orders accompanied with remittance or town reference attended to.

RIMMEL'S CHOICE PERFUMERY & ELEGANT NOVELTIES.

ETOILE DU NORD, IHLANG-IHLANG, VANDA, JOCKEY CLUB, VIOLET, and 100 other sweet Perfumes, from 2*s.* 6*d.*

RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE and GLYCERINE, the best Preparation for the Hair, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 2*s.* 6*d.*; and 5*s.*

RIMMEL'S PURE WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP, 6*d.* and 1*s.* | RIMMEL'S far-famed TOILET VINEGAR, 1*s.*; 2*s.* 6*d.*; and 5*s.*

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FANCY CRACKERS, for Dessert, Balls, &c. Most elegant and amusing, from 2*s.* per dozen.

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EASY TEETHING.

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Rep, Damask, Moreen, &c., Cleaned or Dyed to look equal to new.

Chintzes, Cretonnes, &c., Cleaned and highly Glazed.

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Silk or Woollen Dresses of every description Cleaned or Dyed in a superior manner, at very reasonable prices.

N.B. Most Woollen Dresses may be done without unpicking.

A special finish for Velvets.

Crape re-dressed to look equal to new.

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Mourning Orders will receive the earliest attention.

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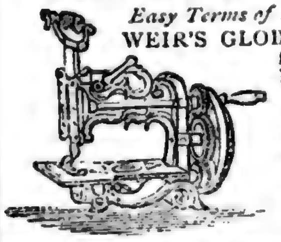

WEIR'S GLOBE 42*s.* SEWING MACHINE for Dressmakers. WEIR'S Celebrated 55*s.* MACHINE for Families. WEIR'S New Patent ZEPHYR, 84*s.* Shuttle LOCK-STITCH MACHINE. Hand or foot. Machines by any other Maker taken in Exchange. Samples, &c., free. J. WEIR, 2, Carlisle Street, Soho Square, W.

MOTHERS!

"THE CHILDREN'S TEETHING CREAM," gently rubbed on the infant's gums, soothes pain, dispels wind, produces sleep, and prevents convulsions.

Boxes 7½*d.* and 1*s.* 1½*d.*, of all Chemists.

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Consultations Daily from 2 till 4 o'clock.

THE NEW COIFFURES AND CATOGAN PLAIT.

ONE FOLD of KAY and RICHARDSON'S New Patent ALBERT CRAPE is AS THICK as TWO FOLDS of the old make, is MUCH CHEAPER, and WEARS BETTER. SOLD BY ALL DRAPERS.

BRAIDING AND BEADING.—Braiding being now so fashionable, and B. FRANCIS, knowing the difficulty ladies have in getting their garments marked, has invented a very simple appliance that will enable ladies to mark on any material With this appliance any pattern can be copied from a book, braided or beaded garment, and a true impression on your own garment can be had. The appliance complete, with a sheet of full-size designs to mark jacket, polonaise, caps, slippers, flannel, and apron, sent free for 30 stamps. To be had of the Inventor, B. FRANCIS, 16, Hanway Street, Oxford Street, W. Established 1859. Used and recommended by the principal Sewing Machine Companies.

BEADS AND BUGLES, BRILLIANTINE, JET, SILVER, SATIN, &c., in great variety; Black Bugles, 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb., any size.

DESIGNS FOR TABLIER, JACKET, &c., ready for working all over, on any material, producing the richest effect. Pattern for Tablier, on paper, 6*s.* 6*d.*; on linen, 8*s.* 6*d.*; Cuirasse, on linen or paper, 4*s.* 6*d.* each. Borders, various widths, 1*s.* each. Only at

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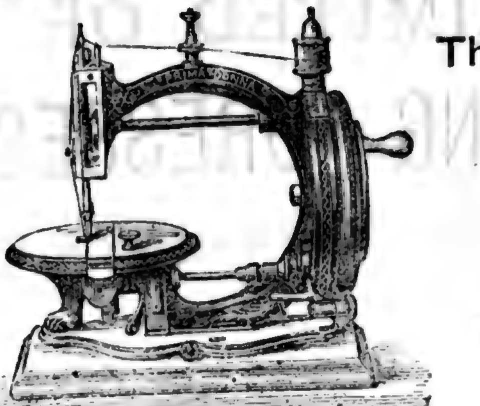

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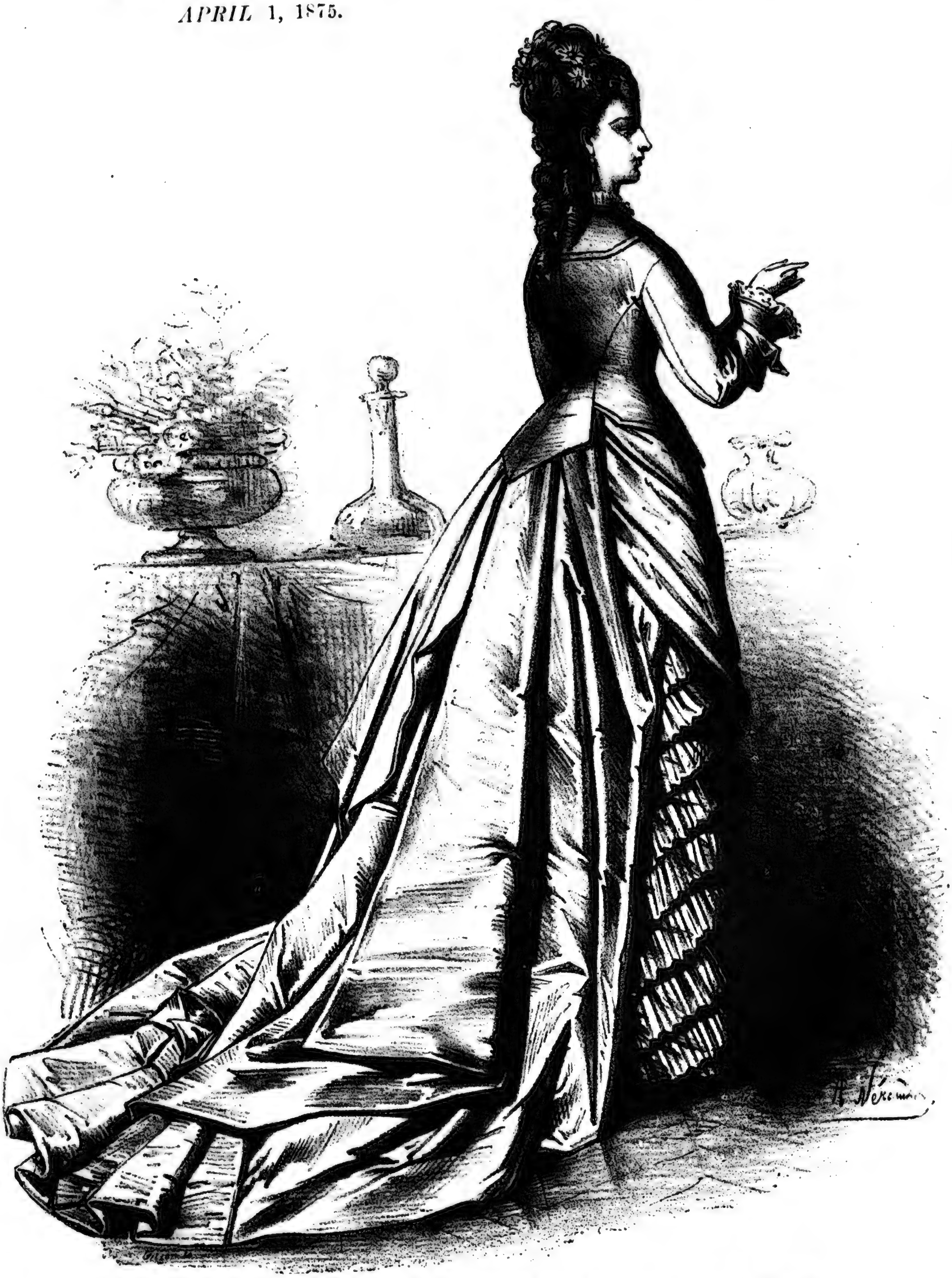

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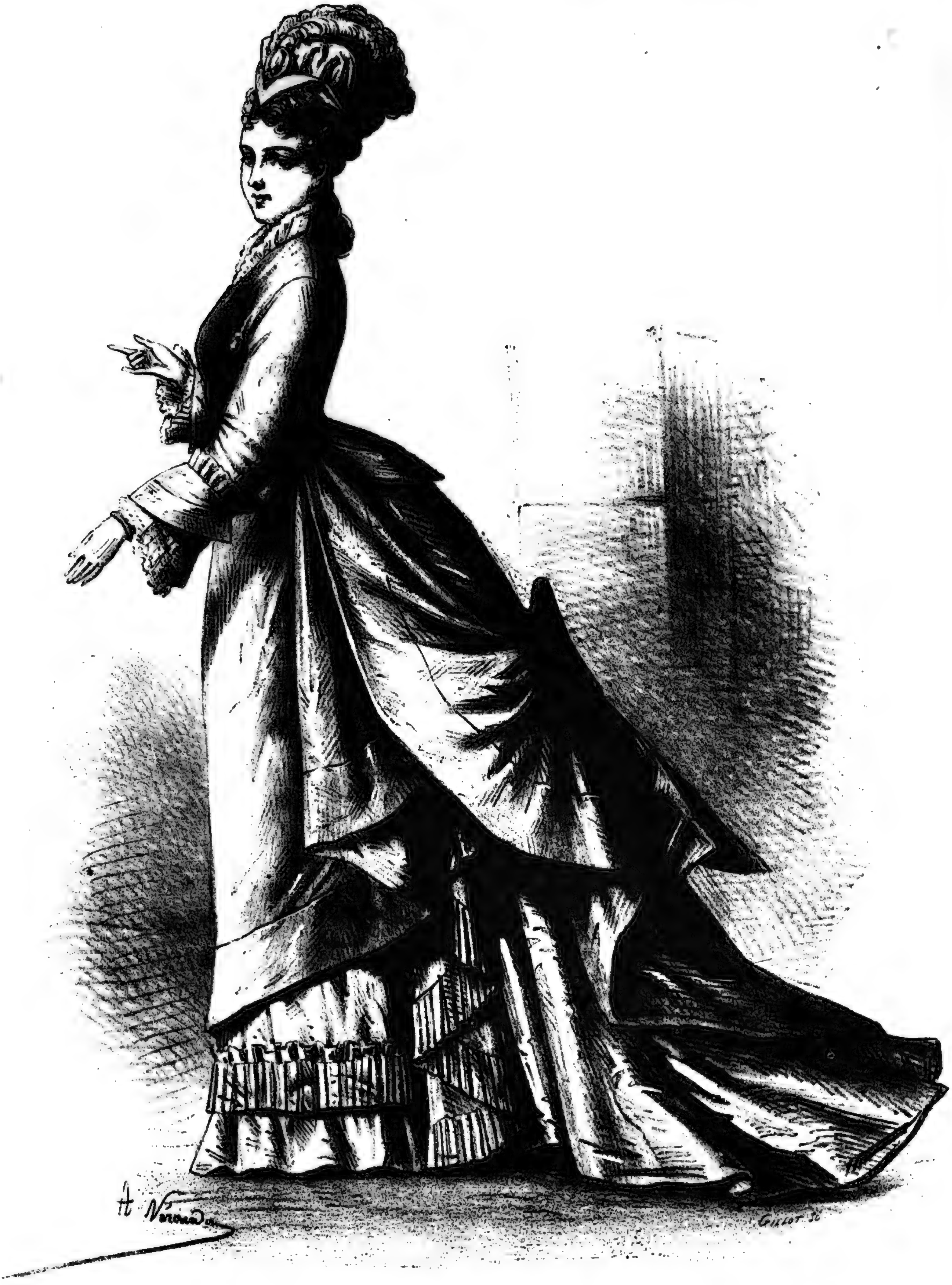

LA RIVIÈRE VISITING COSTUME.

THE LILY MAGAZINE
OR
THE FLOWER OF PURE FICTION

No. 1.—Vol. I.] SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875. [Price One Penny.

HOLDEN WITH THE CORDS.

By W. M. L. JAY,

Author of "Shiloh," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

VERY beautiful was the long vista of the elm-arched street. So irresistibly did it woo the eye to linger among its grey columns and green arches, or wander adown its fair, temple-like perspective to the hazy vanishing point, that the wayfarer might easily forget to observe what sort of dwellings were ranged along its sides. Nor did they seek to force themselves upon his notice. They were all plain, substantial structures, with no obtrusive marks of ostentation or of meanness about them; and they all stood a little back from the street, leaving room for a trim grass-plot, or a thicket of flowering shrubs, between them and the passer-by. They would impress him, collectively, as genuine, well-to-do homes, free alike from the struggles of poverty and the temptations of wealth, without troubling him to recognise them individually, or diverting his gaze from the over-arching elms that were so much better worth his looking at.

Such, at least, would be the fact, until he came to a certain corner, where a large square structure of stuccoed brick, coming boldly forward to the pavement, and planting its heavy steps thereon, would be sure to arrest his glance, and, perhaps, faintly stir his curiosity. It was too large for a private building, and too unpretending for a public one: what was it? If he had put the inquiry into audible words, he would have been told that it was the Medical College. And if his interlocutor had chanced to be a white-haired, genial-faced old man, long ago flung aside from the stream of active life, and consequently with time on his hands for a little chat with a stranger, he would doubtless have woven into his answer the popular witticism—

"Everything here, sir, is arranged just as it should be. The divinity school is on the road to the poorhouse; the law-school adjoins the jail; and the medical college—this building before you, sir,—is hard by the cemetery; you can see the monuments rising above the hedge yonder."

But the young man now coming up the street, through the pleasant play of sunshine and shadow beneath the elms, would neither have asked the question nor smiled at the answer. He knew the stuccoed building well, as a three years' occupant thereof must needs do; and he had heard and repeated the witticism too many times to leave it the faintest sparkle. It was doubtful, too, whether he gave a thought to the loveliness of the elm-arched vista that stretched before him—partly by reason of his familiarity therewith, partly on account of a preoccupied mind, and still more, perhaps, because his bright, brisk, energetic temperament was not of the sort which is quickest to feel the subtile charm, and recognize the delicate outline, of the spirit of beauty. He came on rapidly, with an elastic step and a cheery whistle, and as he neared the college, he cast a quick glance at one of its upper windows. What he saw there would have been a pretty enough sight to most people—merely a tiny brown bird hopping to and fro on the window-sill, and turning its small head briskly from side to side in its search for infinitesimal crumbs; but it brought a shadow to his broad, frank brow.

"Not yet up," he muttered, "or that wren wouldn't be trotting up and down there so complacently! To be sure, he may have gone out, but it isn't likely."

Neither for the look nor the thought did he pause, but strode straight up two flights of stairs, his firm tread resounding loudly through the empty, uncarpeted halls, and knocked at the door of a front room. There was no response. He knocked again, with a somewhat impatient hand, tried the door and found it locked, waited a moment, beat a third emphatic rat-tat-too upon the panel, without eliciting other reply than a faint and dreary echo from the attic above; and, finally, turned on his heel, and walked down-stairs. At the head of the second flight, a thought seemed to strike him; after a moment of hesitation, he turned and knocked at a door close at hand. Scarcely waiting for the prompt "Come in!" he opened it, with the question, "Have you seen Arling this morning!"

The occupant of the room was a broad-shouldered young man, sitting at a table covered with books and papers, and deeply absorbed in study. He only half turned his head, showing a regular, clear-cut profile, as he answered—

"No. I left him so late last night that I overslept this morning, and have thought of nothing but making up lost time. And really, Trubie, a man might be excused for forgetting his best friend—if he had one—in examination week. But is Arling any worse?"

"That's what I should like to know, Roath," returned Trubie, planting himself a little more firmly on the threshold, but taking no notice of the chair that the other had carelessly pushed toward him. "At any rate, he's out."

Roath started, and turned completely round, giving a view of a square-featured, somewhat moody, but still handsome face. "Out!" he repeated, looking both amazed and startled.

"So it would seem. The door is locked, and I rapped and rattled loud enough to wake the dead."

"Oh," said Roath, with a prolonged falling inflection. And after a moment's consideration, he turned back to his books, as if there were no more to be said.

Trubie lingered. Not, evidently, from any special liking for Roath's society, but because he was undecided what to do next. "I don't understand it, Roath," he said slowly. "You know Arling was to have kept his room to-day, by way of gaining strength, and guarding against a relapse. And we were to have gone over 'Barnes' together this morning, so as to be all primed for Professor Beers to-morrow. What *can* he have done with himself?"

"Perhaps," said Roath, absently, with his eyes on his book, "some of the others may have seen him."

Trubie took the hint—if such it was meant to be—and withdrew. He spent the next half-hour in knocking at sundry doors, and repeating, with slight variation, the questions and remarks wherewith he had favoured Roath. No one had seen Arling; no one knew anything about him. All seemed surprised to learn that he had gone out; but all were laboriously cramming for the examinations in progress, and the surprise made but a faint and transient ripple on the surface of their troubled minds. Trubie's persistency impressed them much more strongly; they wondered that he had leisure to bestow upon any anxiety not connected with those dreaded examinations, any fear save that of failing to secure the right to sign himself, "Frank Trubie, M.D."

Nor—to represent him fairly—was the young man himself wholly insensible of his absurdity. "Well!" said he, at last, "I can't afford to spend my morning in this way. I must go back to my room, and set to work. When Arling comes in, tell him I've been here." And away

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he went through the dancing elm-shadows, more quickly than he had come.

Two hours passed. Then Roath closed his books, gathered up his papers, and took his way to the examination room, amid the groups of assembling students. Many eyes followed him, some with admiration, some with envy—few or none, it was plain to see, with affection.

"No question but that he'll pass!" said one. "He's all brain; I'd be content with half as much."

"And his memory!" exclaimed another. "It appears to be constructed on the principle of a rat-trap—ingress is easy; egress not provided for!"

"No one can keep step with him but Arling," remarked a third; "if *he* gets well enough, there will be a close race between them."

"I bet on Arling," said a fourth,—a somewhat slender young man, with an easy, almost careless air, but a thoughtful face, Mark Tracey by name.

"Eh! why?" asked the first speaker.

"Because, as you said just now, Roath is all brain. Whereas Arling, while he does not want for brain, has also a heart and a conscience. And in medicine, as in everything else, that wonderful trio are too strong for brain alone."

"Moralizing, as usual," returned the other with a light laugh.

"Not at all. It is plain common-sense. The history of the world shows it. Perhaps there is no better type of pure intellect than Satan. And Michael the archangel does very well for a representative of love, duty, and intellect, combined. You remember which beat?"

"It is not possible, Tracey, that you believe that fable!"

"Grant that it is a fable," replied Tracey, lifting his eyebrows; "it nevertheless stands for the concrete wisdom of the ages which preceded it."

The last words were spoken on the threshold of the examination room, and of necessity closed the discussion.

Roath's examination on this day did not disappoint the general expectation. Although somewhat paler than ordinary, he was thoroughly self-possessed; his answers were clear and to the point; not once did his memory play him false; scarcely once did he hesitate for a word. He gave evidence not only of close study, but of careful analysis, and profound, sagacious thought. But he looked worn when it was over, as if the mental strain had been severe; and seemed scarcely to hear the comments and congratulations showered upon him.

Into the midst of these burst Trubie, with the old question, "Have you seen anything of Arling?" and hardly waiting for the general "No" which answered it, upstairs he rushed, three steps at a time, to the room of his friend. The stream of talk had scarcely resumed its flow, ere he was back again, with a hurried step, and a perturbed face.

"It's odd about Arling," he began, abruptly. "I can't get any answer, and there's nothing stirring in the room. But I looked into the keyhole, and the key is certainly inside."

Some few of the students, startled by his words, and the deep gravity of his look, gathered around him to discuss the matter, when a stout, gray-haired professor came out from the examination room.

"Good day, Mr. Trubie," said he, as he passed the group. "I hope your patient is doing well."

"I—I don't know, sir," faltered Trubie; "I have not seen him since yesterday, at dusk. And he is unaccountably missing this morning: at least, I thought he must be out when I went to his room, at eight o'clock, and couldn't get in. But I have just been up again, and—and the door is certainly locked on the inside."

Being already in possession of the main facts of the case—namely, that Alec Arling, one of the class of medical students now undergoing examination for their degree, had been suffering for some days from severe and increasing intestinal trouble, and had been advised by the faculty to keep his room for a day or two, under the care of his friend, Frank Trubie; the professor now, by means of a few rapid questions, elicited the additional facts that Trubie had been suddenly called away on the previous evening by family affliction, to his home in a near suburb, and had spent the night there, and that Edmund Roath, who had volunteered to keep a little watch over the sick-room during his absence, had remained with Arling till past midnight, engaged in comparing notes of clinical lectures, and in psychological talk (with which matters Arling *would* busy himself, in spite of remonstrance) and then had left him, recommending him to go to sleep at once, and had heard the door duly locked on his exit. Roath further stated that, in consequence of this protracted sitting, and previous hard work, he had slept late this morning; and, taking it for granted that Trubie, according to promise, was already back at his post, he had seated himself at his books immediately upon rising. Very shortly after Trubie had appeared, and informed him that Arling had gone out, whereat he had been considerably surprised,—not that the young man was unable to leave his room, but because it was inexpedient to do so. Nevertheless, he frankly acknowledged that his mind was too much preoccupied to give more than a passing thought to the matter, especially as he knew well that any remissness on his part was sure to be amply atoned for by Trubie, he and Arling being, as everybody knew, the Damon and Pythias of the class.

The professor was a man of few words, quick conclusions, and prompt action. "There is but one way of getting at the bottom of the matter," said he, at the end of this rapid statement. "Let somebody bring a crowbar, and prize open the door."

Scarce sooner said than done. The door yielded easily to the rude implement, in Trubie's impetuous hands, and was followed by a rush of the assembled students toward the opening, though, even in this moment of eager curiosity, the instinct of subordination allowed the professor to pass in first. He went straight to the bed, where was seen a human form, lying on its side in an easy attitude of slumber. He bent for a moment above this form, while a sudden silence fell upon the startled spectators; he touched the brow, lifted the hand, and then turning slowly round said in deep, serious tones—

"He is dead."

Trubie let fall the crowbar, darted forward, and caught the hand of his dead friend, with a kind of indignant incredulity. But the icy touch, the marble pallor, the lifeless weight, brought instant conviction. He stood as if stunned.

The professor had turned from the bed to the table, where a glass, a spoon, and four or five phials stood within easy reach of the dead man's hand. He held the spoon to his nostrils, and then examined the phials, holding them up to the light. In one, labelled "*Mag. Sol. Morph.*," he seemed to find what he sought.

"Mr. Trubie," said he, turning round, with the open phial in his hand, "did your friend ever say anything to you that indicated a disposition to suicide?"

The question roused the young man from his stupor, although it was a moment or two ere he seemed to comprehend its purport fully. "Never, sir!" he exclaimed, indignantly, a hot flush rising to his brow; "Alec Arling would have scorned to do such a thing! He was neither a fool nor a coward, sir! Besides, there was no earthly reason why he should do it."

The professor shook his head. "He seems to have done it, nevertheless," said he, thoughtfully. "To be sure," he added, after a moment, "it is barely possible that he took it by mistake."

"Most likely that is the real state of the case," remarked Roath, who was standing on the other side of the table, calmly and gravely observant of the scene.

In temperaments like Trubie's the transition from grief to anger is often curiously direct; the one is the natural outlet of the other; and in this instance, the sound of Roath's voice seemed to afford the bereaved and horrified young man the object of indignation that he so sorely needed. Springing quickly forward, and clenching his fist, he confronted the speaker with a convulsive rage and excitement in strong contrast with Roath's grave composure.

"You know better!" he shouted. "It was neither a suicide nor a mistake. You killed him!"

Roath gave a violent start, and seemed about to speak, but his lips only trembled nervously. He was evidently confounded, almost bewildered, by the suddenness and fierceness of the accusation.

Trubie went on with scarce a moment's pause, and with still hotter indignation—"You were last in his room—you acknowledge it. And you hated him."

Roath had regained his self-command, which, to do him justice, he had but for an instant lost. "If you were not beside yourself with grief," said he, coldly, "there could be but one answer to such a charge as that. As it is—"

"'As it is,' I repeat it," interrupted Trubie, with bitter scorn. "I repeat it, and am ready to maintain it, always—anywhere—anyhow!"

Roath drew himself up. "I, too, am ready," he began, haughtily, but the professor interposed. "Mr. Roath," said he, with dignity, "I command you to be silent. Mr. Trubie," laying his hand on the shoulder of the agitated young man, and speaking in a tone of grave rebuke, "much may be forgiven to the first excitement of sorrow and horror, but this is going too far. Such an accusation is not to be made lightly."

"Lightly!" repeated the frantic Trubie, "he hated Alec, I tell you! He couldn't forgive him for rivalling him—aye, and beating him, too—everywhere; in scholarship, in popularity, in"—he hesitated for an instant—"in love."

Roath's face grew dark; a frown traced a deep, vertical line between his brows; he set his teeth, and made a quick stride forward. But a dozen hands seized him, a dozen others laid hold of Trubie, and both were half forced, half led away to their rooms; while the faculty of the college, hastily called together, gathered around the corpse, to examine more minutely into the cause of death.

A coroner's jury was duly summoned. It examined the body, weighed the evidence, and being about equally divided in regard to the question of suicide, finally agreed upon "Accidental Death by Poison," as, upon the whole, the safer and less objectionable verdict. There seemed to be no good reason to suspect murder, nor any ground whatever for implicating Roath, or anybody else, as a perpetrator thereof.

Trubie, to be sure, persisted in his accusation, but it was with a vehemence and a dogmatism so unlike his wonted careless good nature, as to suggest the idea that his mind had been temporarily thrown off its balance by the shock of his friend's death. This idea gained colour from the fact that all which he could offer, in support of so grave a charge, was the statement that he had long seen or suspected in Roath a secret hatred of Arling, and a willingness to do him covert mischief. He had even mentioned the suspicion to his friend; but Arling—being himself of the most candid and generous, as well as unsuspecting temper, unable to conceive of any but an open, honourable enemy—had refused to entertain it for a moment. Trubie also solemnly affirmed that his passionate accusation of Roath, by the side of the newly-discovered corpse, was the involuntary result of an intuition so sudden, so clear, and so powerful that, though little given to look for supernatural agencies in human affairs, he could not rid himself of the conviction that it was the direct inspiration of his dead friend. But it may readily be imagined how much weight a statement of this sort was likely to have with men of plain minds and sturdy understanding, searching among the external phenomena of the event for grounds upon which to base a reasonable verdict.

On the other hand, the theory of accidental poisoning was supported negatively by the lack of apparent cause for self-destruction; and positively, by the fact that on the dead man's table, side by side with the potent narcotic before mentioned, stood a phial of exactly the same size, and with equally colourless contents. Of this Arling had been accustomed to take two or three spoonfuls, mixed with a few drops of a third preparation of exceeding bitter flavour. A careless hand might have taken the one phial for the other. The taste of the morphine, so swallowed, would be much disguised; while the dose was sufficient, under the circumstances, to produce death. It will be seen, therefore, that the verdict rendered was the only one upon which a coroner's jury could well have been expected to agree.

The body was next solemnly laid in a vault, to await the disposal of the parents, who lived in a western state; and the widening circles of excitement, horror, curiosity, and regret, of which it had been the unconscious centre, rapidly subsided, or were effaced by the growing interests of the now imminent closing examination.

Even Trubie, though he flatly refused to acquiesce in the coroner's verdict, was forced tacitly to accept its results. He took refuge in a complete personal proscription of Roath; he neither spoke to him nor looked at him; he treated him precisely as if he did not exist. To a person of Roath's cold, hard, steely temper, and obtuse sensibilities, this demeanour was, perhaps, the most tolerable of which the circumstances admitted. It spared him the necessity of being either conciliatory or resentful; he was well content to ignore Trubie as completely as Trubie ignored him.

He soon found, however, that he had greatly under-estimated the moral force of an abhorrence deeply rooted in immitigable distrust. Though largely given to psychological studies, and profoundly learned, for his years, in the intricacies and tendencies of the human mind, he was astonished to find how soon the atmosphere grew heavy around him, how quickly Trubie's dogged dislike communicated itself, more or less strongly, to others; while the increased cordiality of a few, though kindly intended to offset it, only served to point him out more clearly as one set apart, for the time, from life's ordinary course and level, by the force of an unenviable, if undeserved, notoriety. Not that he ever appeared to be conscious of either of these manifestations, or of their ultimate effect. Nature had given him a moral and intellectual fibre so tough, and he had trained himself to a control so perfect, that the keenest observer could not detect the least variation from his usual composed, concentrated, somewhat moody demeanour. Whatever of suffering, or of sin, lay at the bottom of his heart, not a shadow thereof was seen in his face.

It might well be, however, that he was glad when the examination was over, his degree obtained, and himself left free to depart by any one of the many paths which life opened before him.

Yet he was in no suspicious haste to be gone. His departure was fixed for an early hour on the following morning. Meanwhile, at dusk, he went out for his habitual solitary stroll. Never had he invited companionship, and seldom was it thrust upon him. He had no intimate friend. Though he had not only been admired but respected by many for his intellectual gifts, and for a certain firm, even texture of character, and dispassionateness of judgment, that often looked like virtue, whether such in reality or not, he was beloved by none.

Where he went, what he thought, is not to the purpose of our narrative. His walk was long, however; he did not return until dusk had deepened into clear and starry but moonless night. As he came up through the great, dim elm-arches, with their solemn resemblance to a vast cathedral nave, a strange tremor seized him. A complete sceptic in regard to all superstitions and forebodings, he yet felt his nerves shaking with an undefined fear; he could not rid himself of the impression that something unprecedented and sinister was at that moment taking place. Reaching the college, he ascended the steps with a strange mixture of eagerness and reluctance; and immediately became aware of a subdued but excited murmur of voices in the upper hall. At the same moment, Mark Tracey came rushing down the stairs, carpet-bag in hand.

"What's up?" asked Roath, in a voice that trembled in spite of himself.

"I don't rightly know," responded Tracey, hurriedly,—"I am so late for the train, that I couldn't stop to hear. Something about a diamond that Trubie has found in Arling's glass—the one from which the poor fellow drank his death-draught, I believe. Good-bye!" And away he went.

Had he waited but for an instant, he would have been startled and spell-bound by the deadly whiteness of Roath's face. Through all the glimmering indistinctness of the dimly-lighted hall his features were clearly discernible by reason of that marble pallor. For the moment he seemed to loose sense and consciousness; he would have fallen, except for the friendly support of the wall against which he leaned.

But it was only for a moment. The man's hard energy of character, his iron will, his rigid self-control, though they had gone down before the suddenness and severity of the shock, quickly rose again. With a mighty effort, he rallied his broken forces; back into his face came the look of purpose, the sense of power, the sternness of immitigable resolve; and this was so rapid and almost imperceptible a change, that it seemed as if the granite man must have stood there from the first, and the weak man not at all. While Tracey's receding footsteps still echoed faintly from without, going swiftly in the direction of the city's principal thoroughfare—while the murmur of voices from above was still at its eager, wondering height—he had turned, noiselessly descended the steps, and was gliding down through the sombre elm-arches, swift and stealthy as a phantom. The street was shadowy at best, but he chose the darker side; it was well nigh deserted at that hour, but he soon turned into a still less frequented one, and then struck into a more assured and less noiseless as well as swifter pace.

As he went he drew a ring from his finger, and, glancing hastily round to make sure that he was unobserved, he flung it far into the dusky shadow of a garden thicket. Only the day before a friend had said to him: "Roath, do you know that the stone is gone from your ring?" and he had answered, "Yes; and I am sorry to have lost it, for it was my father's." And he had proceeded to point out the antique setting, and to describe the peculiar shape and tint of the gem which it had enclosed. He gnashed his teeth as he recalled the short but momentous conversation. But for that he would not have fled.

The garden into which he had flung the ring adjoined a small cottage; and at one of the open windows a grey-haired dame sat in a high-backed chair, listening to the clear, musical voice of an invisible reader. This fragment of a sentence floated out to him on the dim night air—"*He shall be holden with the cords of*—"

Even at that moment the words struck him sharply. Involuntarily he slackened his pace, and half-turned to catch the remainder of the sentence, but it was inaudible. The uncertainty before him, the terror behind, were for the time almost forgotten in a certain chill curiosity, "Holden with the cords!—holden with the cords!" he repeated to himself, as he hurried on—"I wonder what book she was reading! I should really like to hear the end of that sentence."

Still keeping up his swift pace and vigilant glance, he nevertheless sank into a partial abstraction. Some disconnected sentences, breaking at intervals from his lips, served to show the current of his thoughts.

"Set it down, once for all," he muttered, "that crime—absolute crime, of which the law can take hold—is a mistake. Into the best-laid scheme, the one most carefully framed and skilfully executed, Chance—many would say Providence (*can* there be a Providence, after all?) drops some trivial, fortuitous circumstance, which disconcerts or betrays everything. The question is, could it have been foreseen? I have worn that ring for sixteen years. No! no! It is too subtile and too intricate a matter to think about now. I have more pressing subjects of reflection. Only set it down for future use that the essential thing is to keep clear of crime."

"*Holden with the cords!*" echoed suddenly and pertinaciously through his memory, as if by way of defiant answer to the conclusion that he had reached. He set his teeth, and dashed more swiftly onward.

Ere long he reached the railway depot. In a large, underground space, half-filled with smoke and steam, a train stood on the track, the engine fretting and snorting like a steed impatient to be off, and the bell ringing out a hasty summons, curiously typifying the sharp call to leap on to some favourable train of circumstances, and be borne away to fortune or to ruin, which life often gives us at certain fateful moments of its rapid career. Roath sprang to the rear platform, and on the instant the train moved.

Swiftly it left the depot behind: decayed fences, rickety outhouses, heaps of rubbish and offal, quickly receded into a dingy perspective of rearward city life; scattered coal yards, and freight and engine-houses succeeded; and then, the cool, moist air coming in at the windows, and a swift-gliding panorama of what looked like a terrestrial sky and stars, told him that he was being borne rapidly along the causeway that traversed the broad bay, in the tranquil waters of which the fair night-heavens were faithfully mirrored. Hastily running his eye over his fifty or sixty fellow-passengers, and finding no familiar face, he settled himself back in his seat with a long-drawn breath of relief. He remembered that he was on an express train, with twenty miles between him and the next station; he could count upon a safe half hour, at least, for the working out of the difficult problem before him. To that problem he at once addressed himself, with the whole force of his intellect and will—though ever and anon, that perplexing fragment of a sentence *would* float distractingly through his mind, saying itself over and over to the accompaniment of the sharp click of the rails—"Holden with the cords—Holden with the cords!"

From that night, for many years, Edmund Roath disappeared as completely from the sight and search of all who had known him as if the train wherein he sat had suddenly flung itself headlong from that narrow causeway, and those deep, silent, star-mirrowing waters, closing above him, had steadfastly refused to give up their dead. In brief space of time his very name, as well as the circumstances that had made it notorious, was forgotten by those who had been most diligent in passing it from mouth to mouth. Seldom was it recalled even by the few who had known him best, and had yielded the heartiest admiration to his rare intellectual gifts. Having never taken any real hold of any human heart, it was but natural that he should pass behind the first intervening cloud, and leave no vacancy.

Did he thereby escape the worst consequences of his sin?

PART FIRST.

A WAY THAT SEEMETH RIGHT.

I.

"PROVERBS, AND THE INTERPRETATION."

THE road was straight, level, and monotonous. It seemed to stretch on for miles, walled in, on either hand, by the rank and profuse foliage of the South. Great cottonwoods and water-oaks, walnuts, cypresses, larches and junipers, stood side by side, with their brawny arms interlaced, and their trunks hidden in a dense and varied undergrowth; while jessamines and wild grapevines climbed up to meet the sunshine at their tops, and pendent moss hung their boughs with swaying drapery of gray-green leaves and filaments.

It scarcely needs to be added that the road was pleasantly cool and shadowy in the late September afternoon. Even at midday, its track would present but few and scant patches of sunshine, alternating with dense masses of shadow or spots of flickering light and shade. Now, therefore, with the sun hanging red and low in the western horizon, scarce a fitful orange gleam fell athwart the path of the only traveller in sight,—a young man, of thoughtful face and stalwart figure, striding on at a firm, even pace, with a portmanteau strapped across his shoulder. Both the face and the portmanteau seemed to indicate that his walk was not for pleasure merely, but tended to some definite, anticipated goal; while the keen, observant glance with which he noted, not only every object of interest along his route, but the character of the soil beneath and the foliage overhead, showed that his road was as unfamiliar as it had been, for the most part, solitary. Since he left the outskirts of the city of Savalla behind, more than two hours ago, he had seen but three human faces.

For some time past, the road had led through a monotonous pine barren, and the traveller had fallen into a fit of thought. Raising his eyes, at last, from the path on which they had been fixed in abstraction, he saw that the long vista before him was once more enlivened by a moving object. His keen, far sight, trained in western wilds, easily made it out to be a half-obsolete kind of chaise, moving in the same direction as himself, but moving so slowly that he gained on it at every step. In a few moments, he was close behind it, quietly observing its superannuated style and condition, as well as the skinny little horse that furnished its motive power. Hearing the sound of his quick, firm tread, its occupant lifted his eyes from the tattered volume over which he was poring, and turned to look at him.

He himself, in a very different way, was well worthy of observation. He was small and spare, probably not more than sixty years of age, but looking much older. He had that parched and wizened look, oftenest the work of circumstances rather than years, which makes it difficult to realize that the possessor was ever young. His hair and complexion had once been light; the one was now gray, the other sallow, except for a faint suggestion of red at the tip of an otherwise handsome nose. His breath exhaled a perceptible odour of strong drink, surrounding him as with an atmosphere of inflammable gas. His dress was made up of divers ill-fitting garments that had doubtless accrued to him from cast-off wardrobes; not one of them bearing any relation to the other, but all being in an advanced stage of seediness well suited to the wearer. Something of the same fusing of special incongruities into general fitness also characterized his manner; wherein the mean and furtive air of the shiftless old vagabond was curiously blended with the pathetic dignity of the decayed gentleman.

He eyed the young foot traveller narrowly for a moment, though with a sidelong rather than a straightforward glance; then, bringing his willing horse to a stand by a jerk of the reins, and a sonorous "Whoa!" he lifted his hat and gravely accosted him:—

"*Manus manum lavat.* Men were meant to help each other. Have a ride, sir?"

The stranger hesitated, perhaps trying to reconcile the address and the speaker, perhaps with a natural enough doubt as to the character of the companionship thus offered. "Thank you," said he, at last, "but I doubt if it be worth while."

"'Good and Quickly seldom meet,'" responded the other, sententiously. "Besides," he added, seeing that the traveller was puzzled to understand the drift of his saw, "Pegasus—I call him Pegasus because he's *not* winged—is 'like a singed cat, better than he looks.' Moreover, *Compagnon bien parlant vaut en chemin chariot branlant.* Which may be freely translated, 'Good company shortens the road as much as a swift horse.'"

"Oh! I meant no disrespect to your equipage, I assure you," returned the young man smiling. "Only, I supposed that I must be near my journey's end. Is it far to Berganton?"

"That depends. 'The last straw breaks the camel's back.' It is three miles, more or less. But I should have said, from your face, that you would want to stop this side of that."

"Do I look so tired? Indeed I am not."

"Um—no, I should say not. But faces show something besides weariness,—'like father, like son,' you know. If your looks are to be trusted, there's an old mansion about a quarter of a mile farther on, whose door ought to open to you of its own accord—if it can open at all."

The young man smiled and shook his head. "I am sorry that my looks should belie me," said he, "but I have no claim upon the said mansion's hospitality."

"Umph! 'tis a wise child that knows its own father. Tush, tush, man!" he added, hastily, seeing the young man's cheek flush, "I meant no harm; proverbs run from my tongue like water from a Dutch roof. Besides, *Nao ha palavra mal dita se naõ fora mal entendida*,—that is to say, 'No word is ill-spoken which is not ill-taken.' But come! come! jump in! I'll carry you to Berganton, since that's your goal, and welcome. The night is drawing on apace; you'll be glad of my pilotage before we get there."

The young man glanced down the darkening road, from which the last ray of sunlight had vanished, and seemed still to hesitate; but finally sprang lightly into the chaise, and the horse jogged on.

"Proverbs," continued the old man, treating his three last sentences as mere parentheses, "have been the study of my life. I know Lord Chesterfield bans them as vulgar, but is he wiser than Solomon? or better authority than Cicero and Scaliger and Erasmus and Bacon and Bentley? Bah! the whole gist of his writings might be compressed into two or three of the maxims that he affects to despise. 'Fair-and-Softly goes far in a day,' will live when his 'Letters' are forgotten. And a good reason why. Proverbs are the royal road to wisdom. They're the crystallized experience of the ages. They epitomize the minds and manners of the people that brought them forth. Who but a 'smooth, fause' Lowland Scot, for instance, would have said 'Rot him awa' wi' butter an' eggs?' Who but a marauding Hielander would have declared, 'It's a bare moor that ane goes o'er and gets na a coo?' Who but poor priest-ridden, king-ridden Spain would have said, *Fraile que pide por Dios, pide por dos*, 'The friar that begs for God, begs for two;' *Quien la vaca del rey come flaca, gorda la paga*, 'He who eats the king's cow lean, pays for it fat;'—but I ought to beg your pardon, perhaps you know Spanish?"

"Not very well," good-naturedly replied the young man, taking pity on his companion's inveterate habit of translation, and the delight which it plainly afforded him.

"Well enough, I suppose, to know that it's a mine of wealth to the proverb-hunter," rejoined the old man graciously, continuing abruptly to his horse,—"Hallo! Pegasus! what are you about?"

The horse, being left to his own guidance while his master was riding his favourite hobby, had taken occasion to shoot off from the main road into an apparently little-used track, cut through a thick pine-barren at the left. He had made several lengths before his driver, taken at a disadvantage, could pull him up.

"Pegasus is of the opinion that 'the longest way round is the surest way home,'" remarked the old man, apologetically, as he scanned the narrow, tree-lined track, with a view to the possibility of turning safely around. "Or," he added, with a glance of sly humour at the traveller, "perhaps he thinks, as I did just now, that Bergan Hall is your natural destination."

"Bergan Hall," repeated the young man, in a tone of extreme surprise,—"is this the way to Bergan Hall? I thought you came to the village first, from Savalla."

"So you did, once," rejoined the old man, looking surprised, in his turn; "but that must have been before you were born, if your face doesn't belie your age. The road used to make a long elbow, to get round that swamp which you crossed a mile back. But it was straightened thirty years ago at least,—*Autre temps, autre chemin*,—a different time, a different road. And so you *are* going to Bergan Hall? Well, thanks to luck and Pegasus, you're in the right way."

"But I must not take you out of yours," responded the young man, good-naturedly. And he had jumped out of the chaise before its owner was well aware of his intention.

"*Canis festinans cæcos parit catulos*," muttered the old man, in a tone of chagrin. "In other words, 'Look before you leap.' I'd as soon have gone this way as the other. My place lies between the Hall and the village, and the choice of roads isn't worth shucks,—at least, in comparison with a pleasant chat. However, you're out, and I suppose it's no use to ask you to get in again, since the Hall is but a few rods away. Keep straight ahead till you come to the old avenue, then turn to the left. Good day, *il n'y a si bons compagnons qui ne se separent*,—the best friends must part."

"Yes—to meet again," said the young man, pleasantly.

"Very true; *les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," returned the old man, slowly and cautiously backing his crazy vehicle around. And with another "Good day," and a parting gesture, he quickly disappeared among the fast-falling shadows.

The young man stood looking after him for a moment, with a smile half of amusement, half of pity, upon his lips. But his features soon settled into something more than their accustomed gravity, and suddenly facing about, he pursued his way.

Ere long the tall, crowded pines of the barren gave place to various stubble and fallow grounds, with here and there a late crop waiting to be harvested; and shortly after, the narrow, irregular track that he had been following encountered a broader and more beaten one. Recognizing this, with some difficulty, as the "avenue" of which his late companion had spoken, he stopped, and gazed up and down with a look of surprise and pain.

It was bare of trees; but on either side extended a long row of live-oak stumps, the size of which showed what massive trunks and far-reaching branches had once columned and arched it like a temple. Here and there, some forgotten bole or bough lay and rotted upon the very spot which it had formerly overhung with a soft canopy of verdure, and made beautiful with pleasant play of sunshine and leaf-shadow; while around it gathered a rank luxuriance of weeds, transmuting its slow aristocratic decay into teeming, plebeian life. In one or two cases, as if moved by an almost human sympathy, vines had sprung up around the bereaved stumps, and sought to soften their hard outlines with clinging drapery of leaves and tendrils. They had also done their best to cover up various unsightly gaps in the long lines of ruinous fence that divided the avenue from the open fields on either side. Yet the final effect of these gentle touches was only to deepen the painful impression of the scene. Where they did not reach, the bareness was so much more bare, the dilapidation so much uglier!

The young observer felt this bareness and dilapidation to his heart's core,—felt it all the more keenly because an image of the avenue's pristine grandeur, derived from the surrounding fragments (or from some other source), continually rose before his mind's eye, to heighten its present desolation by contrast. His brow contracted as he gazed; and the expression of his face changed rapidly from surprise to dissatisfaction, from dissatisfaction to perplexity, from perplexity to doubt. Once, he turned as if half-minded to retrace his steps; but the next moment, he shook off his irresolution with a gesture of disdain, and immediately hastened forward.

The avenue terminated in an open, circular space. Evidently, it had once been a lawn; but it was now covered with half-obliterated furrows, showing that at some not very remote period, it had been planted with corn. Around it stood a number of gigantic live-oaks, heavily draped with moss, and brooding dusky shadows under their massive boughs. Fronting upon it, was a large mansion of dark brick, consisting of an upright, two-story main building, with a huge, clustered chimney in the midst, and long, low, rambling wings on either side.

The whole place had a deserted and melancholy appearance. The moss on the live-oaks swayed slowly to and fro in the evening breeze, with a wonderfully sombre and funereal effect; and the mansion was dark and silent as any ruin. Not a light shone from the closed windows; not a sound came from the deep, shadowy doorway; and the unsteady stone steps, slippery with damp and green with moss, gave the impression of a spot where no human foot had left its print for many years.

The young man halted at a little distance from the dark building, and surveyed it moodily. "Can *this* be Bergan Hall?" he murmured. "Can this gloomy old ruin be the open, cheery, hospitable mansion, full of light and life, that my mother has so often described to me? It looks a habitation for ghosts—and for ghosts only! I wonder if any living being—"

Breaking off abruptly, he ascended the moss-grown steps, only to find that the vines which so heavily draped the portico, had woven a thick network across the door. It was plain that it had not been opened for months, perhaps years. Nevertheless, not to be easily daunted, he found and lifted the knocker. It fell with a dull lifeless sound, that smote the young man's heart like a sudden chill. A dreary reverberation came from within, and then died away into silence. He knocked again, and, listening intently, he fancied that he heard the sound of stealthy footsteps within, and a slight creaking of the floor. But so dead a silence followed upon these imaginary sounds, that he soon became convinced of his involuntary self-deception.

Turning from the door, he now noticed a little footpath running round the end of one of the long wings. Committing himself to this timely guide, he soon came in sight of the rear of the mansion, which looked upon a sort of court; where a few ornamental shrubs still held an uncertain tenure against the encroachments of divers sorts of lawless and vagrant vegetation. At a little distance, was a long range of dilapidated offices, showing upon what an almost princely scale the housekeeping had once been administered. But this part of the premises was not less dark, silent, and deserted than the other.

The footpath still held on, however, past the court and the offices, toward a bright light at a considerable distance. "The negro quarter!" muttered the young man, recognizing the whereabout of one of the most salient features of his mother's well-remembered descriptions. "At least, I may learn there what it all means." And, quickening his steps, he soon came upon a busy and picturesque scene.

In the midst of a large, quadrangular space, flanked on three sides by double rows of negro-cabins, and on the fourth apparently sloping down to a water-course, was a rough sort of threshing-mill, now idle, but showing satisfactory results of its day's labour in a large heap of rice by its side. A crowd of negroes, of both sexes, coarsely and uncouthly clad, were busily filling odd, shallow baskets from this heap, which they then poised on their heads, and bore off down the slope to some unseen goal. There were two regular, silent files, the one coming, the other going; and the heap of grain steadily and even swiftly diminished. Near the mill, stood the only white person visible,—a large, powerfully-framed man, carelessly and even shabbily dressed, yet with the unmistakable air of ownership about him. At his left hand, a half-naked, impish looking negro boy was holding a blazing pitch-pine torch, by the light of which he seemed to be jotting down some sort of memoranda in a small book.

Toward this personage, after a moment's scrutiny, the young man unhesitatingly made his way, with the air of one who has found something certain amid much that is confused, illusory, and perplexing. He was immediately spied by the negroes, and followed by their curious gaze; albeit, they ventured not to intermit their labour for an instant, but contented themselves with slowly and stiffly turning their burdened heads toward him as they marched on, and keeping their shining black eyes fixed on him to the last, in such wise that the heads of the retreating file seemed to have been set on backwards. The boy with the torch was perhaps the most wondering, open-mouthed gazer of them all.

As yet, the master of the premises had not been made aware of the stranger's approach; but, looking up to reprimand his torch-bearer for inattention, he observed the imp's dumbfounded gaze, and turned to see what had caused it.

"My uncle, Mr. Bergan, I presume," said the young man, taking off his hat, and bowing low: "I am Bergan Arling." And he added, after a moment, seeing that the other did not speak, "I bring you a letter from my mother."

II.

STUDYING TO ANSWER.

MAJOR BERGAN—to give him the title by which he was known throughout the country round—displayed no alacrity of welcome. He first scanned his visitor closely from head to foot, and then silently extended his hand for the letter which the young man had drawn forth from an inner pocket.

"Hold that light here!" were his first words, in a tone deep as a thunder-peal, and addressed not to Bergan Arling, but to the torch-bearer. "And quit your staring, and mind your business, or I'll—"

The sentence died away in an inarticulate growl, but the boy was plainly at no loss to understand its purport. With a startled look, he fixed his eyes on the torch, and only ventured to withdraw them for an occasional furtive glance at the object of his curiosity. Meanwhile, his master opened the letter, and read it deliberately from beginning to end. The light of the torch fell full upon his face as he did so, giving Bergan Arling an opportunity to study him in his turn.

His face was a striking one; in youth it had doubtless been handsome. Now, his brow was too massive, his mouth too stern, his eyes too cold, his beard too gray and heavy, to bear any relation to mere personal beauty. All soft lights and lines had long gone out of them; what remained was hard, bold, and rugged, as a rocky headland in winter. The rude strength, which was the marked characteristic of his form, repeated itself emphatically in his face. Comparing it with the mental portrait, carefully touched and retouched by his mother's hand, which Bergan had carried in his mind since childhood, he felt that the one resembled the other only as a tree in autumn, stripped bare of its foliage and its blossoms, resembles the same tree in its gracious summer bloom and verdure. Little trace of the frank, proud lineaments, the warm, yet generous temper, of that ideal picture, was to be found in this harsh, stubborn, sarcastic face; the face of a man long given over to the hardening influences of a solitary and a selfish life. In short, Major Bergan confirmed anew the old truth that no man can live long for himself alone, shutting out all gentler ties and amenities, and driving straight at his own practical ends, unmindful of either the ways, the opinions, or the feelings of others, without reaping his due reward in a loss of moral health, and a gradual decay of all his finer sensibilities and higher instincts.

The only point wherein the real man resembled the ideal one was in a certain ineffaceable pride of birth, showing itself not only in his port, but darkening his harsh features with a heavy shade of hauteur.

Yet a smile might do much to light up and soften the Major's face; and the smile came when he had finished the letter, and did its work all the more effectually because it was a somewhat sad one.

"Forty and two years," said he, musingly, "since Eleanor went! Yet I can see her now, with her bright face and her arch ways! She was the sunshine of the old Hall; it has never been the same place since she left it. And she would hardly know it, if she were to come back now! But times change; and we are fools if we do not change with them. Well, my boy! I'm glad to see you, and that is not what I would say to many,—I'm not much in the way of having visitors. But Eleanor's son is heartily welcome to the old place."

He took his nephew's hand, shook it cordially, and continued to hold it in a vice-like grasp, while he once more attentively scanned the young man's features.

"You are a true Bergan," he said, at length, "I'm glad to see that! And you have *her* eyes, too. Ah, what eyes they used to be! as soft and bright as any fawn's! Well! well! it's no use to think of the old times—they can't come back. But I *am* right glad to see you, my boy; and I take it very kind of Eleanor to have sent you to me. Is she much changed?"

"I suppose so," said Bergan, smiling,—"that is, since you knew her. She has not changed greatly during my remembrance. She is a young-looking woman yet, for her years; her eyes are still bright, and her cheeks rosy. Our western climate and life have agreed with her well. Yet I cannot fancy her a young lady."

"Ah, but you shall see her as a young lady! There's a portrait of her in the old house, taken not long before she went away, that does everything but speak and move. Indeed, I used to imagine that it did both, when I had it in my quarters out here, as I did for a time. But it gave me the blues so, to look at it, and think how things used to be, and see how they had altered, that I finally sent it back to its old place in the portrait gallery. But how did you get here, at this hour?"

"I walked from Savalla, leaving my baggage—except this portmanteau—to come on by stage to-morrow."

"Walked! A nice little tramp of thirteen miles or more! Why in the name of sense didn't you ride?"

"I was too late for the stage, and could not readily find a hack. To be sure, I wasted but little time in looking for one; I do not mind walking, I am used to it."

"That may do very well for the West. But you'll lose caste, my boy, if you walk here. You must have a horse."

"When I can afford it," replied the young man, lightly shrugging his shoulders. "Meanwhile, doubtless, I shall find my western habit useful, if vulgar. But I am not prepared to admit that it is vulgar. A young English nobleman, who spent some months in our neighbourhood, was a practised walker; he thought nothing of fifteen or twenty miles, on occasion. And if it was 'caste' for him, why not for me?"

"Humph! we Southerners boast a good deal of our English ancestors, but we don't feel called upon to imitate them!"

With the softening recollections of his youth, the Major had also laid aside his unwonted gentleness of manner; and the freezing satire of his last words, though it was doubtful whether he meant it for himself or his nephew, pained the young man's ear. Instinctively he dropped the discussion.

"I forgot to mention," said he, "that I did not walk quite the whole distance. A queer old character whom I overtook, insisted upon giving me a lift to Berganton."

"To Berganton! What had you to do with Berganton, I should like to know?"

"I was not aware that the road had been changed; I supposed that I must needs pass through the village on my way to Bergan Hall. I intended to stay there over night, and come to you early in the morning,—I did not think it right to descend upon you suddenly, late at night. But finding myself unexpectedly on the road hither, and almost in sight of the Hall, I regarded it as an indication of Providence not to be misunderstood."

"And well you did!" returned the Major, with rude emphasis, "well you did! I should have taken it as a direct insult if my sister's son had slept anywhere in this region, but on the old place. I wish I could say, under the old roof," he went on, in a friendlier tone, "but that leaks like a sieve, and I quitted it long ago. Of course, it might have been mended; but, to tell the truth, the old house was much too big and gloomy and damp and disagreeable to keep bachelor's hall in comfortably, and I was glad to get out of it. Besides, I'd had all sorts of trouble with my overseers, and I decided that the only way to have things managed to my mind was to manage them myself. In order to do that, it was necessary to be on the spot. So I fixed up my overseer's cottage into a snug little box for myself, where I'm as cosy and comfortable as a rat in a rice-heap. But come in, and see for yourself how it looks. Jip, you rascal! why don't you take your young master's portmanteau?"

The torch-boy caught the portmanteau, and Bergan followed his uncle into a small cottage at one corner of the quadrangle, so situated as to command a view both of the mill and the cabins. The room into which he was ushered was plainly but comfortably furnished. A fire of pitch-pine knots blazed on the hearth, reddening the rough walls and the bare floor with its pleasant glow. A slipshod negress, with a gay turban, was busy laying the table for supper. The effect was, upon the whole, cheery, and ought to have been especially so to a tired and hungry traveller; yet Bergan looked around him with a manifest air of disappointment. His uncle noticed it, and remarked, apologetically,

"You would prefer to see the Hall, eh? Well, you shall see it in the morning, and I reckon you'll agree with me that it's anything but a cheerful-looking abode. Though, if I had known that a nephew of mine was coming to keep me company, I don't know but I should have stayed there."

The negress now signified that supper was on the table, the food having been brought in, ready cooked, from the nearest cabin; and Major Bergan pointed to a chair opposite his own.

"Sit down, Harry, and fall to. Your tramp must have given you a right sharp appetite."

"Thank you. But, uncle, my name is Bergan, not Harry."

"Not Harry!" repeated the Major, sharply,—"I should like to know the reason why! Didn't your mother write that she had named you for me?"

"Yes, certainly. But she regarded you as the head of the family, and in giving me the family name—"

"She named you for the whole breed—my degenerate half-brother and all!" interrupted the Major, bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with a force that threatened to demolish it. "I tell you what it is, sir, I shall not stand any half-way work! If you are named after me, you've got to go the whole figure. Harry Bergan Arling you are, and Harry Bergan Arling you shall be,—at least as long as you stay in these parts."

The imperious tone of this speech was by no means agreeable to Bergan's ear; it was not without an effort that he replied, pleasantly:—

"Call me what you like, uncle. I shall not refuse to answer to any name that you are pleased to give me."

Major Bergan was evidently much gratified. "That's right, my boy!—we'll shake hands upon that!" he exclaimed, heartily. "I'm glad to see that Eleanor has raised her son in the good old fashion of submission to elders. Bless my soul! I thought it was entirely obsolete. Young men round here know more at twenty than the fathers that begot them. As for obedience, they leave that to the negroes."

The meal was abundant and substantial. It consisted of a single course, of bacon, vegetables, and corn-bread, very simply, not to say rudely, served. It would seem that the master of the feast cared no more for refinements of table than of manner. Here, as elsewhere, were to be seen the pernicious effects of his solitary mode of life. He ate greedily; he forgot his duties as host, or they came but tardily to his remembrance; he fell into fits of abstraction, and started as from a dream at the sound of his nephew's voice. Yet tokens were not wanting that he had once been well versed in the art of external manners. At intervals, answering involuntarily, as it were, to the touch of Bergan's fine, natural courtesy, the gentlemanly instincts of earlier days revived, and flung a momentary grace around his words and actions. It was like the sunbeams that occasionally glimmer out over a cloudy landscape, attracting the gaze even more surely than any full blaze of splendour, yet causing a certain impatience, as if they ought either to kindle into satisfactory brightness, or be wholly extinguished. The rudeness of his ordinary manner was only thrown into bolder relief by these flashes of a half-extinct good breeding.

To meet the demands of thirst, a bottle of brandy, and another of water, stood by Major Bergan's plate; which, after filling his own glass, he pushed over to his nephew.

"There, Harry! that is what will put new life into you, after your journey."

"Thank you; but I seldom use brandy."

"A little too strong for you, eh?" returned the Major, indulgently. "Well, there's a stock of wine in the cellar of the Hall,—I reckon some of it must be fifty or sixty years old, it has been there ever since I can remember,—I'll send for a bottle or two of that." And he uplifted a stentorian call of "Jip," which brought that urchin-of-all-work to the door, in breathless haste.

"Uncle,"—began Bergan, but the Major was thundering out minute directions about cellars, and keys, and tiers, and labels, and either could not, or would not, hear.

"I am sorry that you have given yourself the trouble," said Bergan, when Jip had departed on his errand and quiet was restored. "I do not care for wine."

Major Bergan set down his glass, and looked at his nephew sternly and gloomily. "Don't tell me that you are a mean-spirited teetotaller," he growled. "I can't say how I might take it. There never was a milksop in the family yet."

"No, I am hardly that. But I am not accustomed to use spirituous liquors of any sort. And I certainly do not need them. I am in perfect health; I hardly know what it is to feel tired."

"I wish I didn't!" muttered his uncle, a little less savagely. "I'm pretty hearty, for my years, to be sure. But an ache gets into my bones now and then, just to remind me that I am not so young as I was once. And the best thing to rout it is a good glass of brandy. Better take one?"

"Not if you will be so good as to excuse me," replied Bergan, with a smile so frank, and a gesture so courteous, that the Major was irresistibly mollified.

"A guest's wish is a command," said he, with one of his rare glimmers of courtesy. "But here comes the wine! I really cannot excuse you from that,—at least, I should be very loath to do so. I'll even join you in a glass. Here's to your mother's health and happiness!—you won't refuse to drink that, not on the place where she was raised."

If Bergan was annoyed by his uncle's persistency, he forebore to show it. But, having duly honoured the toast, he pushed his glass aside, and declined every invitation to have it refilled.

"Well, well," said his uncle, at last, in a tone of resignation, "we won't quarrel about it now. But I see that your education is incomplete, and I shall take it upon myself to finish it. If I don't teach you to drink like a gentleman, in a month, I shall know that you are no true Bergan, in spite of your looks."

Bergan only smiled.

"Your temperance is the one thing I don't like about you," pursued his uncle, filling his own glass to the brim. "Ah, yes, there's one more;—your mother writes that you have studied law, and mean to practise it."

"Yes; I received my license just two months ago."

"Humph! it's well named! 'License,' indeed! Licensed to lie, cheat, steal,—or, at least, to help others to do so, which amounts to the same thing. No, no, Harry; it may be well to know law enough to keep from being imposed upon, but a Bergan can't stoop to practise it. Lawyers are, without exception, a set of miserable, lying, sneaking pettifoggers. You could drop the souls of a dozen into a child's thimble, and they'd rattle in the end of it after she had put it on her finger."

Bergan's cheek flushed a little, but he was more impressed by the comic than the provoking side of his uncle's dogged prejudice, and he only answered, good-humouredly:—

"I am sory that you should have had occasion to think so badly of the profession. I shall feel that it is incumbent upon me to make you change your opinion."

"Never!" growled Major Bergan, with an oath. "You would find it easier to lift the Gibraltar rock on the point of a needle. Unless," he added, after a moment, "you can tell me how to make a suit lie against Godfrey Bergan. I've been trying it for ten years, and I've spent money enough to buy another plantation as large as this."

"My uncle Godfrey!" exclaimed Bergan, in much surprise. "Why, what has he done?"

"You had better not call him your 'uncle Godfrey' in my hearing," responded the Major, grimly. "In ceasing to be my half-brother, he ceased to be your uncle. Done! What hasn't he done? First, he got his head filled with cursed abolitionist notions, and freed all his slaves. Next, he offered the greater part of his land for sale at public auction;—just think of it! some of the old lands of Bergan Hall put up to be knocked down to the highest bidder! But I settled *that* business, by proclaiming far and wide that whoever bid for them might expect to reckon with me for his impertinence; and as I'm known to be a man of my word, no one dared to lift his voice at the sale, and I got them at my own price. Finally Godfrey capped the climax of his degeneracy by opening a hardware store in Berganton. Think of that, Harry!—a Bergan of Bergan Hall, with a long pedigree of warriors and nobles at his back, standing behind a counter, selling hoes and tea-kettles to negroes and crackers!"

Bergan was silent. Though not without some touch of family pride, derived from his mother, he had nevertheless been taught to believe all upright labour honourable, to hold that life was ennobled from within, by its motive and aim, rather than from without, by its place and form. He could not help suspecting, therefore, that his host, deliberately leading the narrow life of an overseer of slaves, on his ancestral estate, was in reality a more degenerate son of his house than the relative whom he so bitterly contemned. Yet he foresaw that any attempt to defend Godfrey Bergan would but result in bringing down upon himself a torrent of fierce, half-drunken vituperation. Seasoned vessel though he were, the Major's repeated draughts of brandy, very little diluted, had not been without effect, in flushing his face, and inflaming his habitually irritable temper. His present mood would ill brook contradiction.

The Major paused long enough to empty his glass, and then resumed, in a more amiable tone. "The best thing you can do, Harry, is to stay here with me; I'll make a rice-planter of you. It does'nt take a ninny for that, by any means; your talents will not be thrown away. And if we suit each other,—as I think we shall,—I'll give you Bergan Hall when my title to it expires. To be sure, I'm strong and hearty yet; but no one lasts for ever. And as you are named for me, and I like your looks, I would rather give it to you than anybody else. In fact, I've had it in my mind, for some time, to write to Eleanor and ask her to do just what she has done,—send one of her boys to live with me, and be my heir."

"You mistake," said Bergan, quickly, "neither my mother nor myself had any such idea. She merely wished me to consult you about commencing my profession in—"

"Tut! tut! Harry," interrupted his uncle, "*I* meant it, if you and she did not. And I mean it more than ever now; that is, if you will yield to my wish about the law. But if you persist in sticking to that, I give you up, once for all—mind, I give up!"

"I should deserve to be given up," replied Bergan, smiling, "if I were lightly to forsake a vocation for which I am fitted both by taste and education, to enter upon one of which I know absolutely nothing. I may reasonably hope to succeed as a lawyer; I fear I should make but a poor planter. Moreover, it would not suit me to be dependent upon any one."

"Stuff! nonsense!" exclaimed Major Bergan, bluntly. "I defy you to make a poor planter under my tuition,—I claim to understand that business. As for dependence, never you fear but that I shall get aid and comfort enough out of you to make our accounts square. For, after all, Harry, it is a dreary kind of life that I'm leading, without chick or child, kith or kin, to speak to, or care for. I cannot help asking myself, sometimes, what is the good of it all, and how is it to end. But with a fine young fellow like you here, to enter into my plans now, and carry them out after I'm gone,—why, it would be like a fresh lease of life to me! We'll rebuild the old house, you shall drop the 'Arling,' and behold the seventh Harry Bergan of Bergan Hall, on *this* side the water! And really, I don't see how you can do better, Harry. Here are wealth, position, influence, and a chance to oblige your old uncle,—ready to your hand. Stay, my boy, stay!"

The Major's bluff voice had sunken to a hoarse tone of sadness, in his confession of loneliness, and finally, to one of entreaty, that touched his nephew's heart. Nor was the prospect held up before him without its own peculiar and powerful attraction. He looked thoughtfully into the fire, debating with himself what and how he should reply. His uncle watched him keenly for a moment, and then said, in his kindest tone and manner:—

"Well, Harry, I won't press you for an answer, now. Stay here a month or two, and look around you; and then we'll talk the matter over again, and see if we cannot settle upon something that shall be mutually satisfactory. For so long, surely, you can afford to be my guest."

III.

"PATTERN OF OLD FIDELITY."

BEFORE Bergan could answer, there came a low tap at the door. A negro woman, of unusual height, and singularly venerable and dignified aspect, stood, courtesying slightly, on the threshold. She was plainly of great age,—her face was deeply furrowed, and her hair, where it could be seen under the dark blue kerchief that covered her head, was as white as snow,—yet her shoulders had not bent under the burden of years, her tall frame, though gaunt, was little palsied by the touch of actual infirmity. Although she carried a cane, it was not so much for its support, as for its aid in feeling out her way along her accustomed paths. She had been blind for many years.

"Master Harry," said she, clasping her hands over the head of her cane, and speaking in slow, somewhat tremulous tones, but with neither the slovenly utterance nor the vicious pronunciation of the ordinary slave,—"Master Harry, excuse me if I interrupt you, but I could not wait any longer,—I wanted so much to see Miss Eleanor's son!"

"It is Maumer Rue," said Major Bergan, not only with unwonted kindness of tone, but with something akin to respect in his manner;—"your mother must have spoken to you of our old nurse, Harry?"

"Indeed she has!" exclaimed Bergan, earnestly, starting up to take the blind woman's hand. "Your name has always been a household word with us. The story of your devotion to my mother, in saving her from the flames at the risk of your own life, and with the ultimate loss of your sight, was the one story of which we children never used to tire. Probably we felt, in our vague, childish way, that it was the one which came from the profoundest depths in her own heart,—since she could never tell it to us without a little tremor in her voice, and a soft dewiness in her eyes,—and that was the secret of its charm for us. You may be sure that she has never forgotten how much she owes you!"

The old woman's lips trembled, and large tears gathered in her sightless eyes. "The Lord bless my dear young lady!" she ejaculated, fervently,—"I knew she would never forget her old Maumer. And it's like her to make much of my little service; but I did nothing but what was my duty—nothing."

"She thinks otherwise," replied Bergan, kindly. "She regards it as one of those rare instances of courage and devotion, for which the whole world is better and brighter. She bade me give you her kindest love, and tell you that you must not despair of meeting her once more, even on this side the grave. When the new railroad is finished, as far as our place,—which it promises to be in a year or two,—she fully intends to revisit her childhood's home, and look once more upon the faces of her childhood's friends. She furthermore charged me to pay you an early visit, in your own quarters, and tell you everything about her western home and life that you might care to hear."

"How kind of Miss Eleanor to think of that!" responded the blind woman delightedly. "It shows that she's just her own old self, always trying to think what everybody would like, and then doing her best to give it to them. Of course, there's a hundred questions that I should like to ask about her; and if you really don't mind answering them, and will do me the honour to step into my little cabin some day, when you're passing by, I shall be more obliged to you than I can rightly tell. But as to my ever seeing Miss Eleanor again,—I beg your pardon, sir; you see I've not yet learned to say Mrs. Arling,—though there's nothing on earth that would make me so glad as to meet her again, and hear the sound of her sweet, cheery voice, yet I'm getting to be too old to dare to reckon much upon the future. But the next best thing to meeting her is to meet her son, here on the old place; and I thank the Lord that He has let me live long enough for that."

The old negress bent her head devoutly for a moment, and then turned to Major Bergan. "Does he favour Miss Eleanor much, Master Harry?" she asked.

"Yes, he is a good deal like her, Maumer; he has her eyes exactly. But he is even more like what I was forty years ago; it really makes me feel young again to look at him. He's a real Bergan, I can tell you that."

Maumer Rue smiled as if well pleased; yet the smile seemed a little burdened with sadness, too; and Bergan saw that it was followed by a look of extreme wistfulness.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, kindly.

"Nothing, master,—unless—if it is not asking too much,—and if you would not mind the touch of an old woman's fingers, that have to serve her instead of eyes, I could get so much clearer an idea of your looks,—" and she finished the sentence by raising her hand significantly towards his face.

Bergan was much moved. "Of course I should not mind," said he, drawing near to her;—"examine me as closely as you like. It would be strange indeed if there were anything unpleasant to me in the touch of hands that have done so much for my mother!"

"It's easy to see that you are Miss Eleanor's son, you have just her kind, pleasant ways," responded the blind woman, gratefully. "He is a little taller than you Master Harry," she continued, turning toward the Major, as she laid her hand on Bergan's head,—"yes, just a little taller, though not much."

"All the better for that," remarked the Major, parenthetically, "the Bergans must not degenerate."

Maumer Rue went on, without noticing the interruption; passing her fingers lightly over Bergan's features, as she spoke. "His brow is square and full, like yours, and he has the same straight nose; but his eyes are not so deep-set, nor his eyebrows so heavy. His jaw is like yours, too,—the set, square jaw of the Bergans,—but his mouth is more like Miss Eleanor's:—a sweet, pleasant mouth *she* had, the mouth of the Habershams, her mother's family. Yet it could be firm enough, too, when there was need; our Miss Eleanor had plenty of character. And I'm right glad to see that you are so much like her; you couldn't resemble any one better or handsomer."

She made a slight pause, and then added, in a half-humorous way, —"I reckon she couldn't give you any spice of the 'black Bergan temper,' as she had none of it herself."

"I am afraid she did," answered Bergan, laughing, yet colouring, too; "and many a scrape it has gotten me into, before now. But I hope that I am learning to control it a little."

"I don't see why you should," broke in the Major, gruffly. "The Bergan temper is an heir-loom to be proud of; it identifies the breed. It has run in the blood from time immemorial. A Bergan without it —that is, a male, of course a woman counts for nothing—would be no Bergan at all."

"You say true, Master Harry," rejoined Rue, composedly; "it's always run in the blood, and heated it more than was good for it, many a time. Yet, now and then, there has been a Bergan who has learned how to keep it under, and been all the better for doing it. You surely must recollect what a mild, kind gentleman your father was, young as you were when he died; and I've heard say that there never was a truer Bergan, or one more respected all the country through."

The Major made a grimace, and muttered something unintelligible, in a tone half of acquiescence, half of irritation.

Rue turned again to Bergan. "You have been very patient with an old woman's talk, and with an old woman's infirmity," said she, with a kind of natural dignity,—"I will not trouble you any longer. Good night, and thank you, Master—what name shall I say?"

Bergan hesitated, and looked doubtfully at his uncle.

"He says his name is Bergan," explained the Major, shortly; "but I have given him to understand that he is to be known by my own name, Harry, while he stays here."

Rue shook her head. "There can be but one Master Harry for me," she said quietly,—"the one that I nursed as a babe and petted as a child, the one that I have lived with so many years, and who has always been so kind to me—kinder even than he has been to himself. So please let me call him Master Bergan; but, of course the rest of the people will give him any name that you say."

"Of course they will," returned the Major haughtily, "or I'll know the reason why. As for you, Maumer, I shall let you do as you please; you've had your way too long to be balked of it now. But take care that the others don't hear and imitate you,—or you know what they'll get."

"Thank you, Master Harry," replied Rue, as gratefully as if the assent had been more graciously given,—"You are always good to your poor old Maumer. Good night." And she turned to go.

But on the threshold, she paused, and lifted her sightless face toward the dim night-sky, across which dark clouds were swiftly scudding.

"Master Harry," said she suddenly, "do you remember how I told you, six months ago, that the Bergan star was set, and how angry you were?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," exclaimed the Major, hoarsely and eagerly,—"what of it?"

She slowly raised her right hand, and pointed skyward, with a strange, intent, watchful expression in her uplifted face. "See! it is rising!" said she; "it comes up through the clouds,—they try to hold it back, but they cannot,—it grows brighter! it rises higher!—ah!?"—drawing her breath hard and gaspingly,—"it stops—it goes down again!—the clouds cover it!—it is—no! it is *not* gone! it shines faintly behind the clouds—it breaks through—slowly, slowly, slowly,—it rises! it rises!"

Yielding, half unconsciously, to the powerful influence of the blind woman's rapt, ecstatic manner, Bergan had drawn near to her, and now saw, with surprise, a single star shining for a moment through the rifts of the clouds. Glancing at the Major, whom he had before seen to be hanging with breathless interest upon the words of the old negress, he perceived that his eyes were fixed upon it also, with a gaze that was half-awed, half-triumphant. He knew not what to think.

Maumer Rue still stood in the same commanding attitude, with raised hand, and intent, uplooking face. Suddenly, her arm fell by her side; her head drooped on her breast; the majesty that had marked her pose and gesture went out like an expiring flame; she shivered, tottered, and would have fallen but for the Major's prompt support. Without a word, he guided her safely to the door of her cabin.

Coming back, he reseated himself at the table, which had been cleared of everything but the bottles and glasses, and hastily poured out and swallowed some raw brandy. Then he remarked, in a half-explanatory and half-apologetic tone,—

"She enjoys the reputation of a seer, or prophetess, among the negroes; and I really think she has some faith in it herself. Certainly, she seems to have strange visions now and then; and some of her predictions have come true; I confess she puzzles even me."

He paused for a moment, and then asked, in a careless tone, but with a quick, keen glance at his nephew, from under his shaggy brows,—"Did you see that star?"

"Yes," answered Bergan. "It was a curious coincidence."

"Hum—very," returned his uncle, evidently not quite satisfied with this view of the matter. But he said no more.

The conversation now turned into various other channels. It touched for a brief space upon the indefatigable quoter of proverbs whom Bergan had overtaken on his way to the Hall; and whom the Major declared to be the only living representative of one of the oldest and most influential families in the county. He had been reared in affluence, had been educated in Europe, and had inherited a large fortune and a fine estate. But he had early fallen into bad habits,—not so much from viciousness of temper and taste, as from weakness of will and consequent inability to resist temptation,—had run a short, rapid career of folly, extravagance and dissipation, in which he had frittered away his inheritance, and so had gradually sunken into his present state of semi-vagabondage. He lived, by sufferance, in a little cabin, on one corner of the estate which he had formerly owned. From his wholesale shipwreck of fortune, position, will, energy, and hope, he had saved but one thing—his love of proverbs. It had even grown stronger in proportion as other things wasted and failed,—like a plant striking deep root into soil enriched by the decay of many sister plants. He had learned several languages solely for the sake of their proverbs; he had even been seen to hesitate and waver long between the diverse, but powerful, attractions of a bottle of ardent spirits and a dingy, old collection of saws, when but one came within the compass of his purse; and he was known far and wide by the *sobriquet* of "Proverb Dick." His real name was Richard Causton.

As the evening wore on, and the brandy slowly worked its way up to the stronghold of his brain, the Major's talk grew discursive, profane, and incoherent; until Bergan, shocked and pained, and anxious to escape from the mortifying spectacle, pleaded fatigue, and begged permission to retire. Jip was accordingly summoned, and he was conducted to a little, low room under the cottage roof, where his portmanteau had been bestowed, and some little provision made for his comfort.

Here Bergan quickly threw himself on the bed, to find, for the first time in his life, that it was one thing to woo the fair maiden Sleep, and another to win her.

It was already gray dawn when, worn out with restlessness, he fell into a brief slumber, and dreamed that old Rue, with the Bergan star in her hand, was beckoning him to follow her over a dreary, desolate country, full of briers and pitfalls, wherein he was so constantly entangled that, in spite of his best endeavours, he could never get any nearer to her. Turning suddenly, she flashed the star into his eyes, and—oh, horror of horrors!—he was blind!

Starting up, all in a tremble, he found that the risen sun was shining full in his face, through the uncurtained window. It was morning.

IV.

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

EARLY as was the hour, Bergan found the table already laid for breakfast in the room below, where he was soon joined by the Major. He brought with him (besides a noticeable odour of brandy) a cordial morning greeting, and a temper which, though by no means urbane, had a certain flavour of bluff good nature, in pleasing contrast with his extreme irritability of the preceding evening. Encouraged by these and similar signs of a clearer mental atmosphere, Bergan ventured to mention his uncle Godfrey, and to remark that he had been charged with a letter to him from his mother, which he must take an early opportunity to deliver.

"Eh! what?" asked the Major, laying down his knife and fork, with the look and tone of a man who doubts the evidence of his own senses.

Bergan quietly repeated his words.

The Major's face grew dark, and his eyebrows met in a heavy frown. "I shall take it mighty hard of you, if you do," said he, sternly and gloomily. "I tell you, Harry, he is no Bergan at all, and he ought not to be treated like one. Eleanor would never have written to him, nor desired you to visit him, if she had known the true state of affairs;—you can safely take that for granted, and act accordingly. Besides," he went on, after a slight pause, "it is only fair to warn you that any one who goes from Bergan Hall over to Oakstead (that's what he calls his place), doesn't come back again,—with my consent. There's no relation, nor commerce, nor sympathy, nor liking, between the two places; and there never can be any while I live,—nor after I am dead, either, if I can help it. So just put that matter out of your head, Harry, and say no more about it."

Bergan looked down, and the colour rose to his brow. Without seeking to know the merits of the quarrel between his two uncles, he nevertheless felt that the abject submission, the complete surrender of principle and will, expected of him by Major Bergan, was simply impossible; and he began to wonder if it were not his wisest course to place himself at once on tenable ground, by saying that, while he should always be glad of his uncle's advice, and ready to give all due and respectful consideration to his wishes, yet, in matters involving questions of right and duty, the final appeal must needs be to his own conscience. Something of this sort was upon his lips, when the Major spoke again, and in a more amiable tone.

"I am really sorry, for your sake, Harry, that things are just as they are," said he. "Of course, it is not agreeable to you to run thus unexpectedly against a family feud;—I really ought to have written Eleanor about it, but I thought to spare her the knowledge of her half-brother's disgrace. Besides, as Godfrey is our nearest neighbour, it might be pleasant to be on visiting terms, if he and his were only the right sort of company to keep."

"I think he has children near my own age," remarked Bergan.

"Not now. His two eldest died a few years ago."

"Ah, yes; I remember hearing of it when I was in college."

"He has but one left—a daughter," pursued the Major. "A pretty, bright little thing she was too, as a child; I was really quite fond of her, and she used to spend half her time here,—that is, in the old Hall;—and Maumer Rue almost idolized her, because she fancied that she was something like what Eleanor was at her age. She even used to run away and come over here, after the trouble began; but I reckon they must have found it out, and put a stop to it." And the Major ground his teeth at the recollection, as if he owed his brother an especial grudge on this very head. "However," he went on, "it is better so; for though I could never have found it in my heart to be unkind to the child,—so fond of me as she was, too!—yet I want nothing to do with anybody, or anything, that belongs to Godfrey; and so I am glad, on the whole, that she stopped coming. Doubtless, she will soon merge the name of Bergan into Smith, or Brown, or something equally desirable; and as Godfrey has no son, to bear his patronymic and carry on his business, we may hope that there will be an end of *them*."

The last words were spoken with ineffable contempt. Then, suddenly rising, as if to dismiss the subject, the Major remarked, with an entire change of tone and manner:—

"But I must not sit here chatting any longer, for I suspect that Ben—that's my head driver—is waiting for instructions. Will you come with me, or do you prefer to amuse yourself about home?"

"I will go with you, uncle, if you are willing."

"Both willing and glad. Come on."

Bergan followed his uncle out into the quadrangle,—here called the "street," and found it to be for the most part, silent and deserted. The cabins, many of which, on the evening previous had been brightened by a little gleam of firelight within, or vivified by moving figures, were now closed and locked, the occupants being away at work in the fields. They were all neatly whitewashed; and they stood well apart from each other, leaving room for little gardens between, where vegetables, and, occasionally, flowers, were growing. Here and there, too, a pig rooted and grunted in a rude sty; or hens and chickens fluttered and cackled, in their busy, enlivening fashion, around the door.

One of the buildings, of considerable size, and two stories high, where several women and children, with peculiar haggard, heavy, listless, and withal resigned faces, were lying or sitting around the porch, Bergan easily recognized as the infirmary. Another, seemingly stuffed with babies and young children, under the charge of several half-grown girls and one superannuated old woman, he knew to be the day-nursery; for the safe bestowal of the infant population of the quarter, during their mothers' absence in the fields.

Quite apart from the quarter, yet within sight, stood a cabin of especially rude and forlorn aspect; the open door of which disclosed a strong stake driven into the ground in its centre, and divers rusty chains, handcuffs, padlocks, *et cætera*, hanging round its sides. This was the prison. Human justice being thus provided with a fitting abode, Bergan involuntarily looked around in search of a corresponding dwelling for Heaven's mercy, in the shape of a little cross-tipped church or chapel,—but saw none.

Major Bergan first stopped at the threshing-mill, where Engine (that is to say "Engineer") Jack, a remarkably intelligent negro,—and an exceedingly black one as well,—was waiting to bring to his master's notice certain slight repairs necessary to the machinery. While the needful discussion was going on, Bergan looked around him, the better to understand the topography of the place.

He observed that Bergan Hall, the roof of which he saw afar off, rising among the trees, was situated upon a considerable elevation,—a sort of bluff, overlooking a small inlet, or arm of the sea. To this circumstance, Major Bergan owed his ability to live upon his plantation throughout the year, instead of fleeing therefrom, like most of his class, at the approach of summer. For, just when the home-scenery takes on its most tender and fascinating grace,—when the rice-fields are green as the meadows of paradise,—just then, the rice-planter has to flee for his life from its final, treacherous charm—the soft-shining mist, the deadly malaria, that creeps up at night from the marshes, and covers the land like a sea. If he lingers for but one ramble in the fair, moon-lighted, and moss-festooned avenues, through that silver haze, fever walks by his side under the grand arches, and death waits for him at the end of the alluring vistas.

From this terror and this necessity, the owner of Bergan Hall was free. His vast plantation stretched across the border-line which divides the pestilential rice-swamps from the healthful sea-islands; one extremity touching the river, and the other the ocean. At one time, its chief revenue was derived from the far-famed sea-island cotton, to the production of which its sea-board portion was well adapted, but as that crop declined, and the rice-crop rose, in value, its neglected swamp-lands were gradually reclaimed and brought under cultivation; and were now the most valuable portion of the estate. Too remote from Bergan Hall to poison it, or its vicinity, with their malaria, they were yet quite near enough for necessary superintendence.

The negro quarter lay somewhat lower than the Hall. On its left, the ground sloped gradually down to a little creek; where lay several flat-boats loaded with rice, to show what had been the goal of the negro procession of the previous evening. Along the opposite bank ran a dark fringe of pines.

Horses were now brought. The one assigned to Bergan was a superb blooded filly, full of life and fire. While he stood taking delighted note of her many fine points, she sniffed round him in half-wild, half-curious fashion,—now starting quickly back, now timidly drawing near,—and ended by frankly putting her nose in his hand, as if in token of amity. Nor had he been long on her back, ere he felt, with an electric thrill of pleasure, that perfect sympathy between horse and rider, that singular blending of their identity, which is the purest delight of horsemanship, and best explains the fable of the Centaur.

"How do you like her?" asked his uncle, at this juncture.

"Exceedingly," replied Bergan, with enthusiastic emphasis. "I think that I never rode anything more admirable."

"Henceforth, then, she belongs to you. And never mind the thanks, —I am really glad to hand her over to a fitting master. She is too much given to dancing and frolicking for my use,—my sober-paced stallion meets my wants a great deal better;—consequently Vic.—that's her name, short for Victoria,—Vic. stands in the stable, eating her head and kicking her heels off, for the greater part of the time. She will be much happier in the hands of a master young enough to sympathize with her."

Bergan could not fail to be delighted with a gift so generous and so timely; bestowed, too, with a delicacy of manner, an appearance of asking a favour instead of conferring one, in strong contrast with his uncle's wonted bluntness. Visions of long, solitary rides of exploration rose fascinatingly before him. Nor would he suffer his pleasure to be alloyed by any insidious doubt lest the gift might some day take the form of an unpleasant obligation.

The road ran along the bank of the creek, passing divers fields under cultivation, and divers others long "turned out,"—that is, exhausted, and left to lapse back into their primitive pine-barrenness. In the course of an hour, the two gentlemen came upon a second negro quarter, considerably larger than the first, but with the same general characteristics, even to the threshing-mill. This one, however, ran by water power, instead of steam.

The horses were here left in charge of a negro, while the gentlemen walked over to the rice fields. They soon came into view, stretching, almost as far as the eye could reach, along the bank of a broad, turbid river. Bergan speedily became much interested in their complicated system of dykes, ditches, canals, and gates; as well as in watching the dusky labourers, both men and women, that were busy therein. Leaving details for results, however, he could not but be impressed with the fact that a vast amount of hard work was annually done, and a rich and remunerative crop annually reaped. Plainly, Major Bergan was an energetic, skilful manager.

On his part, the Major was greatly pleased with his nephew's intelligent interest, and predicted, more than once, that he would make a rice-plainter of him, in due time, who would show his neighbours "what was what."

The sun was half way down the western slope, when the uncle and nephew returned to the cottage. Dinner over, the Major civilly expressed his regret that he was unexpectedly called to another part of the plantation. Bergan could accompany him; or—not to disappoint him of his promised visit to the old Hall—he could get the keys of Maumer Rue, and explore it by himself.

Bergan eagerly caught at the latter alternative. Nor, to do him justice, was the Major at all displeased thereby. Without troubling himself to analyze his own emotions, he yet felt an unconquerable aversion to the task of showing his nephew through the deserted home of his forefathers. Though little accustomed to care for the opinions or the feelings of others, he foresaw an inevitable mortification in looking with Bergan upon the ruin and desolation for which he knew himself to be so largely responsible; since, if he had not invited the ravages of time, he had put forth no hand to stay them. Perhaps this feeling was strong enough, even, to lend to the business that called him away, an imperative aspect which it might otherwise have lacked.

Bergan, on his part, was well content to dispense with his uncle's guidance. Not only would his presence be a constraint upon his own irrepressible emotions of sadness, regret, and possibly, indignation; but there would be a rare, subtile charm in wandering alone through precints at once so familiar and so strange, in finding out for himself (or led only by the shadowy image of his maiden mother), spots hallowed by the tender touch of old-time joys and sorrows, and nooks and corners darkened not more by mould and cobwebs than by the clinging dust of immemorial family tradition.

First, however, Major Bergan requested his companionship as far as the stable. There they found a bright looking boy, somewhat older than Jip, who had just finished rubbing down the filly of which Bergan had so lately become the master, and now stood regarding the result with great apparent satisfaction.

"Well, Brick," said the Major, sternly, "I hope you've done better than you did last time."

"Yes, massa, she done berry fine, I'se sure,—spec' I put a right smart hour on her. Look a dar, now, don' she shine?"

The Major examined her carefully, and finding nothing to fault, was silent. It was not his way to waste words in commendation. He merely turned from the horse to the negro, and asked, pointing to Bergan,—

"You see that young gentleman?"

"Yis, massa; sartin, massa." And Brick made an embarrassed bow, uncertain whither this conversation might tend.

"Well, that's Vic's master, and yours. It's your business to take care of her, and wait on him,—that is, do everything he tells you. Hereafter, you are to go to him for orders."

And quickly mounting his own horse, the Major rode off, without waiting for thanks or comments.

Bergan immediately sought out old Rue's cabin. Outwardly, it differed little from its neighbours; but its interior was not without evidences of thoughtful provision for the faithful old nurse's comfort. Having kindly answered all the questions that she chose to ask, in reference to "Miss Eleanor" and her western life, he made known his errand. She instantly took a key from her pocket, and was about to put it in his hand, when she suddenly drew back, exclaiming:—

"No, no, that will never do! I forgot. That is the key of the back door. You see, sir, I sometimes look into the Hall, and that way is most convenient."

"I assure you that it will serve me very well, too," replied Bergan. "It does not matter how I make my entrance."

Rue shook her head. "It is not fitting," said she, "that the son and heir of the house should first enter at the back, like a servant."

"The son, but not the heir," replied Bergan, smiling.

Rue turned quickly toward him. "Not the heir!" she exclaimed, as if greatly surprised. "And why not?"

The question was not easy to answer. Bergan could not say frankly, "Because such heirship must be bought at too high a price,—even the surrender of my profession, will, conscience, individuality." Nor did the answer present itself to his own mind in this definite form. He was conscious, at the moment, of nothing but a confused, hazy throng of doubts, fears, possibilities, and wishes.

Rue seemed quite satisfied with his silence. She turned to a bureau near by, and, after a little search, drew forth a large, rusty key, which she handed him with a kind of solemnity.

"It has waited long," said she, "for the hand that should rightfully put it into the lock, and let light and hope once more into the old house. I thank the Lord that I live to see the day."

Bergan was too much touched to answer. He walked quickly to the front of the deserted mansion, cut the vines from the door, and put the key in the lock. At first, it opposed a stubborn resistance to his efforts; then, suddenly, the bolt yielded, the door turned slowly on its long-unused hinges, and he stood, with a beating heart, in his ancestral hall.

V.

WASTE PLACES.

HE was met by a swift gust of wind, so chill and vault-like, and hurrying past him with so woful a sigh, that it seemed like the rush of innumerable imprisoned ghosts, eagerly seizing upon the opportunity for escape. Involuntarily letting go the door, it fell to behind him with a clangour that reverberated loudly, for a moment, through the house, and then suddenly ceased, as if smothered in some remote corner by a lurking hand. The silence which followed was dreary and oppressive,—all the more, because Bergan, coming so suddenly from the outward sunshine, was altogether bedimmed by such density of gloom as brooded within, most of the windows being either darkened by blinds, or closed with heavy opaque shutters. For a single instant he felt a thrill of unreasoning horror. The impenetrable gloom, the oppressive stillness, the damp, dead air (which might have come straight from the open mouth of a tomb), gave him a chill impression that he had committed sacrilege.

Quickly recovering himself, however, he again flung wide open the door, and fastened it back. By the light thus admitted he easily found his way to a window at the other end of the hall, which he also opened. There was an immediate inward rush, not only of the sunny daylight, but of the sweet, warm air of the autumn afternoon, with its inevitable suggestions of tranquil sea, and tender sky, and slow-waving forest; quickly penetrating, he felt sure, to the uppermost corner of the long-deserted dwelling, and scattering everywhere some healthful, purifying, enlivening influence.

He could now see that he stood in a wide and lofty entrance-hall, decorated with a profusion of carved woodwork; panels, cornices, and casements being ornamented with garlands of oaken roses, or quaint heads of animals, stiff as petrifactions, and almost ebon-black with time and rubbing. The furniture consisted of a small table, a cumbrous cabinet, and ponderous, high-backed chairs, of the Elizabethan age, or perhaps earlier, brought from England, as heir-looms by the first emigrant Bergan. There was also a tall, spectral clock, which, to Bergan's intense astonishment, suddenly began to fill the hall with a loud, monotonous tick, as if the march of time, long ago arrested in the deserted mansion, was now duly resumed:—doubtless the rusty wheels had been jarred into spasmodic motion by the violent closing of the door. By way of decoration, there were a few dingy pictures, in dark, carved frames; and in two of the oaken panels hung complete suits of armour,—helmets, cuirasses, gorgets, greaves, and gauntlets,—memorials, not only of long-buried Bergans, but of long-vanished days.

Hesitating, for a moment, between two half-open doors, Bergan finally chose to enter the main parlour, a room full of a dusky, old-time grandeur. A piano stood between the windows, over the keys of which he ran his fingers, but found that its music had been imprisoned so long as to have grown hoarse and melancholy. So, doubtless, had that of the harp, which showed skeleton-like through its torn baize cover, and was flanked by a pile of music-books, the leaves of which were yellow with age. Odd, unwieldy chairs, covered with faded silk damask and a rich coat of dust, kept solemn state in the dim corners; ottomans and footstools, elaborately embroidered by forgotten fingers with birds, flowers, and other once cheerful devices, stood under the windows, or were scattered around the floor. On the walls, in frames of tarnished magnificence, hung two or three pictures in worsted, the designs of which, like the hands that had wrought them, were now faded beyond recognition. Just in proportion as these things had once helped to brighten the room, they helped to make it more sombre now. Like the images of vanished joys, they were all the gloomier because once so glad. Looking upon them, Bergan was painfully impressed with the latent identity of gaiety and grief. Only give them time enough, and they merge into the same dull neutral tint.

Bergan next glanced into a second parlour, a dusky ante-room, and a dining-room, but leaving these places undisturbed in their dim and dusty sanctity, as not of pressing interest, he made his way to the library, on the other side of the hall. It was a large and lofty room, set round with ancient book-cases, above and between which hung rows of portraits in frames of oak and gilt. These represented the early forefathers and later worthies of the Bergan lineage,—some in knightly armour, with mailed hands clasping a gleaming sword-hilt; some in the rich array of the Tudor or the Stuart court, with laced and plumed hats under their arms; some in the red coats and top-boots of English squires, with a favourite horse or hound looking out from one corner of the picture; some in the huge horse-hair wigs and ermined robes of the judge's bench; and others in the cocked hats and knee-breeches of the Revolution, or in the modern black coat and pantaloons, seated in arm chairs, with their backs to a crimson curtain. There were also dames to match, with towers of lace and curls upon their heads, ruffs, farthingales, and all manner of obsolete finery.

Most of the faces had the austerity of aspect common to old portraits, as if time had delighted to bring into clearer view the hard, stern traits of character which the painter had dared but faintly to delineate, and had even then done his best to cover up with pleasant colouring, and a final coat of lustrous varnish. Nowhere was this effect more striking than in the portrait of Sir Harry Bergan, earliest emigrant of the name, and father of the American line. The younger son of a noble English house, he had early fallen under the displeasure of a stern father, by reason of careless and spendthrift habits; and had finally been banished in disgrace to a small continental town, upon an allowance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Under this severe discipline,—smarting, too, with a rankling sense of injustice in the treatment that he had received—his character underwent a complete transformation. His carelessness and extravagance, as well as the generosity and frankness of which they had been the rank, ill-trained out-growth, fell from him like worn-out garments; he became bitter, morose, and dogged.

At this crisis, the sudden death of his mother placed him in possession of her own large fortune and family estate. Life once more opened before him; but no gentle affection called him back to the paternal neighbourhood. On the contrary he emigrated to Georgia, just then luminous with the career and the fame of General Oglethorpe, with the ambitious design of founding a Bergan lineage in the new world, which should equal, if not surpass, that of the old one. He bought a vast tract of land, and vigorously commenced tde work of bringing it under cultivation; he distinguished himself both as soldier and citizen in the Spanish war and the colonial trials, and was knighted for his services; finally, he imported men and materials, and built Bergan Hall as nearly as was possible in the style of his early English home, and called it by the same name. The bricks, the tiles, the elaborate oak carvings, the door and window-frames, the furniture and decorations, the copies of ancestral portraits, were all brought from England, and put in their places by English artisans.

Scarcely was the work finished ere he died, bequeathing to his descendants, not only a vast estate, a splendid home, and an illustrious name, but by a still stronger law of heirship, certain marked traits of character, hereditary in himself,—indomitable energy, dogged independence, strong family pride, and an occasional lunacy of rage, familiarly known as the "black Bergan temper," to which the race had been subject from time immemorial. These characteristics were to be traced, more or less distinctly through all the portraits of his successors; but in none did they seem to be so perfectly reproduced as in his present representative. In truth, Major Bergan might be regarded as the original Sir Harry over again; his harsh features and stern expression being shown in the old, time-darkened picture with a degree of prophetical accuracy little short of actual portraiture.

Other pictured faces there were, however, which time, still faithful to its work of bringing out the essential truth, had only touched into softer beauty. Such was the face of Eleanor, wife of Sir Harry, a woman of fair and noble presence, in the rich prime of her life, with a wise, strong, beautiful soul, shining out through her deep, soft eyes. Before this picture Bergan lingered long. Even in babyhood, his mother had resembled it strongly enough to make it seem most fitting that she should receive its name; and the likeness had so strengthened with years, that now, it might easily have passed for her portrait, painted from life.

His attention was now directed to the portrait of a young girl, at the end of the second row, nearest the window. It had an odd, illusive resemblance to some one that he had known,—a singular likeness in unlikeness, which puzzled while it attracted him. All at once, capturing the fleeting, familiar expression, as it were, by a swift side-glance, he recognized it as that portrait of his mother in her youth, of which Major Bergan had spoken. He stood gazing upon it long and earnestly yet with a strange, undefinable feeling of sadness, too. For this bright-young being, with the smooth brow, the arch, dimpled face, and the unawakened soul dreaming at the depths of the soft eyes, was, after all, a stranger to him,—a being that he had never known, and never could know, any more than if she had been laid years ago under the sod, and her sweet substance gradually transformed into violets and daisies. He went back to the picture of Lady Eleanor, and felt, with a thrill of gladness, that he had found again the mother that he seemed, for a brief space, to have lost.

He now turned from the pictures to the book-cases, and found them to contain a heterogeneous collection of ancient and modern volumes, carelessly ranged upon the shelves, without reference either to age or theme. Latin and English classics stood shoulder to shoulder; law and poetry were harmoniously cheek by jowl; divinity and science amiably helped each other to stand upright; history, philosophy, morality, and controversy, met on the same plane, and sunk their differences under one uniform coat of dust. Geography that read like fiction, geology that had no interest except to the antiquarian, and infidelity that had not a peg left to stand upon, were huddled together in one corner, and (no doubt to their utter amazement) helped, in these latter days, to point the same moral.

Growing oppressed, at last, with the sight of so much hopelessly shelved thought, so many pages bearing the prints of a long succession of fingers now crumbled into dust, Bergan turned back to the hall, mounted the staircase, and glanced into two or three of the chambers. He found in all faded carpets, ancient bureaus, high-post bedsteads, shadow-haunted hangings, a thick coating of dust, and a heavy, breathless scent which, it seemed to him, death must needs have left there, in his old-time visits. Indeed, he could almost have believed that the last occupant of each dusky cavern of a bed had stiffened into clay therein, and been left to choke the air, and coat the furntiure, with his own mouldering substance. No lighter dust, he thought, could have made the atmosphere so thick, or caused him to draw his breath so heavily.

Opening the last door in the gallery, Bergan was startled to find a room with every appearance of recent occupancy. Not a speck of dust dimmed the carpet or the furniture; the curtains and the bed-drapery stirred lightly with the breeze from a half-open window; the soft pillows seemed waiting for the head that had dreamed upon them last night; a chair, with a shawl thrown carelessly over the back, stood where it must needs have been left a moment ago; an open workbox showed a suggestive confusion of spools of silk and bits of ribbon and worsted; a vase of flowers adorned the mantel; and a little white glove lay on the toilet-table, among brushes and scent-bottles, and was reflected in a small, bright mirror. Bergan hastily drew back, feeling intuitively that he had intruded upon a maiden's bed-chamber, keeping still the perfume of her sweet breath and happy thoughts.

Yet—the bed-linen, how strangely yellow!—the shawl, how dim and faded!—the flowers, how withered! He advanced again; he began to understand that the maiden who had dreamed on that pillow, whose hand had left its dainty mould in that glove, the sweetness of whose virgin breath still lingered in the room with the scent of the withered rosebuds, went out from it years ago,—a bride,—to be known thenceforth as wife and mother,—*his* mother! His eyes grew moist; one by one he touched the little possessions left behind with her girlhood, striving thus to come a little closer to the fair, shy image, that moved him with such unutterable tenderness, yet seemed so far beyond his ken. Reverently, at last, he closed the door, as upon a still, white smiling corpse, at once ineffably beautiful and ineffably sad.

But who had cared for this one room so tenderly, while all the rest of the house had been left to go to ruin? The answer was plain. Old Rue, whose love for her young mistress was half a worship, had taken a sorrowful pleasure in keeping the room (with such help as she could easily command) in the exact state in which it had been left.

Bergan was in no mood for further exploration. He made his way back to the entrance-hall, and sat down in one of the antique chairs. He was not quite ready for the instant transition into the outward sunshine. His heart was too heavy. The ancestral home was only an ancestral tomb. Surrounded by memorials of the old state and splendour of Bergan Hall, he felt all the more keenly its present desolation and decay. Remembering the noble Bergan lineage, he was humiliated to the dust by the thought of its present representative.

And here, first, his uncle's offer rose before him in the dazzling garments of temptation. Was it, after all, an ignoble ambition to lift the family name out of the dust, to restore the family home, fill it again with social life and warmth, and make it the centre of purer, more refining, and more elevating influences than ever before? Was it not better than any mere personal ambition? Might it not be just the place which he was meant to fill, and which, if he declined to take it, would be left empty? From questions he went on to answers; and his thoughts shaped out a tempting vision of Bergan Hall restored, revivified. Light steps and rustling garments went up and down the broad staircase,—his mother sat smiling in her old room,—voices of children echoed through the parlours,—guests came and went,—he himself sat in the library, crowned with honours as with years, and—

He was recalled to the present and the actual by a low rumble of thunder. The sunshine had faded from the sky; clouds were rolling up from the west; he hastened back to the cottage through the first drops of the rain.

The evening passed much like its predecessor. When, at last, he went up to his room, leaving his uncle to the dear companionship of his bottle and glass, he found it half-flooded with water from a newly sprung leak in the roof. Hastily declining the Major's hesitating offer of a share in his own apartment, he begged permission to quarter himself in the old Hall.

Major Bergan set down his glass, and looked at him with a mixture of wonder and admiration. "Certainly, Harry, if you are in earnest about it," said he. "But I must say that you are a brave fellow to choose to sleep alone in an old ruin like that,—haunted, too, the negroes say. But are you sure that you can find a room there any less leaky than your present one?"

"Quite sure. I noticed two or three, on the south side, which seemed to be in excellent condition."

"Very well; take your choice, and make yourself as comfortable as you can. Brick is under your orders, of course; and Maumer Rue will send one of the women, with what linen is needed. Good night."

The Major remained standing at the door, till he saw, first, a wandering gleam of light through the crevices of the old house, and then the steady beam of a candle, shining from an upper window.

"A light in Eleanor's room!—I never expected to see that again!" he murmured, and went back to his bottle, to drink all the deeper for some unwontedly sad and remorseful thoughts.

Meanwhile, Bergan had not once dreamed of appropriating that maiden sanctuary. He had merely chosen the room next to it; and the door between being transiently opened for better ventilation, Major Bergan had seen his light through the designated window.

It was not an easy task to make his dusty, mouldy room even tolerably habitable, but it was finally achieved; and, dismissing Brick, Bergan laid his head on his pillow, with a real satisfaction in being, at last, domiciled under his ancestral roof.

VI.

THE DAY OF TEMPTATION.

TWO days of drizzling rain followed, and did their best to make the black roof and mouldy walls of Bergan Hall look more cheerless than ever. But a counteracting influence was busy within. An energetic young spirit was rapidly organizing a home for itself in one corner; turning the shadows out of nooks where they had lain so long as almost to have established a pre-emption right, and making short work with dust, mould, and dead air. And, in some inexplicable way, the whole house seemed to catch the pleasant infection, and to be faintly astir with life. A passer-by of delicate instincts would have seen at once that the long lease of silence and emptiness had expired. And in truth, it would have been strange if a dwelling so old—so long familiar with human affairs and interests, the very timbers of which must have been oozy with the exhalations of a long succession of joys and sorrows—had not shown itself ready to sympathize with every passing phase of life, and especially to welcome back to its empty old bosom a fresh, young, beating heart.

That it did so, Bergan felt intuitively. In return, he did what he could to vivify with his single personality its whole wide indoor world. Having received unlimited discretionary powers from his uncle, in regard to choice of rooms and furniture, as well as the most unrestrained privilege of exploration, he went from room to room, ransacking and arranging, here picking up a quaintly carved chair, and there an absurdly contorted little table, and setting wide open doors and windows wherever he could find a reasonable excuse for doing so.

Occasionally, his uncle came to watch his progress, and favour him with half-serious, half-jocular commentary. He was both interested and amused to observe how readily the new inmate fitted himself into his surroundings, and what talent he displayed in organizing various crude and chaotic elements into one harmonious whole. By turns he adapted, invented, or altered, until his room presented an aspect of pleasantness, as well as an array of conveniences, in striking contrast with the rude accommodations of the cottage, and even with the old-time appliances that had served former occupants. His uncle wondered and admired even while he shook his head over the un-Bergan-like trait, and questioned if, after all, it were not a sign of degeneracy. This doubt wellnigh culminated in conviction when, on the afternoon of the second day, in a lull of the storm, he discovered his nephew calmly seated astride the high ridge-pole with a bundle of shingles and a pocketful of nails, stopping the leaks with which the long rain and his visits to the garret had made him acquainted; and accompanying his work with a very sweet and deftly executed whistle.

"That settles the question, Harry," he shouted to the amateur carpenter, a smile and a frown struggling for supremacy on his upturned face. "There never was a Bergan, from first to last, who could have done that!"

"Do not speak so disrespectfully of our common ancestors, uncle! As if they had not the use of their hands!"

"Humph! It's plain that you have the use of yours, and of your head, too! How in the world did you reach that dizzy altitude?"

Bergan laughed. "'Where there's a will there's a way.' What should you say to the chimney?"

"Nonsense! How *did* you get up there?"

"I really cannot answer that question as it stands. There is a mistake in the terms."

"You rascal! what do you mean?"

"I did not 'get up;' I came down." And Bergan glanced at a great oak-bough, swinging full ten feet above his head.

The Major uttered a cry of admiration. "You *are* a Bergan, and no mistake!" he cried, emphasizing the statement with an oath. "You've got the real, old, brave Bergan stuff in you, Harry, and I'm proud of you, in spite of your tinkering. But that bough is now out of your reach; you cannot come down by that route."

"A new one will be more interesting. And the chimney has a most capacious throat; the builders must have contemplated the passage of other things than smoke."

"Harry! you'll break your neck! Don't you dare to come down till I send you a ladder! At the same time, I'll order the carpenter to finish up that job, if it must be done."

"He will be too late, uncle; I am just laying the last shingle."

"Speak lower, you scamp! lest the old portraits under your feet should hear you and blush."

"Their thanks would be much more to the point—especially Sir Harry's," coolly replied Bergan. "Two hours ago, the water from this very leak was pouring in a stream down his long ancestral nose; you would have said the picture had an influenza."

The Major emitted a sound between a laugh and a growl, and vanished.

Poor Brick was even more scandalized by his young master's plebian readiness with his hands. The very ease with which Bergan performed his self-imposed, and, for the most part, unaccustomed tasks, misled the dusky spectator. To be sure, Brick was a little comforted to observe that those agile hands knew the trick of the ivory piano-keys full well, and could evolve soulful melody from the flute, that they were not ignorant of the mysteries of sketching, and betrayed a scholarly familiarity with books and papers, pen and ink; yet he doubted if even these gracious accomplishments could wash from them the stain of that dreadful manual labour in which they were erewhile engaged,—the only redeeming feature of which was that it was not done for bread.

Nevertheless, Brick loved his young master with all his heart. He had succumbed at once to the rare charm of Bergan's manner,—so grave and thoughtful for his years, yet so richly illuminated, at times, with soft gleams of humour, and always so genuinely kind. He followed him like his shadow; he could scarcely be happy out of his presence; and notwithstanding his own inward struggles with doubt and mortification, he continually held him up to the admiration of the quarter in the strongest language of encomium that he could command, as a "bery high-tone gemman, and jes' de bes' massa dat ebber stepped foot on de old place."

The appearance of this "high-toned gentleman" on the roof, in the humble *rôle* of carpenter, was, therefore, a rude shock to Brick's finer sensibilities. He watched him from the ground below, groaning simultaneously over probable fractures to his limbs, and certain damage to his reputation. It gave him some consolation to find that the major was inclined to treat the matter in a jocular rather than a serious light; and he was profoundly impressed with his hearty admiration of the gymnastic feat with which the questionable performance had opened. That, at least, his own dusky friends of the quarter could understand and approve.

Brick was still further reassured by Maumer Rue, to whom he stood in the relation of grandson. On being consulted, she had replied, loftily,—

"A Bergan can do what he pleases, child. He is not obliged to walk by rule and measure, like people whose pedigree stops with their grandfathers. If a king chooses to make a box, a barrel, or a piece of furniture, for his own use, it is not a meanness, but an eccentricity." And the long word not only floored Brick's last remaining doubt, but furnished him with the means of silencing other critics. In view of carpentry and tinkering, dignified with the sonorous title of "exking-tricities," nothing was left to the quarter but to roll its eyes and shut its mouth in mute amazement.

On the morning of the third day, the sky pushed aside its gray veil of clouds, and smiled once more upon the wet and melancholy earth. Thereupon the latter quickly dried up some of its tears, and made what shift for joy it could with the remainder. Every pool reflected a bit of the sky's wide smile, or the pleasant stir of overhanging foliage. The grand old evergreen oaks around Bergan Hall shook from their far-reaching boughs broken sunlight and dancing shadows, fresh breeze and shining raindrops, in nearly equal measure. The whisper of the pine-woods became a song rather than a sigh;—or, if it were a sigh, it was of that pleasant kind which struggles up unconsciously from a heart a little overfull of pleasure. Even the long streamers of gray moss decked themselves with prismatic jewels, and forgot to be mournful.

"If you do not mind a little mud," said the Major, at the dinner-table, "we will order our horses, and ride over to Berganton this afternoon. You must be tired of being cooped up in the house, by this time, in spite of your ready knack at finding occupation and amusement where most people would gape their heads off with *ennui*. Besides, it is high time that you should see something of the neighbourhood, outside our own plantation,—as well as the village which your ancestors founded. To be sure, there is precious little to see,—Berganton is not what it was once,—but I shall be glad to show you that little, and also to introduce you to some of my old acquaintances."

As the two gentlemen were riding through the mutilated avenue, Bergan could not help asking if the trees which had formerly arched and shaded it had been felled on account of decay.

"No," replied the Major, a little gruffly, as if he suspected a latent rebuke in the question; "but they spoiled twenty or thirty acres of the best corn-land on the plantation, and were very valuable for timber, besides. And, about that time, I was bent on lifting a certain old mortgage off from the place, and getting generally forehanded with the world, at any sacrifice, short of selling land. However," he continued, his face clearing again, "if you will stay here, Harry, you shall replant the avenue, just as soon as you like, if that is your pleasure. The trees will not grow large enough to do much damage, in my time;—besides, I can afford the land now,—and almost anything else that you may happen to fancy. I have not saved and slaved all these years for nothing;—you may be certain of that. And, as I've said before, I don't believe in half-way work. If you stay here, it will be as my adopted son; and I mean to show myself an indulgent father."

A kindlier smile than was often seen on the Major's rugged features, lit up his face as he concluded. Then, suddenly turning to Bergan, and holding out his hand, he asked, in the husky tone of emotion, and with a look of entreaty,—

"Shall we shake hands upon it?"

Bergan was taken by surprise. In grateful recognition of his uncle's manifest kindness of intention, as well as of his unwonted softness of manner, he impulsively clasped the outstretched hand. At once he became aware that, in so doing, he had appeared to yield an unqualified assent to his uncle's wishes. Hurriedly casting about for inoffensive phraseology wherein to disavow any such intent, it was singularly hard to find. To increase the difficulty, Major Bergan was pouring forth his gratification that the matter was finally settled, in terms of unusual warmth and animation. It was evident, not only that the plan lay nearer to his heart than had hitherto appeared, but that he himself had taken a very much stronger hold of his uncle's affections than he had imagined.

In fact, Bergan had come to the Major just at the auspicious moment when, having measurably accomplished the object which had absorbed all his thoughts and energies for many years, he was looking around him for something to fill its place in his life, and beginning vaguely to discern that his heart was empty, and his future aimless. The old family home was not the only thing that he had left to go drearily to ruin, while pursuing his own selfish ends in his own unscrupulous way.

Beholding, at this moment, a frank, brave, handsome youth by his side, full of talent and of promise, and singularly attractive in manner,—in whose veins, too, ran some of the same blood that filled his own, and whose features were moulded after the best ancestral type,—his dormant affections quickly awakened to fasten themselves pertinaciously around the timely object. His thoughts began industriously to shape out for himself a new future, which should embrace, as a setting its appropriate jewel, a brilliant and prosperous career for this young hope of his house. The unsuspected strength of these feelings now made itself clearly visible, both in the hearty grasp which he gave his nephew's hand, and in a sudden affectionateness of eyes, mouth, voice, gesture, and every indescribable manifestation, that Bergan had never seen in him before. Naturally enough, the young man shrank from the utterance of words certain to drive back on itself this outgush of the inestimable tenderness of a stern nature, to bring back the old sharpness and severity to eyes that now lay so soft and deep under their shaggy brows.

Half-buried in thought, half-listening to his uncle's talk, he rode mechanically onward. On one side of his path flowed the smooth, shining waters of the creek; on the other ran the Bergan estate, with its odd aspect of mingled thrift and neglect. He had often wondered at the singular blending in his uncle's character of the sturdy English energy, inherited from that indefatigable Briton, Sir Harry, with the indifference and impromptitude induced by the climate. It was especially curious to note how these diverse qualities displayed themselves in different directions. With human beings, his labourers and dependents, and even with his animals, he was prompt, energetic, and exacting, accepting no excuses and showing no indulgence; with inanimate things, he was often careless, negligent, and unobservant.

On this portion of the estate, which seemed but little cultivated, fences were down or dilapidated, gates swung unwillingly on their hinges, and outbuildings seemed ready to fall with their own weight.

Soon, too, these things were made more noticeable by contrast, as a long line of neatly kept grounds and well ordered fences came into view. Shortly after, a pleasant cottage, amply provided with broad, cool, vine-draped piazzas, appeared on the right, standing a little apart from the road, in the midst of a group of live-oak trees, scarcely less grand and venerable than those which flung their heavy shadow over Bergan Hall. At sight of it the Major's face grew dark again; especially as Bergan, pleased with its neat and cheerful aspect, turned to give it a second look.

"Yes," he burst forth bitterly, with a fearful oath, "that is where my brother, the hardware merchant, lives! I tell you what, Harry, the very first thing that you are to do, as soon as you get a chance (if I don't live to do it myself), is to buy out his heirs, and raze that impertinent shanty to the ground. Just recollect that, will you? if I should happen to forget to put it into my will."

Bergan forebore to reply. He was learning that it was his wisest course—at least, so he thought—to take no notice of his uncle's bitter wrath and prejudice, since he could not sympathize with them. If his growing wish to possess Bergan Hall lay at the bottom of this silence, he was as yet unconscious of it.

They now reached the village. As they rode through its principal street, which was wide and handsomely shaded, the Major pointed to one and another of the houses along its sides, and quietly named men and women that had occupied them in years agone; either forgetting, or unaware, that most of them were now tenanting that one earthly house, of whose narrow accommodations every mortal must needs have some experience,—namely, the grave.

Bergan, meanwhile, felt himself quite at home among names so often heard from his mother's lips; and momentarily expected that his uncle would stop at some one of these friendly dwellings, for the renewal of his own acquaintance, and the introduction of his nephew. But to his extreme surprise, the Major rode straight through the village, and dismounted before a tavern, at its extreme end.

VII.

A BITTER DRAUGHT.

IT needed but a glance to show Bergan that the tavern was of the lower sort. It was dingy and dilapidated without, and from its open windows were wafted sounds of hoarse voices, shouts of laughter, the jingling of glasses, and a strong odour of tobacco, betokening a corresponding amount of moral dinginess and dilapidation within. Bergan turned to his uncle with a disgust that he hardly attempted to conceal,—the natural digust of a healthy body and mind for things coarse, foul, noisy, and vulgar,—and inquired:—

"Do you intend to stop here long?"

"Quite long enough for you to get off and stretch yourself," replied the Major, carelessly. "This is an old halting-place of mine, and looks as natural as possible, though it is a year or more since I have set eyes on it. No doubt I shall find some old acquaintances here. Come! don't sit there gaping at the outside, like a man trying to guess at the purport of a letter from the looks of the envelope, when the inside would tell him what he wants to know, in a jiffy; get off your horse, and come in."

Bergan obeyed, but with a manifest reluctance that brought a cloud to the Major's brow. Muttering something between his teeth, which had the tone and bitterness of a curse, but was unintelligible, the latter led the way to the bar-room.

Several varieties of the genus loafer, both of the genteel and vulgar species, were leaning over the counter, or seated in tilted-up chairs, puffing out tobacco smoke, and discussing matters of local interest. The appearance of the Major was greeted with enthusiasm,—all the more, that his first words, after a "How d'y" of very general application, were an order to the landlord to make a stiff bowl of punch, on a scale commensurate with the numbers of the party.

"This is my nephew, gentlemen," he went on, addressing the delighted audience,—"Harry Bergan Arling, as he now calls himself, or Harry Bergan, of Bergan Hall, as he is to be, in good time,—a real chip of the old family block, as you can see at a glance. I expect that you will all do me the honour of drinking his health in a bowl of the best punch that Gregg can concoct. Hurry up, Gregg! you know how I like it,—not too strongly flavoured with our two days' drizzle;—was there ever a nastier spell of weather?"

"Never knew the sky so leaky in all my life," responded a languid loafer of the genteeler sort, too lazy to furnish his sentences with nominatives. "Begun to think, with Father Miller, 'twas getting worn out."

"It will last our time, I reckon," returned the Major. "And 'after us the deluge,' of course. I would not mind taking a swim in it myself, if it were of punch such as Gregg, there, is mixing. It looks like the real thing! Now, gentlemen, step forward and take your glasses. Here's to the health of my nephew,—Harry Bergan,—and may he unite in his single person all the virtues of all the Harrys of the line, from Sir Harry down;—yes, and all the vices, too, they are good Bergan stock, every one of them!"

A toast so perfectly in harmony with the corrupt atmosphere of the bar-room could but be received and drunk with acclamation. Bergan, perforce, lifted his glass to his lips, but the fiery draught, prepared with a single eye to the requirements of his uncle's sophisticated palate, was so little suited to his own purer taste, that he set it down with its contents very little diminished. Observing this, Major Bergan's face grew dark.

"That will never do, Harry," he growled, aside. Don't disgrace me here, whatever you may do at home! I insist upon your emptying your glass like a man, and doing your part towards making things pleasant. Now, then, gentlemen," he continued, aloud, "be pleased to make ready for toast the second. Success to my nephew's future proprietorship of Bergan Hall;—may it come late, and last long!"

The cords of conventionalism—even the conventionalism of a bar-room—are strong; and Bergan was somewhat young for complete independence of character. Nevertheless, he was quite capable of turning his back on the whole company of tipplers, both genteel and vulgar, indifferent alike to their wonder, censure, and scorn, had it not been for his uncle; whose wishes, in his double character of host and relative, seemed entitled to some degree of respect. Yet both instinct and principle revolted from the certain intoxication of the distasteful glass in his hand. By a quick and dexterous motion, he sent half of its contents flying out of the window near which he stood, and supplied their place with water from a convenient pitcher. Flattering himself that he had done this unobserved, he tried to swallow his disgust at the place and the companionship in which he found himself with the diluted draught.

"That's pretty fair stuff," said the Major, setting down his empty glass; "it has just about the right snap in it. Is there enough for another round, Gregg?"

"Plenty, sir, and another one at the end of that. I knew you didn't like to see the bottom of the bowl, in a hurry, Major."

"You are another Solon, Gregg. Your wisdom is only to be equalled by your disinterestedness. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses again! Harry, is your glass filled?"

As he spoke, the Major drew near, and fixed a keen eye on Bergan's glass, in a way which led the latter to suspect that his late manœuvre had not been so successful as he had imagined. At any rate, it would not be easy to repeat it. Well, what matter? He had submitted to his uncle's tyranny long enough; he might as well free himself first as last. He would try to do so in the way least likely to give offence.

"Uncle," he pleaded, with a graceful frankness and courtesy that could scarcely have failed to reach the Major's better self, if it had been less under the vitiating influence of strong drink,—"uncle, I really must beg your kind indulgence. I am not accustomed to potations so many nor so strong; and whatever I may be able to do, in time, under your skilful guidance, I must now use a little discretion. Pray excuse me from taking any more at present."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said the Major, bluntly. "If you don't know how to drink like a gentleman and a Bergan, it is high time you should learn. Fill up his glass, Gregg; he *shall* drink!"

Scarcely were the insulting words spoken ere Bergan felt, with a thrill of dismay, a hot tingling sensation in all his veins, as if the blood in them had suddenly been turned to fire. Too well he knew what it meant. The "black Bergan temper," which had been the one, great sorrow and struggle of his life, thus far, and which he had believed to be completely tamed, was stirring with him in a way to show that, if it were not instantly controlled, it would carry him, in its headlong fury, he knew not whither. Every other feeling, every other thought, were, for the moment, swallowed up in the instinct of self-preservation. He would submit to his uncle's imperious dictation, not that he either prized his love or feared his anger, but because that treacherous demon within must at once feel a firm foot upon its neck, and be shown that it could expect no indulgence, and no quarter.

At this moment, there was a slight bustle at the door, occasioned by an arrival; under cover of which he again turned to the friendly water pitcher, to make sure that, while fleeing from one fatal influence he was not running blindly into the leashes of another.

"*Dimidium plus toto*, I see," observed a well-remembered voice at his elbow, in a tone of good-natured sarcasm. "But you make a slight mistake in your practical translation; it is a 'half,' not a quarter (or I might say, an eighth) which is 'better than the whole.' And anyway, I doubt if old Hesiod meant his maxim to apply to punch."

Glad of anything that promised to create a diversion, Bergan turned and gave the hand of Richard Causton a much more cordial grasp than he would have been likely to do, under other circumstances. The old man, better accustomed to the cold shoulder from all reputable acquaintance, returned it with tears in his blear eyes, and for once, had no proverb at command wherein to do justice to his feelings. Before he could find one, Major Bergan came up, with a sly gleam of humour or of mischief, on his face. What! you know Harry!" he exclaimed. "Oh! yes, I remember,—you helped him on his way to Bergan Hall. So much the better. You will be glad to know that it was my nephew to whom you showed that courtesy, and to drink to your better acquaintance. All ready?"

Bergan turned round for his glass, which he had left standing on the window-sill, and, the sooner to be done with the distasteful business, swallowed at a gulp what, it seemed to him, the next moment, must have been liquid fire. A loud laugh from his uncle told him to whom he was indebted for the substitution of raw spirit for weak punch. The passion which he had so promptly smothered, doubly inflamed by the consciousness of being betrayed and the instantaneous action of the potent draught, blazed up with sudden, ungovernable fury. Feeling that he was losing control of temper and reason together, he rushed toward the door. At a sign from the Major, two or three of the bystanders threw themselves in his way. They were instantly sent reeling right and left by two powerful blows. Dick Causton, catching hold of him with the friendly design of preventing him from doing more mischief and provoking more enmity, was shaken off with a violence that threw him in a disordered heap on the floor; over which Bergan strode wrathfully towards his uncle, who had planted himself in the doorway. The spectators held their breath to witness the expected encounter between uncle and nephew,—Bergan against Bergan, the blood of both up, the hereditary frenzy blazing in each pair of dark eyes.

But Bergan was not quite so mad as that. Seeing who it was that impeded his way, he turned and darted through a window close at hand, jumped over the piazza railing, sprang upon his horse, and was off before the bystanders had well recovered their breath, or Dick had picked himself up, with the caustic observation,—

"*Ferit quod facis ingrato*,—'Save a thief from hanging, and he will cut your throat.'"

Poor Vic!—never in all her life had she been urged to such mad and merciless speed as on that ill-starred day. Protesting, at first, by various plunges and rearings, she finally fell in with her master's wild humour, and sped through the village at a pace that sent the foot-passengers to the fences in terror, and crowded the doors and windows with wondering gazers. Whether he were fleeing from destruction, or riding straight to it, was no affair of hers; in either case, she would do her best to meet his wishes. The village was quickly left behind; house after house, and field after field, slid by in a swift panorama; already they were turning the corner, toward the Hall, when Bergan's scattered senses were suddenly recalled by a stern "Hallo! what are you about?" mingled with a faint cry of alarm. To his horror, he saw himself to be on the point of riding down a young lady equestrian, who was on her way to the village, accompanied by her father. There was not an instant to lose, not a moment for reflection; the heads of the two horses were almost in contact. Putting his whole strength into one sudden, ill-considered jerk, Vic was thrown back on her haunches, and he and she rolled over in the mud together.

Fortunately, neither was much hurt, and both sprang to their feet considerably sobered by the shock. Bergan was deeply humiliated, also; he would gladly have compounded with his mortification for almost any amount of physical pain. No bodily injury could have made him writhe with so sharp a pang, as the conviction that he had flawed his claim to the title of gentleman. To have nearly ridden over a lady, in a blind frenzy of rage and semi-intoxication, was a disgrace that he could never forget. He would gladly have buried himself in the mud with which he was already tolerably well coated. Since he could not do that, he took off his hat to the horseman,—he dared neither address nor look at the lady,—and said, in a tone that trembled with shame and regret,—

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"You would have done better to look where you were going," replied the gentleman, with the unreasoning anger that often follows upon the reaction from fear and anxiety. "No thanks to you that my daughter is not maimed or killed!"

"I think you mistake, father," quickly interposed the young lady, in a low, sweet voice, tremulous from the recent shock to her nerves;—"did you not see how promptly the gentleman sacrificed himself to save me, as soon as he saw the danger? I hope you are not hurt, sir," she added, courteously, turning to Bergan.

"Thank you; not half so much as I deserve to be," replied he, only the more remorseful on account of the delicate consideration that she showed for him, while her cheek was still blanched, and her lips trembling, at her own narrow escape from danger caused by his rashness. And, feeling wholly unworthy to say another word to anything so pure and sweet, so utterly incompatible with the vile place and scene which he had just quitted, he stood aside, with uncovered head, to let her pass.

Apparently, she would have lingered long enough to make sure that he was really uninjured; but her father, who had been eyeing him keenly, hurried her away. "Do you not see," he inquired, sharply, as they rode on, "that the fellow is drunk?"

"Impossible, father! He had such a fine, noble countenance!"

"It will not be noble long," replied the father. "Neither will it be the first noble countenance that has been spoiled by drunkenness," he added, with a sigh.

Left alone, Bergan remounted Vic, though not without difficulty. The bewildering effect of his potent draught, which had momentarily been overcome by the excitement of his late adventure, now made itself felt again. As he rode along, his head began to swim; a deadly nausea seized him; his limbs seemed paralyzed. Arrived within the gates of his uncle's domain, he suffered himself to slide slowly from the saddle to the ground; and almost immediately, consciousness forsook him.

VIII.

AS A DREAM WHEN ONE AWAKETH.

WHEN, in due course of time, Bergan came partially to himself, he found that he was lying on his own bed, with the twilight shadows gathering duskily in its hangings. But his mind was too dull and confused to trouble itself with the question how he came there, notwithstanding that his ears seemed still to retain the sound of low voices, and his limbs the pressure of careful hands. Scarcely had he unclosed his heavy eyes, ere he was glad to shut them again, and to sink anew into slumber.

But this time, it was not, as before, a profound stupor, a deaf, blind, torpid, state of nothingness. Though it lasted some hours, he never quite lost an oppressive sense of overhanging trouble, imperfectly as its nature was apprehended. Moreover, he was harassed by dreams of that most trying character, wherein varying images revolve around one fixed idea; combining the misery of continual change with that of ceaseless iteration into one intolerable horror.

Breaking, at length, from the teasing spell of these phantasms, he saw that it was past midnight. Through the opposite window, he beheld a pale, waning moon, and by its light, a gray, dimly-outlined landscape,—a faint and lifeless sketch, as it were, of a once bright, breathing world. While he looked, over it came the black shadow of a wind-driven cloud, blurring the lines, here and there, into still grayer indistinctness, sweeping across the lawn, mounting the steps of Bergan Hall, and laying, at least, its thin, light hand over his own brow and eyes.

With it, as if by right of near kinship, a deep gloom fell upon his heart. Till now, it had not occurred to him why his head ached so heavily, nor what weary weight it was that burdened his mind. Yet he did not—as too many would have done, after a brief flush of shame, and a momentary feeling of regret—seek to throw off this burden by telling himself that his late aberration was, after all, a matter of small moment, since it was only what hundreds like him had done before, were now doing, and would continue to do till the end of time. Not of any such weak stuff, incapable of looking his own acts squarely in the face, and judging them according to their merits, was Bergan made. On the contrary, he felt as much humiliated as if he had been the first, last, only intoxicated young man in the universe.

And this, be it understood, was not so much because he had violated the higher law, as because he had broken his own law unto himself. With the Bergan temper, he had also inherited a fair share of the Bergan pride, and the Bergan strength of will. But, softened and guided by home influences at once wise and genial, the one had hitherto shown itself mainly in a lofty, almost an ideal, purity of character, and the other had expended its force chiefly upon himself. The two, therefore, had served him little less effectually, in keeping him free from current vices, than higher motives might have done. He had taken a stern, proud pleasure in knowing that he wore no yoke but such as it pleased him deliberately to assume. He would have scorned to say, what he often heard from the lips of his fellows,—"I *cannot* quit drinking, I *cannot* live without smoking, I *cannot* resist the fascinations of gambling," *et cætera*;—he would have felt it a woful slur upon his manhood to avow himself so abject a slave to his animal nature. So strong was this pride of character, that no sooner did he feel any habit, any appetite, any pleasure, however innocent in itself, taking firm hold of him, than he was immediately impelled to give it up, to refuse it indulgence,—for a time, at least,—just to satisfy one part of himself that its control over the other and baser part was still perfect. At whatever price, he was determined to be his own master.

It may be imagined, then, with what sharp sting of pride, what miserable sense of weakness and failure, he writhed, as Memory now flung open the doors of her silent gallery, and showed him sombre picture after picture, representing his own figure in divers humiliating positions. It shrank from the utterance of its strong convictions of right; it gave way to the assaults of a poor ambition; it drifted with circumstance; it was driven to and fro like a shuttlecock between outward temptation and inward passion; it was successively a fighting rowdy, a blind lunatic, an insensate drunkard.

Not that these representations were all true in tone, unexaggerated in colour, and correct in sentiment. Often, there is nothing more difficult than to fix upon the exact point where the plain boundary line between right and wrong was crossed; and neither pride nor remorse is apt to do it correctly. Some steps may have been taken upon a kind of debatable ground; had the march been arrested at any one of these its tendency would have been different. In reveiwing his conduct, Bergan failed to do justice either to his uncle's undeniable claims to his respectful consideration, up to the point where he had been required to follow him into a low bar-room, or to the real beauty and worth of some of his own feelings and motives. Looking back, he saw—or seemed to see—only a pitiable career of irresolution and moral cowardice, ending in disgrace. Covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the unwelcome sight, he groaned aloud.

To his surprise, the groan was distinctly prolonged and repeated. Was it the responsive wail of the ancestral spirits, mourning over their degenerate scion, or only the sympathizing echo of the ancestral walls? Springing to his feet, he beheld a tall, erect figure standing on the hearth, showing strangely weird and unearthly by the flickering blaze of a few dying embers. Not till it turned and came toward him did he recognize the dusky features and age-whitened hair of Maumer Rue.

"I hope that it is not on my account that you are up at this time of night," said he, gravely.

"You forget that night and day are both alike to me," she quietly answered. "Are you better?"

"Much better, thank you." And he added after a moment,—"How came I here?"

"Brick found you in the avenue. By my direction, you were brought in. At first, it was thought that you had been thrown from your horse, but—"

Rue paused.

"I understand," said Bergan, bitterly. I was drunk."

Rue did not immediately answer. It was only after some moments that she said, earnestly:—

"Master Bergan, I am an old woman. I have seen four generations of your house—I have nursed two—and I have spent my life in its service. If it had been my own, I could not have loved it better, nor felt its welfare nearer my heart. If these things give me any right to say a word of warning to you, let me say it now!"

"Say whatever seems good to you," replied Bergan, gloomily, as he flung himself into a chair. "I doubt if you can say anything so hard to bear as what I have already said to myself."

"Is that so?" asked Rue, in a tone of relief—"Is that really so? Then I need not say anything. It is a higher voice than mine that speaks within you; and my poor words would only weaken its effect. Only listen to it, Master Bergan, pray listen to it!" she went on, with tears streaming from her blind eyes. "If you stifle it now, it may never speak so clearly again!"

"Make yourself easy, Maumer," answered Bergan, much affected, yet doing his best to speak cheerfully,—"I have not the least intention of stifling it. Moreover, I assure you that I am in no danger of repeating last night's miserable experience; drunkenness is not my besetting sin. I only wish I were as certain that I should never again give way to my temper."

"It has run in the blood a great while," remarked Rue, not without a certain respect for its length of pedigree; "it will be hard to get it out."

"It *shall* be gotten out, though," responded Bergan, knitting his brows and setting his teeth with true hereditary doggedness.

"Very likely it may," replied Rue, quietly, "if you take *that* tone. No doubt the Lord meant the Bergan will to conquer the Bergan temper—with His help. But I will not trouble you any longer, sir;—thank you for setting my mind at rest. And don't be offended if I recommend you not to come in your uncle's way this morning; give him a little time to get into a better mood. I will send your breakfast out to you."

Bergan's brow darkened. "I do not intend to come in his way," he answered a little shortly, "neither this morning, nor at any other time. My visit here is at an end. I leave this house directly."

"Oh, Master Bergan, I beg you will not do that!" exclaimed Rue. "Your uncle really loves you in his heart, you may be sure of that; and, believe me, he will soon forget all about his anger."

"It is not because I dread his anger that I go," replied Bergan, gravely; "it is because he has lowered me in my own eyes, and disgraced me in the eyes of others, in a way that *I* cannot forget. At least, not until I have proved to myself that I am neither a moral coward nor a miserable parasite, and to the world that drinking and fighting are not the essential conditions of my existence. I cannot well do either without leaving Bergan Hall. And I certainly shall not put myself in my uncle's way again, until he sees fit to apologize for what he did yesterday."

"Is the world turned upside down, then," asked Maumer Rue, with a kind of slow wonder, "that an old uncle must apologize to a young nephew?"

Bergan coloured, and the unwonted bitterness and irritation of his manner gave way before the force of the implied rebuke.

"Thank you," said he, almost in his natural tone, "I see that I am—or, at least, that I was—a little beside myself. Still, I must leave Bergan Hall. I cannot think it right or expedient to remain here longer. But when I have put myself in the way of living independently, and cleared up my reputation, I will do what I can, without loss of self-respect, to establish friendly relations with my uncle. Indeed, I do not mean to be foolishly resentful, nor unbecomingly exacting."

"May I ask what you are going to do?" inquired Rue, after a few moments of thought.

"Certainly. I am going to carry out my original plan, and my mother's express wish, by opening a law office in Berganton, and doing my best to win fame and fortune in the place which my ancestors founded; and in which," he added, with a smile, "their shades may reasonably be expected to watch my career with especial interest, and also to do me a good turn whenever it may happen that they have it in their power."

"Well," said Rue, after a long pause, "perhaps you are right. I think I begin to see that it may be quite as well for you to go away for a time. You shall not lose anything by it; I will take care of that. I have more influence with your uncle than you would think. And I promise you,—remember, I promise you," she repeated deliberately, with marked emphasis,—"whatever comes, you shall have Bergan Hall."

The young man shook his head. "I think not," said he. "Indeed, I have ceased to wish for it; I do not see any place for it in the life which I now contemplate. It was but a pleasant day-dream at best; and it is over."

"It may be over for you," rejoined Rue, quietly, "but it is not over for me. And my dreams are apt to come true. I may not live to see it,—indeed, it is borne in upon me that I shall not,—but the Hall will surely be yours, one day."

Bergan again shook his head. Without making any pretensions to the prophetic gift, he thought he could foretell, better than old Rue, the effect of the course which he had marked out for himself, upon his uncle. But the blind woman could not see the gesture; and he forebore to put his doubt into words,—unless its subtle prompting was to be detected in his next apparently irrelevant sentence:—

"I shall think it one of my first duties to go and see my uncle Godfrey."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Rue, placidly. "He is a wise, just man; and no doubt he will give you good advice about setting up your profession. I have been hoping that, through you, this long family breach would be healed."

And here the conversation strayed off amid thick-growing family topics, where it is unnecessary to follow it.

Gray dawn was in the east when, after a long lingering look at the ancestral portraits, Bergan went out from the old Hall. He could scarcely believe that it was less than a week since he first entered it. He had passed there one of those crises of life which do the work of years. His short occupancy had left its indelible impress upon his character for good or evil.

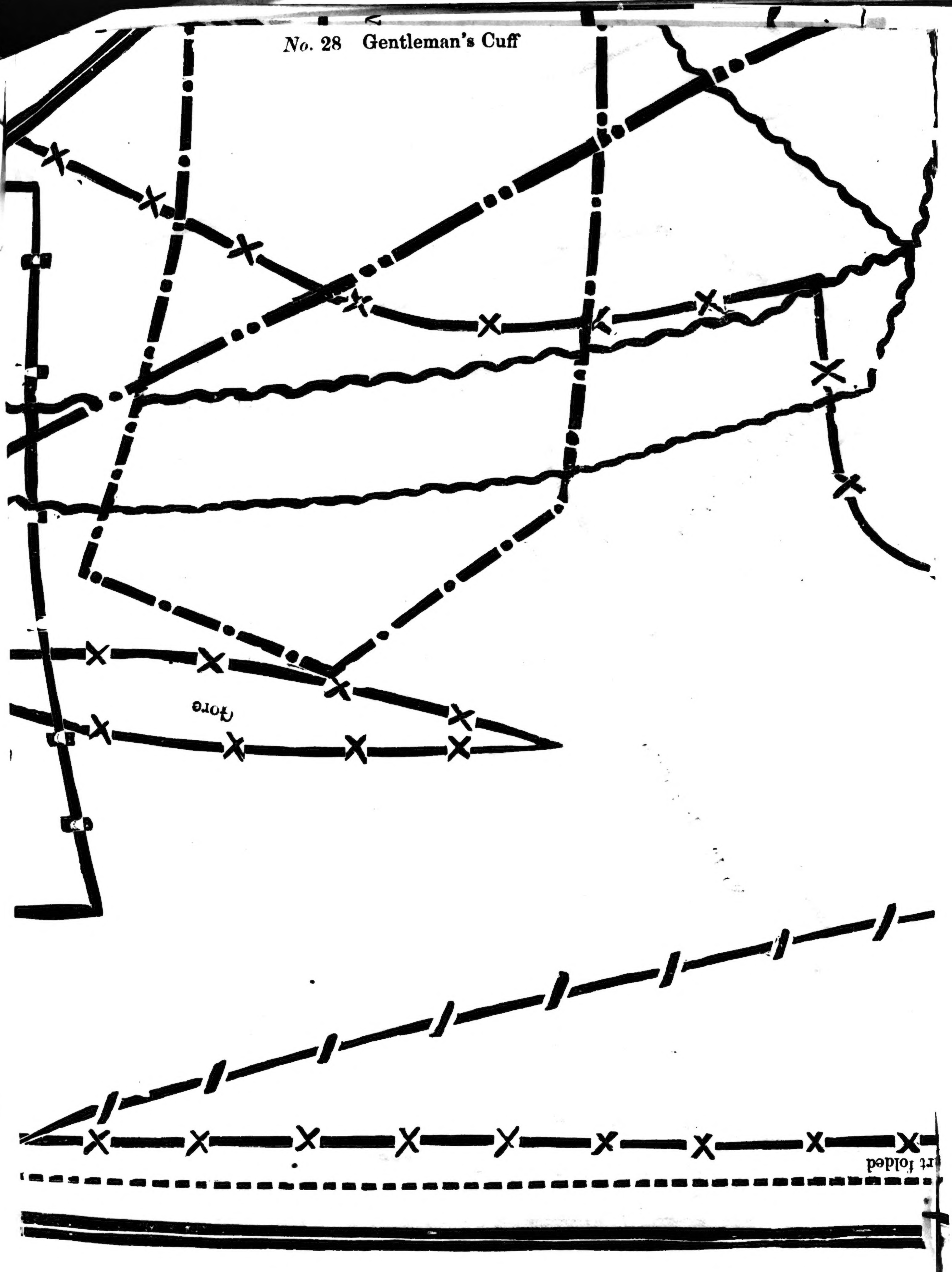
Rue attended him to the door, and detained him for a moment on the threshold.

"If ever you are in need of a quiet place where you can feel perfectly at home," said she, "come here. Your room shall always be ready for you; and you might stay here for weeks together, and no one be the wiser,—rarely does any one but me come inside the door. And if ever you should be in any trouble, or in any want, come and see what the old, blind woman can do for you; she may be better able to help you than you think. And now, good-bye, and God bless you, my dear young master—the future master of Bergan Hall!"

She raised her withered hands and sightless eyes to heaven, as she ended; and when Bergan looked back from the farther verge of the lawn, she was standing there still, in the dim dawn-light, a gray, venerable, ghostly figure, framed in his ancestral doorway, calling down blessings on his head.

(To be continued.)

No. 28 Gentleman's Cuff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ISSUE

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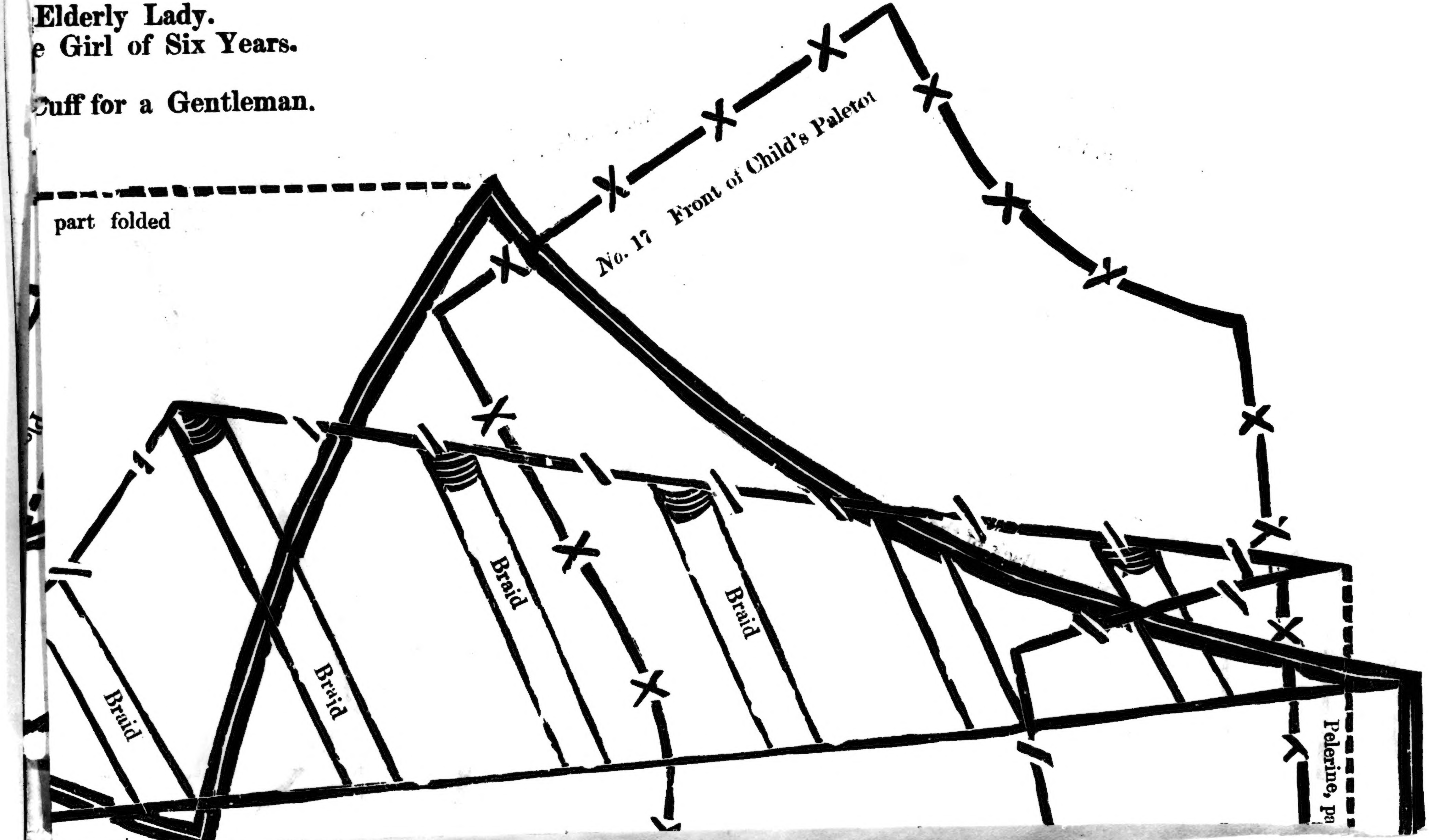
Cuff for a Gentleman.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No. 17 Front of Child's Paletot
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